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PARADISE AND THE PERI

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PARADISE AND THE PERI

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THE WORDS WRITTEN AND ADAPTED

FROM MOORE'S "LALLA ROOKH"

BY

H. W. DULCKEN, PH. D.;

THE MUSIC COMPOSED FOR

SOLO VOICES, CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA

BY

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

(OP. 50.)

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PARADISE AND THE PERI.

ARGUMENT.

THE Peri, a beauteous Spirit expelled from Paradise, stands at the gate of the abode of the blessed, lamenting her exclusion. The angel who guards the gate, promises her she shall be re-admitted, if she brings to the portal "the gift that is most dear to Heaven." The Peri goes forth to seek this gift, and brings successively the last drop of a hero's blood, shed for liberty, and the last sigh of a love that has sacrificed life itself for the beloved one —but these gifts are rejected as insufficient. At length she brings the first tear of penitence shed by a softened sinner. This is accepted as the gift most dear to Heaven, and the gates of Paradise are unbarred to the triumphant Peri.

Part I.

No. 1.—SOLO ALTO.

One morn, at gate of Eden, a Peri,
Weeping, disconsolate, was standing:
And as she, listening, heard the springs
Of life within like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings,
Athwart half open heav'n-portals glowing,—
Wept she, to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that sacred place.

No. 2.—SOLO TREBLE.

The Peri.

How blest, seem to me, banished child of air,
And holy the spirits that wander in there!
Though mine are the gardens of earth and of sea,
And stars e'en themselves have bright flowers for me,
One blossom of heaven outweighs them all;
Though sunny the lake of cool Cashmere,
With bright Plane-tree isle reflected clear,—
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall,—
Yet, oh it is only the blest can say
How waters of Heaven outshine them all.
Go, wing now thy flight swift from star to star,
From world to world shining bright, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall.
Take all—all the pleasures of all the bright spheres,
And each one be lengthened throughout endless years—
One moment of heaven is worth them all."

No. 3.—RECIT. TENOR.

The glorious Angel who was keeping
The gates of light, beheld her weeping,—
And as he listening nearer drew,
And heard her song, a tear fled glist'ning downward,
He said:

SOLO ALTO.

The Angel.

One hope is thine,
Thou nymph of fair but of an erring line.
Within the Book of Fate 'tis written,
The Peri yet may be forgiven,
Who to this gate eternal bringeth
The gift that is most dear to heaven.
Go, seek it now, redeem thy sin,
'Tis sweet to let the pardoned in!"

No. 4.—SOLO TREBLE.

The Peri.

But whither now?—
Ah, where now shall she find the gift for heav'n?—
I know the wealth hidden in every urn,
Wherein the red rubies of Chilminar burn;
I know where the isles of perfume are,
Full many a fathom down in the sea.
I know, too, where the Genii hid
The jewell'd cup of their King Jamshid,
With life's elixir sparkling high.
Alas, gifts like these are not for the sky.
Was ever gem that shone so brightly,
Like the steps on great Allah's throne so mighty?
And O what drops of life should we be
In the great deep of Eternity?

No. 5.—SOLO TENOR.

While thus she mused, now fanned her pinions,
That land of India's bright dominions;
O beauteous land!—O realm so bright!
Whose palms whisper soft and light,
Whose silent stars bedeck the night;
Whose air is balm, whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of warmest sun, with diamonds teem;
Where streams murmur soft and light,
All bright with gold beneath their tides,
And sandal-groves and bowers of spice—
O Paradise!

No. 6.—Chorus.

But crimson now her rivers ran
With human blood.
And man is sacrificed by man!
Death through her spicy bowers stalketh,
With iron tread the flow'r he crushes—
Land bright with sunbeam, who invadeth,
Fierce thy inmost shades?
Now o'erthrowing all, alas!—
Thy cavern shrines, thy thousand thrones, and monarchs!
'Tis he, 'tis he of Gazna! fierce in wrath!

Chorus of Indians and Conquerors.

Hail to Mahmoud, the mighty in war!
May death the tyrant seize!
To Mahmoud be honour, the great in war:
May death the tyrant seize!
Now slay him!

No. 7.—Solo Tenor.

Behold a youthful warrior stand
Alone beside his native river,
The red blade broken in his hand
And one last arrow in his quiver.
Undaunted see the warrior stand,
A prisoner, by his native river,
Though sword be shattered in his hand,
And but one arrow in his quiver.

Chorus of Conquerors.

Hail to Mahmoud, glory's strength!
All hail to the mighty lord!

Soli, Bass and Tenor.

The King of Gazna.

Come, valiant one, submit to me,
For I am loth my wrath should smite thee,
Submit, and highly I'll requite thee—
Crowns and trophies thou shalt share!

A Youth.

'Tis thou hast slain my nation,
Thou spreadest desolation,
For thee this arrow's left—

Gazna.

Ha, thou shalt rue this!

No. 8.—Chorus.

Woe!
For false flew the shaft, though pointed right well;
The tyrant did live, the hero fell!

No. 9.—Solo Tenor.

The Peri marked where he was lying,
And when the rush of war was past,
Then did she on a ray descend,
Of morning light—she caught the last
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its freeborn spirit fled.

Solo Treble (*The Peri*) and Chorus.

Let this be my gift, rare and bright,
Let this be my gift at the gates of light,
For blood must holy be,
That is shed in the fight for liberty,
It never would stain e'en the purest rill,
That sparkles fair through the bowers of bliss—
Oh, if there be here on this earthly sphere,
A great boon, an offering that heav'n holds dear,—
'Tis the blood that the hero, falling but free,
Hath poured—a libation to Liberty.
Let this be thy gift, right welcome yonder,
At Eden's portals!

Part II.

No. 10.— Solo Tenor.

Now with her gift the hopeful Peri hasten'd
On airy wings aloft to radiant realms above;
If now the gates may be unfasten'd,
She asks with suppliant looks of love.

Solo Alto (*The Angel*) *and Chorus of Angels.*

Sweet is our welcome of the brave ones,
Who thus have died for native land.
But see, the crystal bar doth not yet move;
Far holier yet the boon must be
That opes the gates of heav'n for thee.

No. 11.—Solo Tenor.

Her first fond hope of Eden lost,
Now to the south the Peri passed,
And, 'mid far Afric's lunar mountains,
She sleeked her plumes now at the fountains
Whence flows the stream, whose secret birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth.

Chorus of the Genii of the Nile.

Come forth from the waters so bright,
And mark ye the lovely, beautiful sprite;
'Tis a Peri bright now haunts the spot,
Disturb her not—disturb her not!

Solo Treble.—*The Peri.*

Oh Eden, oh Eden, how longeth for thee
My heart, when shall thy portals open for me?

Chorus.

Hark, how she moans! Hark, hark! Listen listen.

No. 12.—Solo Tenor.

Now wanders forth the Peri sighing,
Where Egypt's sultry plains are lying,
Her grots and sepulchres of kings;
Now in Rosetta's vale she loves
To list, to mark the peaceful doves,
Or watch the pelicans that break
The azure calm of Mœri's lake.
'Twas fair; a land, a scene more bright
Did mortal eye ne'er once behold!
But lo, a silence dark and drear
Lies brooding o'er this region lovely,
The demon fierce of plague hath cast
From his hot wing the deadly blast.

SOLO TREBLE.—*The Peri.*

Poor race of men!
Ye dearly pay for primal fall—
Some flow'rets of Eden are yours even now,
The trail of the serpent's o'er all!

No. 13.—SOLO TENOR AND QUARTETT.

The Peri wept—the air grew bright and clear
Around her, as the bright drops ran;
For there's a magic in each tear,
Such kindly spirits weep for man.

No. 14.—SOLO ALTO.

Just then beneath some orange trees,
Close by the lake, she heard a moan,
A youth in despair, at this silent hour,
Had stolen to die here, die alone,—
One who in life, where'er he mov'd,
Drew forth the hearts of many a one;
He now, as though he ne'er were lov'd,
Dies here, unseen, unwept, alone!

SOLO TENOR.—*The Youth.*

Oh, but one sprinkle from out the lake
That sparkles so cool before my dim eyes!
Oh, but one drop that shall gently slake
The fire in my bosom that lies!

No. 15.—SOLO MEZZO-SOPRANO.

Poor youth! thus deserted, one thought only
Comfort gave still in death—
That she, whom he had loved so for years,
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath;—
Safe in her father's princely halls,
Where fountains breathe out coolness,
Perfumed by many a brand
Of sweetest wood from India's strand,
And pure as she whose brow they fanned.
But see—who comes approaching yonder,
This dark and lonely bower to seek,
Like Health's young envoy doth she wander,
With rosy gifts upon her cheek.
She 'tis! far off through midnight dim,
He knew his own betrothed bride.

Her arms are round him now,—
His livid cheek to hers she presses,
And in cool lake her loosened tresses
Dips she, to bind his burning brow.

The Youth.

Thou here! Fly hence—from me a breath
Will bring thee death!

No. 16.—SOLO TREBLE.

The Maiden.

Oh! let me only breathe the air, love,
That blessed air that's breathed by thee,
And, whether on its wings it bear, love,
Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!

There, drink my tears, love, while they fall—
Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all
To give thy brow one moment's calm.

Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
Am I not thy loved bride—yes, thine?
The one, the chosen one, whose place
In life or death is by thy side!

Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
That must be hers, when thou art gone?

Can I now live and let thee go,
Who art my life itself? Ah, no!
Then turn to me, my own, oh turn, love,
Before like thee I fade and burn.

Cling thou to these cool lips, and share,
Life's latest breath that lingers there.

SOLO TENOR.

She dies, she sinks—as dies the lamp
In foul charnel airs pent or cavern-damp,
And all her eyes' sweet light is darken'd.
One pang—his earthly pain is over—
The youth no longer liveth.
One long, long kiss the maiden giveth,
The last—and dies, and dies in giving.

No. 17.

SOLO TREBLE (*The Peri*) AND CHORUS.

Sleep on, in visions of odour oh rest,
For balmier airs never stirred
Round the pile of the bright, the lone Phœnix bird,
Who at the last sings his own death-lay.
Sleep, then, and rest in visions so blest,
Thou, the truest, most loving of hearts.

CHORUS.

She spake—and then the Peri spread
Throughout the place unearthly breathings,
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
Such lustre o'er each dead pale face there,
They seemed two lovely saints there sleeping.

And now the Peri watched and beamed,
Till light o'er all their death-bed streamed;
Until their souls should wake again,
Sleep! sleep!

Part III.

No. 18.

Chorus of Houris with Soli.

Wreathe ye the steps to great Allah's throne!
Wreathe them with flowers, wreathe them all over!
That e'en the Heaven's humblest upon
Mildly a glance of th' Eternal may hover.
Onward now wend we, worship and bend we,
Gladly, humbly, unto the Lord!

Likewise the loved ones remember right,
Who on the earth still are toilsome wending;
Downward is darkness, upward is light—
Hatred there, here love never ending.

Lo, on the path to heav'nly light,
See where the Peri comes hither sailing.
Beautiful Peri, despond not quite,
Faith and truth have been still unfailing.
Go, seek the boon, it shall be given,
That most dearly is prized in Heaven.
Now we wend back to the rosy bowers,
Pleasures we're giving, pleasures receiving,—
For to enjoy bright love still is ours;
In these bright gardens evermore living.
Day star is mounting—joy's crystal fountain
Floweth for those who wait on the Lord.

No. 19.—Solo Tenor.

Now morn is blushing in the sky;
Again the Peri soars above;
She brings to Heav'n that precious sigh
Of pure self-sacrificing love.

High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,
Soon the Elysian palm she'll win;
For see, the Spirit at the gate
Smiled as she gave the off'ring in;

And now she hears bright Eden's trees,
They ring their crystal bells,
That ring, that ring in that ambrosial breeze,
That from the throne of Allah swells;

And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake,
Upon whose banks admitted souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take.

But ah, the Peri's hopes were vain.—
Again the fates forbade, again
The angel told her with regret,

Solo Alto.—*The Angel.*

"Not yet!"

True was the maiden, and her story
As writ in light o'er Allah's head,
By seraph eyes shall long be read.

But, Peri, see—the crystal bar,
It moves not yet—
For holier yet the boon must be
That opes the gates of Heav'n for thee.

No. 20.

The Peri.

Rejected, and sent from Eden's door.
Ah, vanished the light of hope once more—

Then shall I never, never find it,
The holy, beautiful boon,
Ah, must the courage vanish that urged me on—

Yet will I not rest, but constantly
From pole to pole I'll wander,—
Nor pause nor tarry here or yonder,
Till that the prize falleth to me,
Till that the guerdon have been giv'n,
Till ope for me the gates of Heav'n.

And though the jewel guarded be,
Fast though the granite rocks may bind it,
I will, I must, yet surely find it.

No. 21.—Solo Baritone.

And now, o'er Syria's rosy plain,
The light of eve is spread again,
And, like a glory, broad the sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon;
Whose head in winter grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

For him, who looked from upper air,
O what enchanted regions there!
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling life below!
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on fair banks,
More golden all where sunlight's falling.
And then the mingling sounds upcoming
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with humming
Of bees, wild bees of Palestine,
That banquet through the flow'ry valleys;—
And Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And shady woods, where nightingales are singing!

No. 22.—Solo Tenor and Quartett.

And as she hov'ring downward bends,
Lo a sister troop around her wends.
Say, is it so?
That to Heaven thou would'st go?
Contents not thee, the sunbeam free,
And earth, and moon, and star-beam.
Then take us with thee too, Peri.

Solo Baritone.

But nought can make the luckless Peri glad.
Her wing is dull, her heart is sad!
Joyless sees she the sun down looking
There on that temple, once her temple,
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
And fling their shadows from on high.

No. 23.—Solo Treble.

The Peri.

Yet haply there may lie concealed,
Beneath those chambers of the sun,
Same amulet of gems annealed
In the fierce fires, some fair tablet sealed
With that great name, the name of Solomon,
Which spell'd by my illumin'd eyes,
May teach me where, beneath the moon,
In earth or sea there lies the boon,
The charm that speedy now restoreth!
To brightest heaven an erring Spirit!
Away!

Solo Tenor.

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither;—
Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven.
Nor have the golden bow'rs of Eve
Begun to fade and wither;—
When, o'er the vale of Baalbec winging
She sees a lovely child at play,
Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they.

And, near the boy, who, tir'd with play
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismounting
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Impatient fling him down to drink
Beside an im'ret's rustic fountain.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
To that fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
Full on a brow more fierce than that,—
Lo, sullen-fierce, a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds of gloom and fire,
In which the Peri's eyes could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
Treason—and broken oaths—and shrine profaned
By blood of guests—
That face so passion-stained displayed there.

Solo Alto.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From Syria's minarets.
The boy has started from the bed,
Where he had laid his infant head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
And lisps th' eternal name of God.
And seeming, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
A straying babe of lovely Paradise—
Who, lighting here,
His bright home now once more is seeking.

Solo Tenor.

And how felt he, the wretched man
Reclining there—while mem'ry ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
O'er all that turbid flood his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace.

Solo Baritone.

There was a time—thou blessed child—
When young, and haply pure as thou,
I prayed like thee—but now!—

No. 24.—Quartett and Chorus.

Oh blessed tears of true repentance!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is found the first, the only feeling
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

No. 25.—Solo Treble and Tenor and Chorus.

The Peri.

There falls a drop on the land of Egypt,
Through with'ring hot airs of June,
Down from the moon—
Of so healing a pow'r, that in one single hour,
Fell contagion dies,
And now health once more animates earth and skies!

Is it not thus, oh man so sinful,
The tears of true repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues have been,
One heav'nly drop hath dispell'd them all!

Tenor.

And see! behold him kneeling there
Beside that child, in humble pray'r,
While now the sunbeam shines upon them
The guilty and the guiltless one.

Chorus.

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they linger'd yet,
There fell a light, more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon that tear-drop—
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam—
But well th' enraptur'd Peri knew
It was the smile the angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail the tear
That heralds now her glory near!
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
That triumphs now a soul forgiven!

No. 26.—Solo Treble.

The Peri.

Joy, joy for ever! my work it is done—
The gates now are passed, and high Heaven is won!
Oh! am I not happy? I am, yes, I am,
For ever, oh joy, my work it is done.

Solo Treble and Chorus.

The Peri.

To thee, oh sweet Eden! how sad,
Are Shadukiam's diamond turrets,
How poor are the bowers of Amberabad,
Oh welcome, oh welcome, come 'mid the blessed.

Chorus.

Thou strovest bravely, and restedst ne'er,
Now hast thou won it, the prize rich and rare.

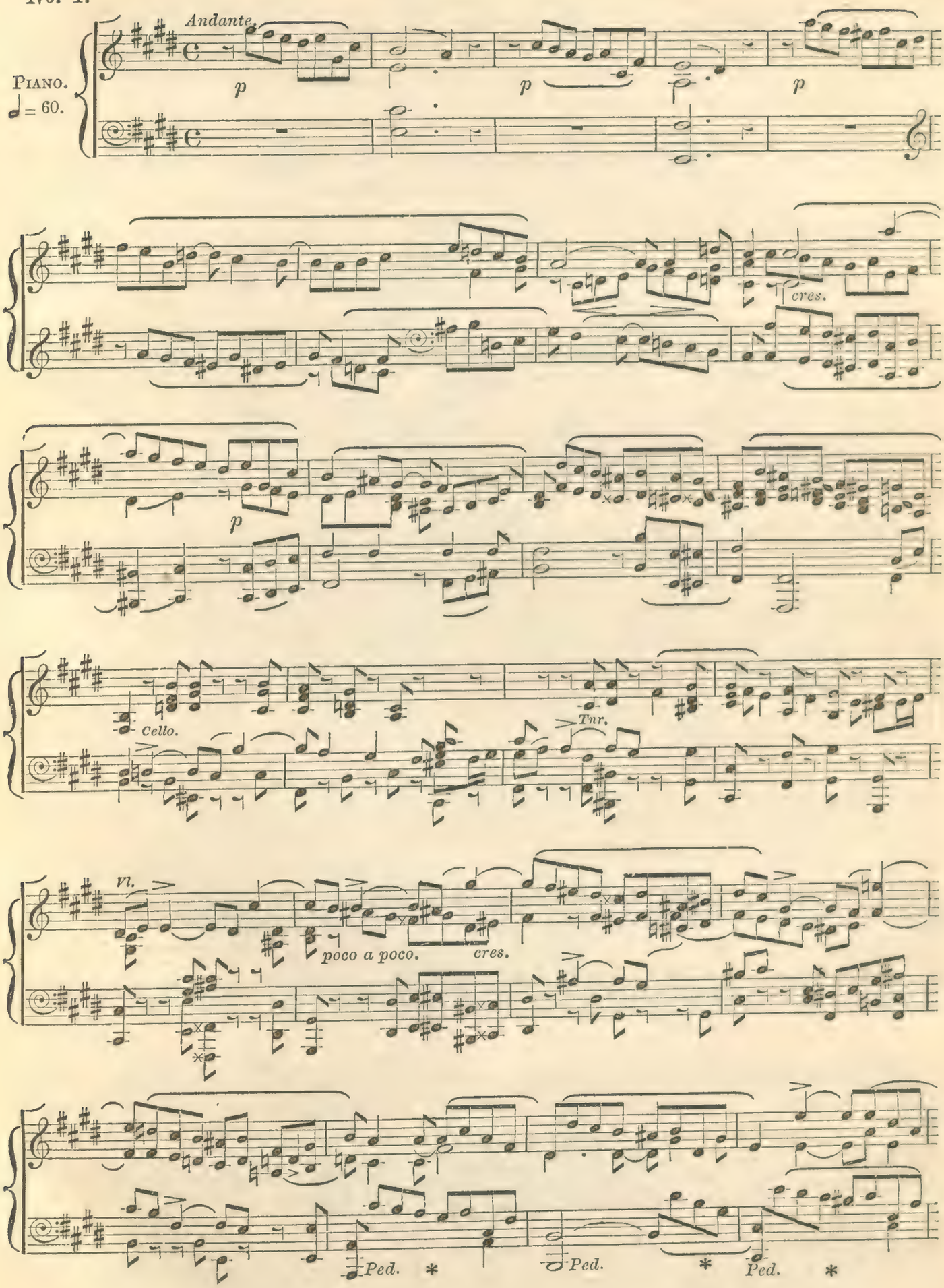
The Peri.

Farewell, ye odours of earth, for ye die;
Swiftly ye pass like a lone lover's sigh;—
My feast is of the Tooba tree,
Whose scent is the breath of Eternity.

Farewell, ye vanish, ye flowers that shone
That bloom'd in my wreath, all so bright but so brief.
What are the brightest that ever hath blown
To lote-tree that springeth by Allah's throne,
Whose boughs eternal bright blossoms own
And whose flow'rs have a soul—yes, in ev'ry leaf.
Oh if there be here on this earthly sphere
A great boon, an off'ring that Heav'n holds dear,
It is the soft repentant tear
That fell from eye of sinner here
That open'd Heaven's portals for Thee.
Thou strovest bravely, and restedst ne'er,
Now hast thou won it the prize rich and rare,
Now accepted in Eden's garden—
Where bright souls redeemed e'en now await thee,
And joys eternal abound.
Oh be thou welcome, we greet thee;—
Oh, be thou welcome, thou'rt welcome here.

PART I.

No. 1.


Andante.
Piano.
♩ = 60.
p
p
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Cello.
Tnr.
Vl.
poco a poco.
cres.
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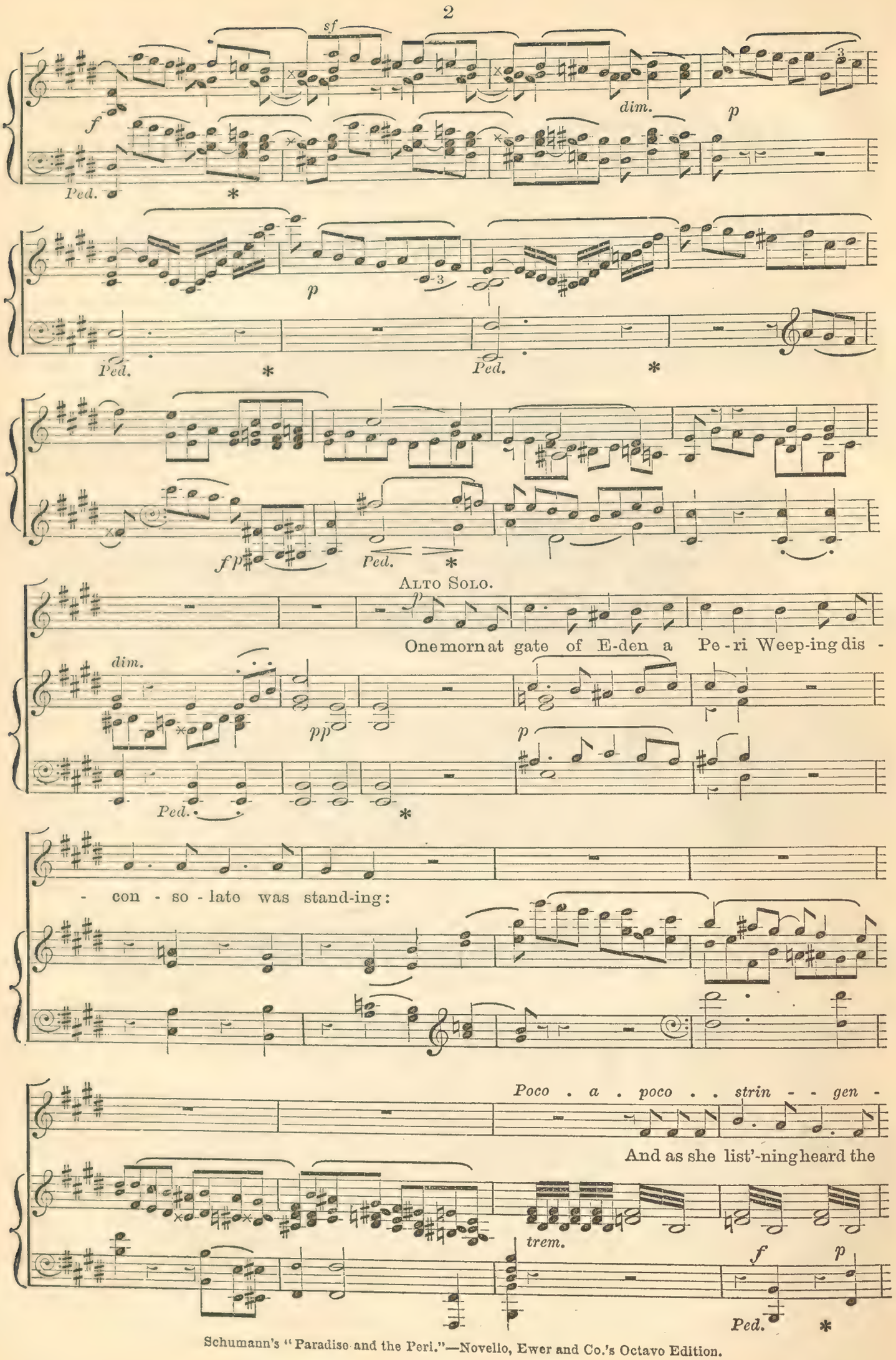
Ped.
Ped.


sf
f
dim.
p
Ped.
*
p
Ped.
*
Ped.
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fp
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*
Alto Solo.
p
One morn at gate of E-den a Pe - ri Weep-ing dis -
dim.
pp
p
Ped.
*
- con - so - late was stand-ing:
Poco . a . poco . . strin - - gen -
And as she list'-ning heard the
trem.
f
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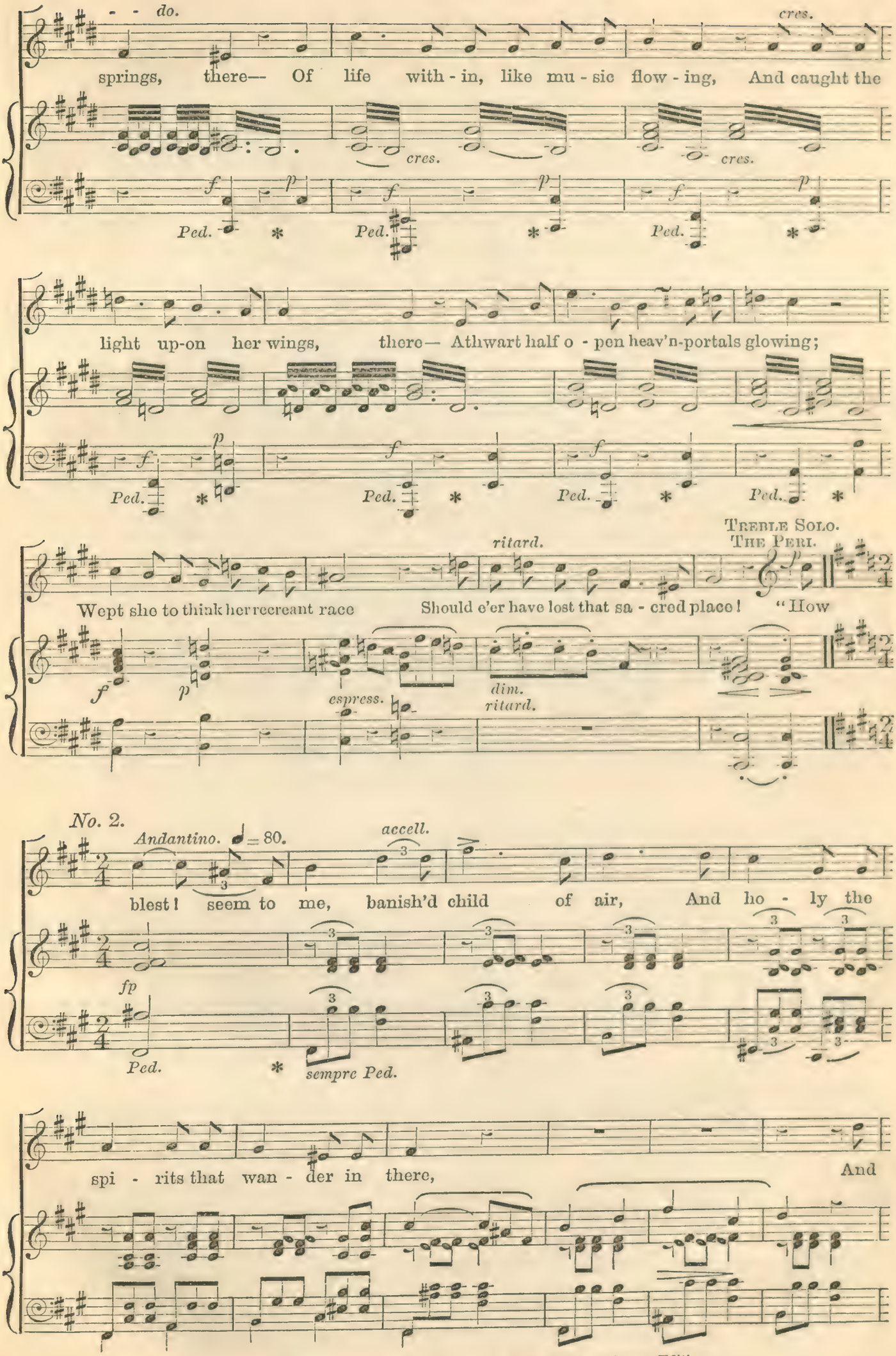
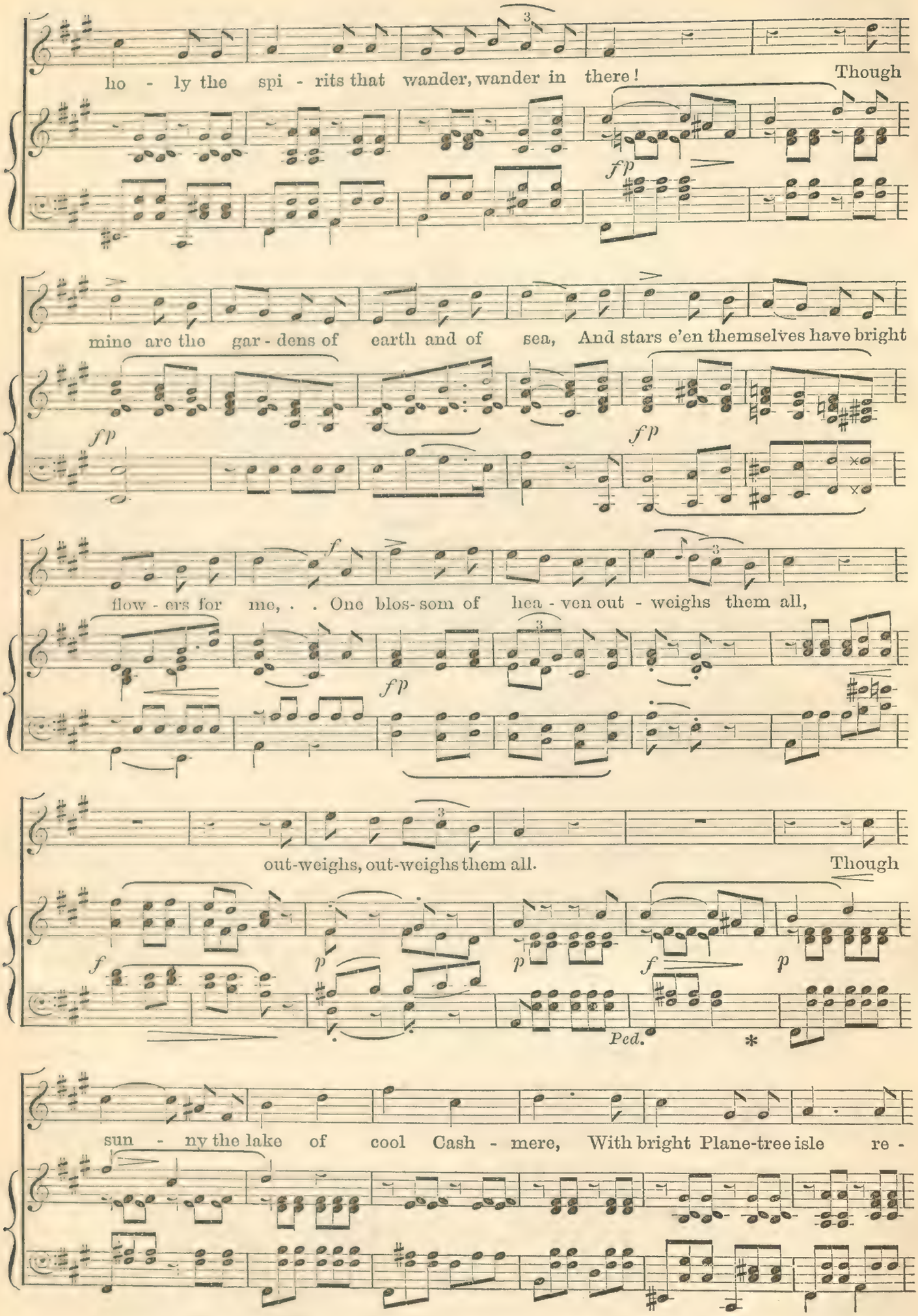
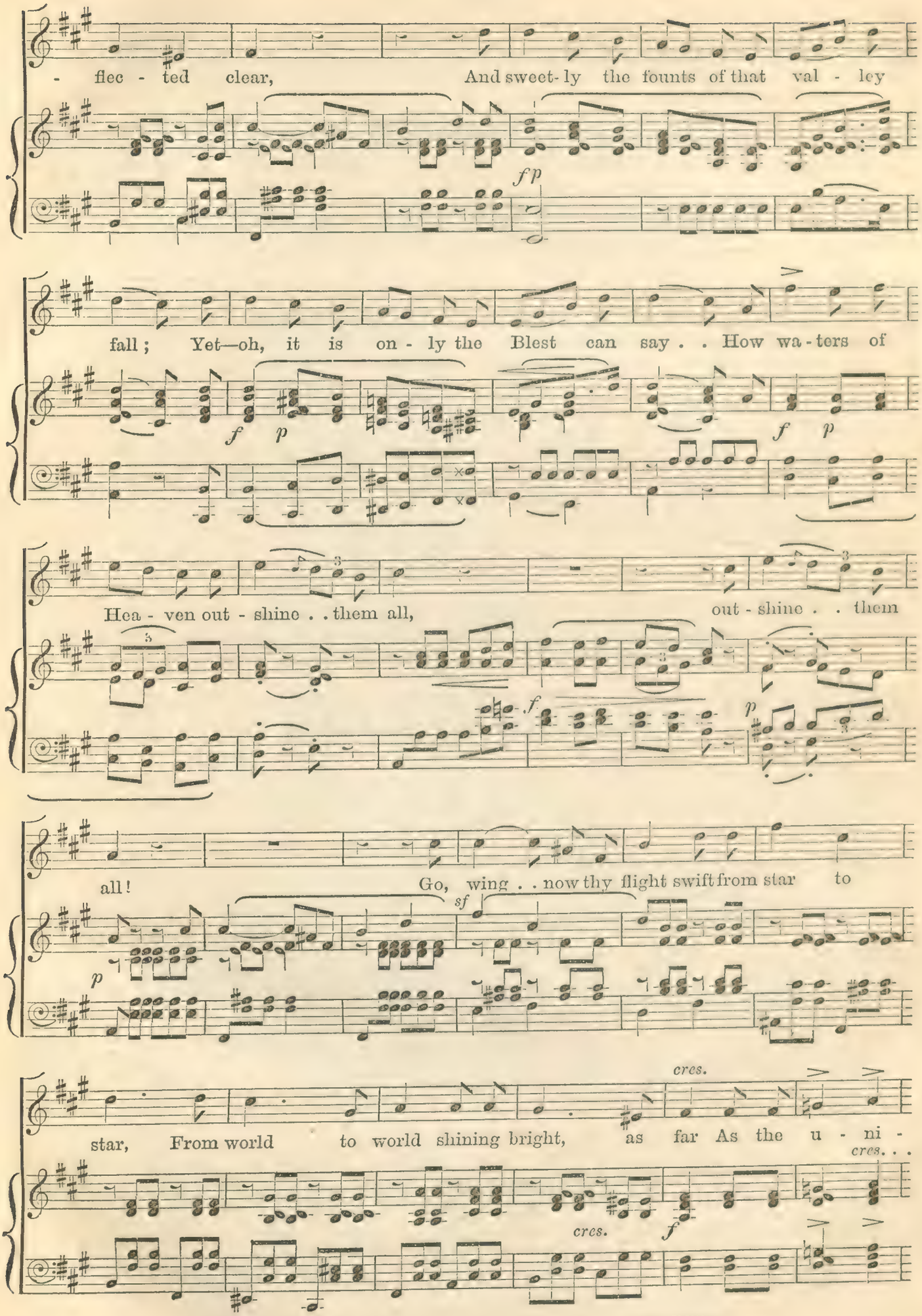
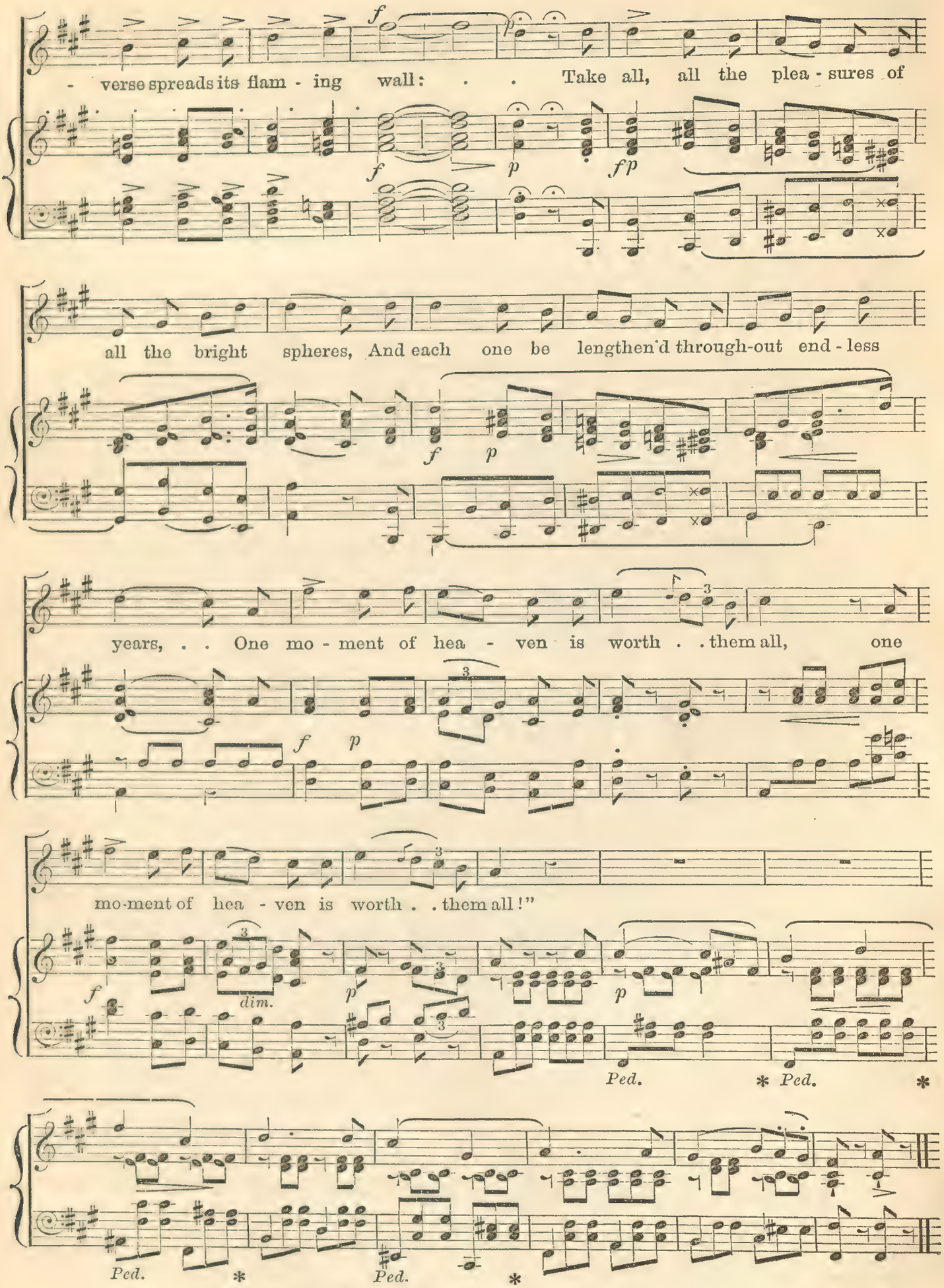
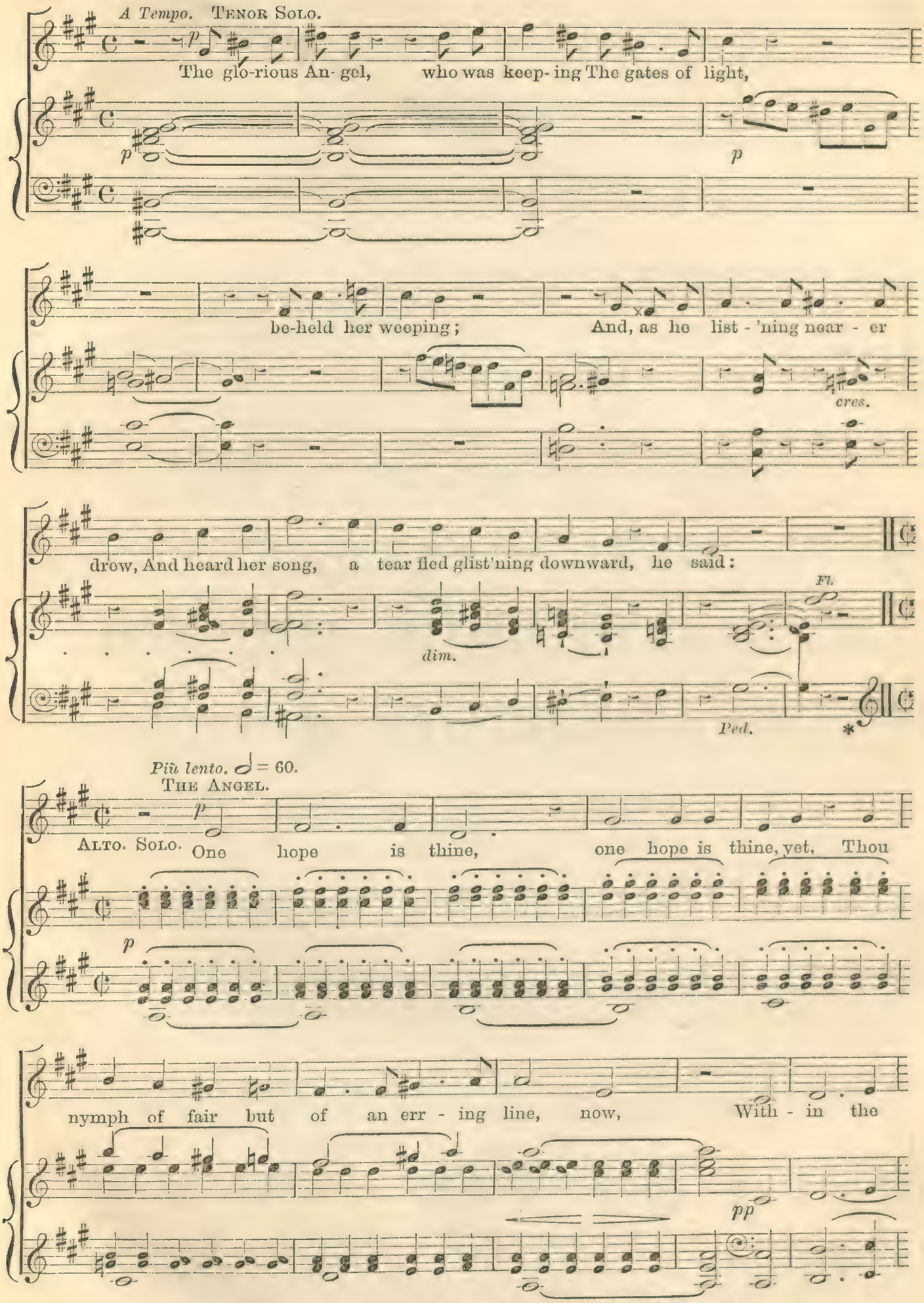
Ped.
*

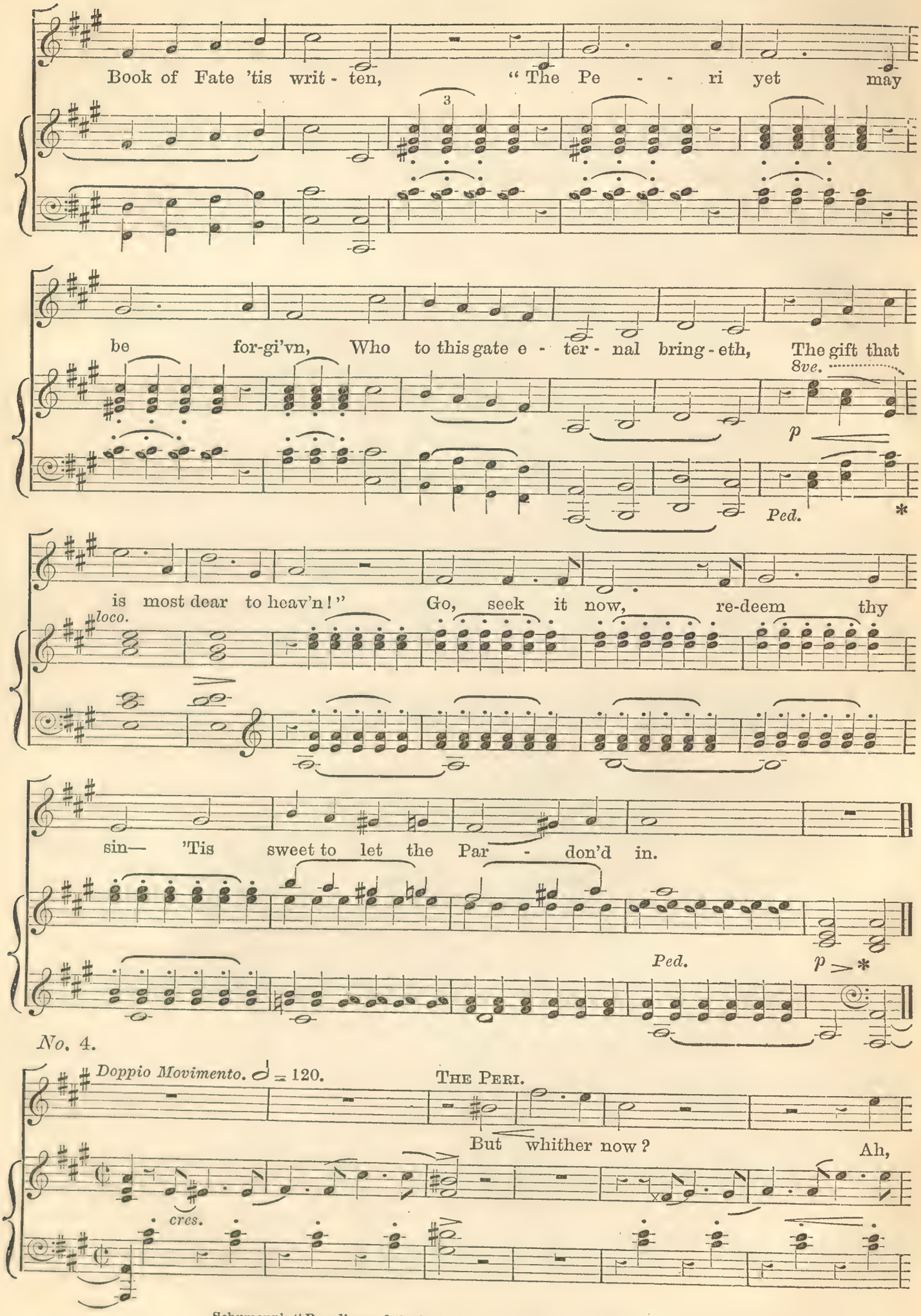

- - do.
springs, there— Of life with - in, like mu - sic flow - ing, And caught the
cres.
cres.
cres.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
light up-on her wings, there— Athwart half o - pen heav'n-portals glowing;
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
ritard.
TREBLE SOLO.
THE PERI.
Wept she to think her recreant race Should e'er have lost that sa - cred place! "How
espress.
dim.
ritard.
No. 2.
Andantino. ♩ = 80.
accell.
blest! seem to me, banish'd child of air, And ho - ly the
fp
Ped. * sempre Ped.
spi - rits that wan - der in there, And

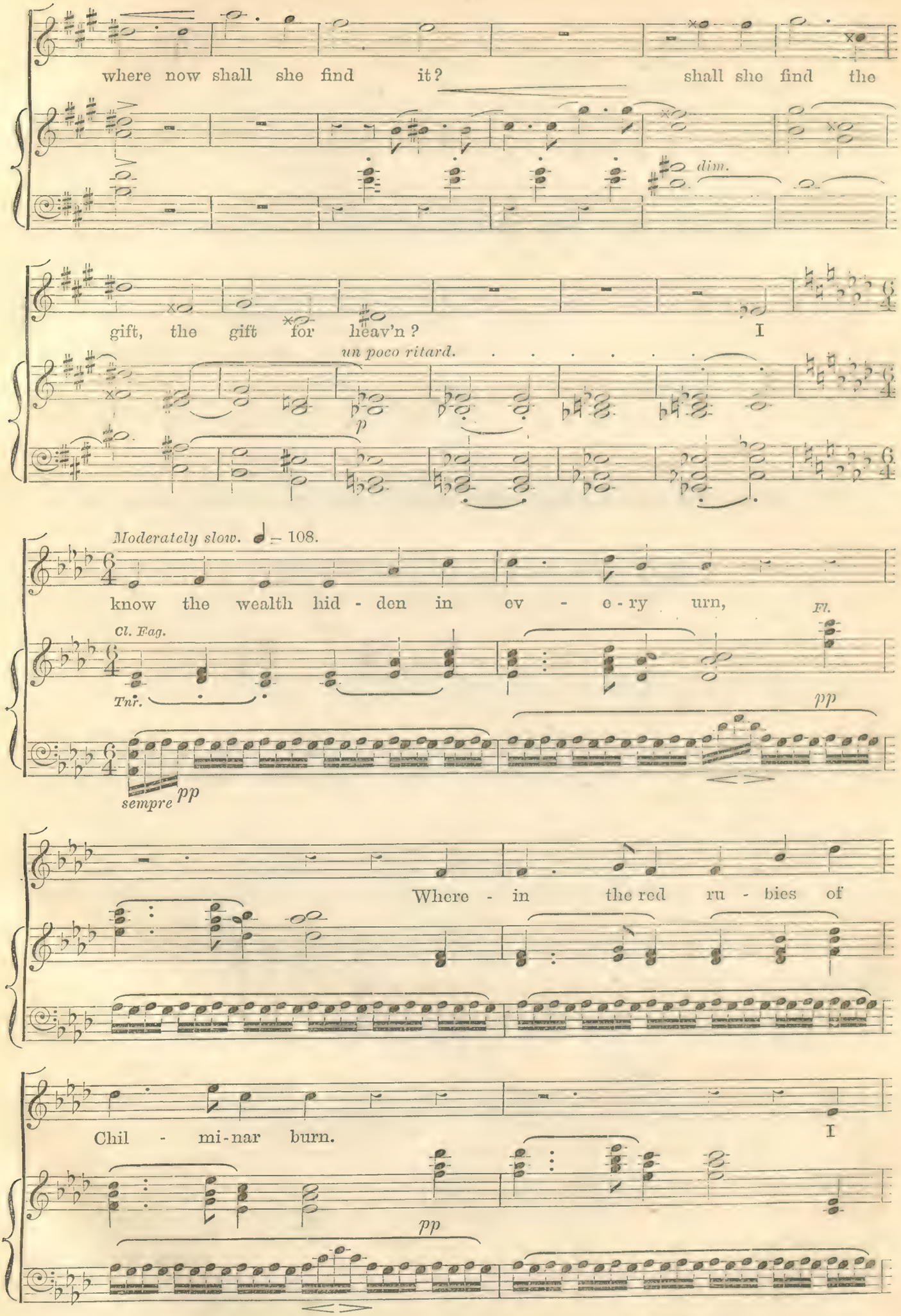

ho - ly the spi - rits that wander, wander in there! Though
mine are the gar - dens of earth and of sea, And stars e'en themselves have bright
flow - ers for me, . . One blos - som of hea - ven out - weighs them all,
out-weighs, out-weighs them all. Though
sun - ny the lake of cool Cash - mere, With bright Plane-tree isle re -
fp
f
p
Ped.
*

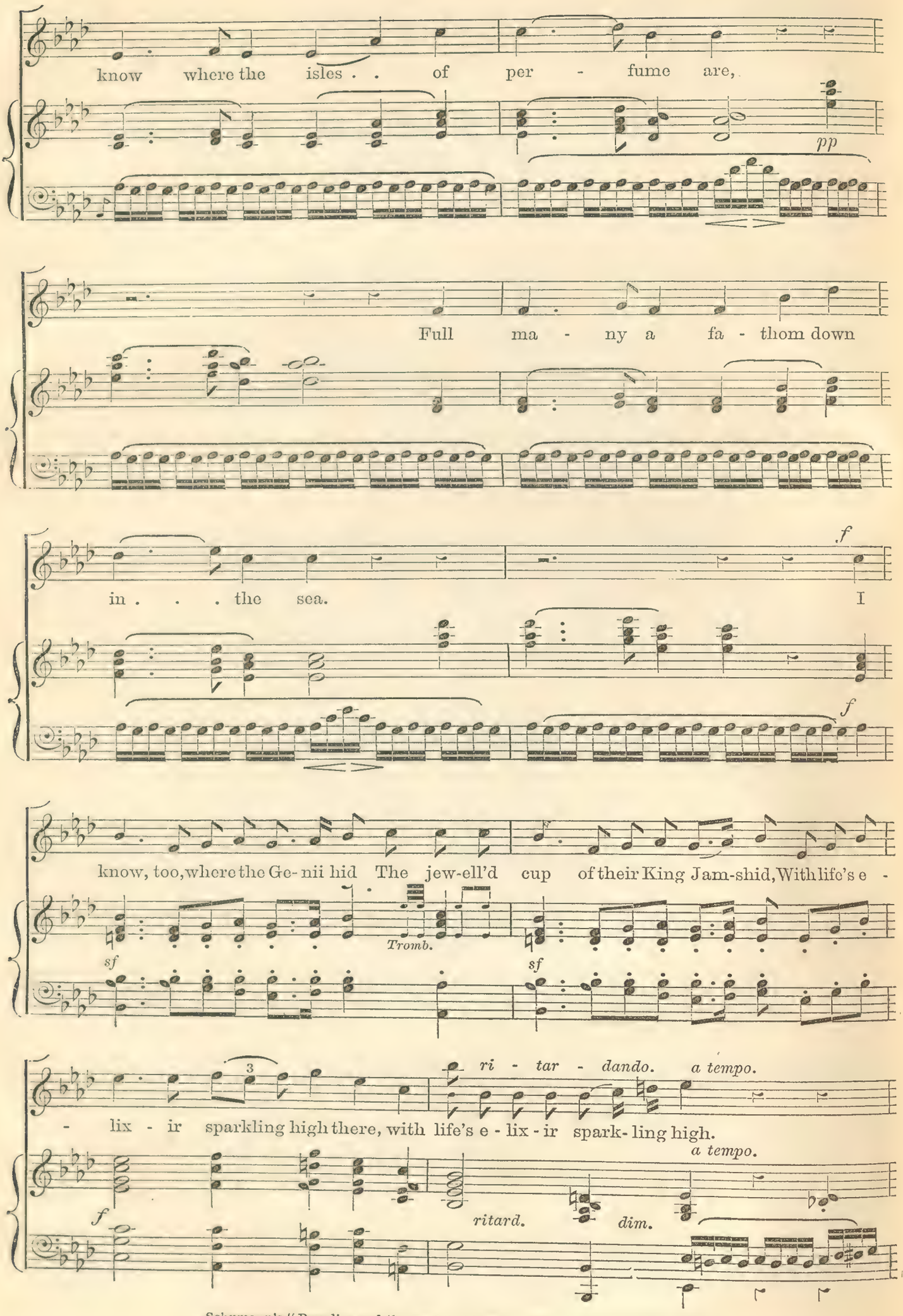

- flec - ted clear, And sweet-ly the founts of that val - ley
fall; Yet—oh, it is on - ly the Blest can say . . How wa-ters of
Hea - ven out - shine . . them all, out - shine . . them
all! Go, wing . . now thy flight swift from star to
star, From world to world shining bright, as far As the u - ni -
cres.
cres. . .

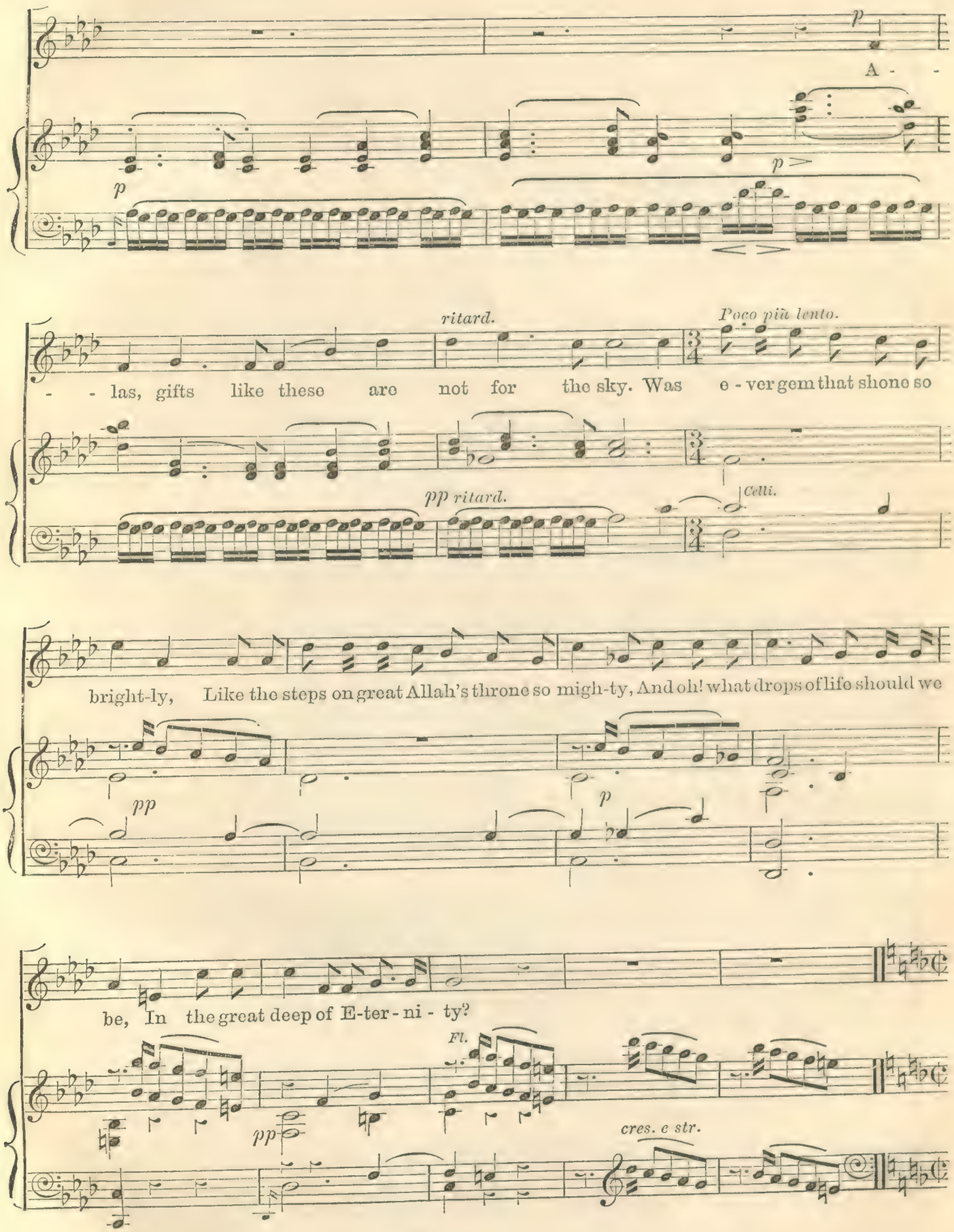
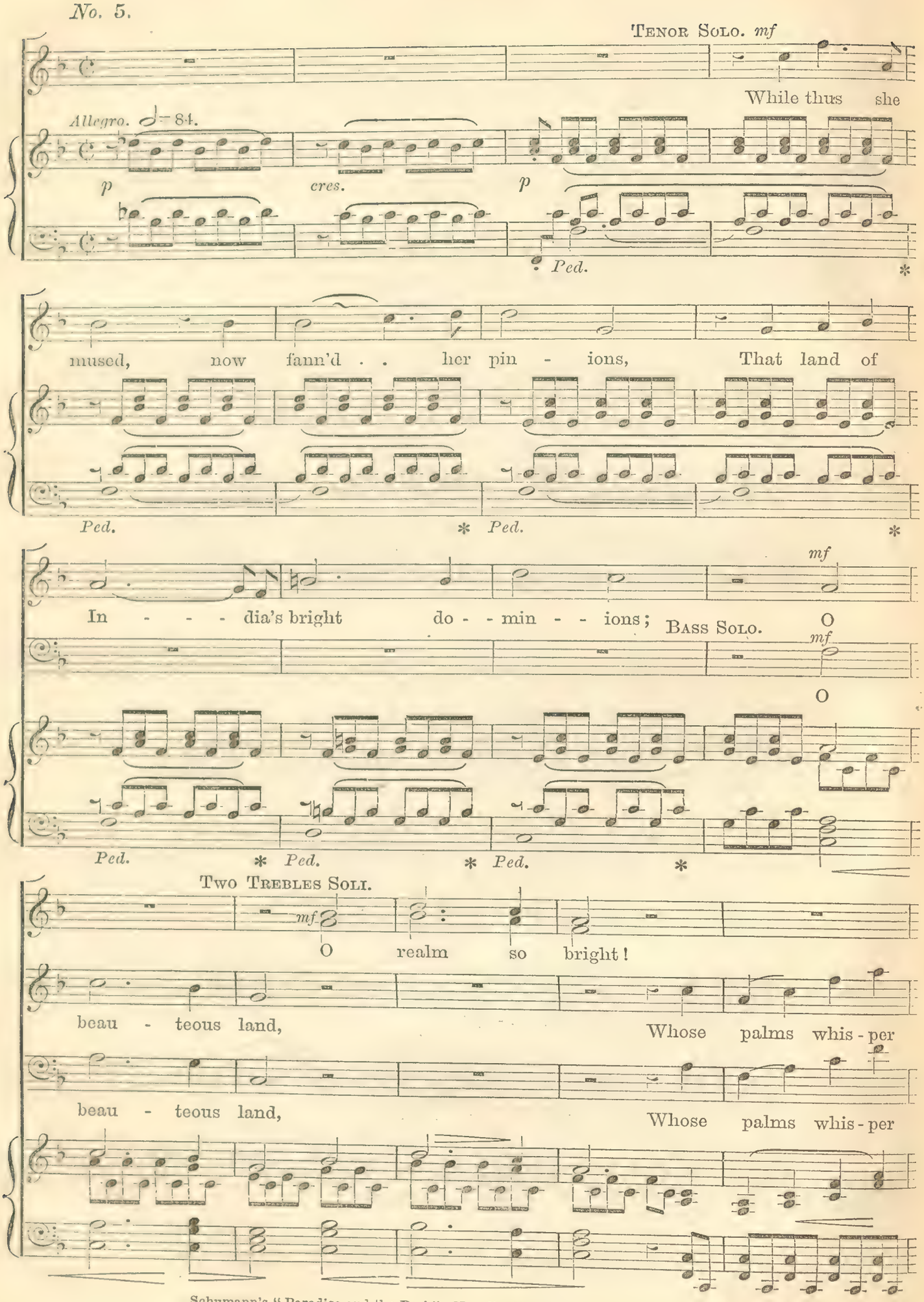

- verse spreads its flam - ing wall: . . Take all, all the plea - sures of
all the bright spheres, And each one be lengthen'd through-out end - less
years, . . One mo - ment of hea - ven is worth . . them all, one
mo-ment of hea - ven is worth . . them all!"
dim.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

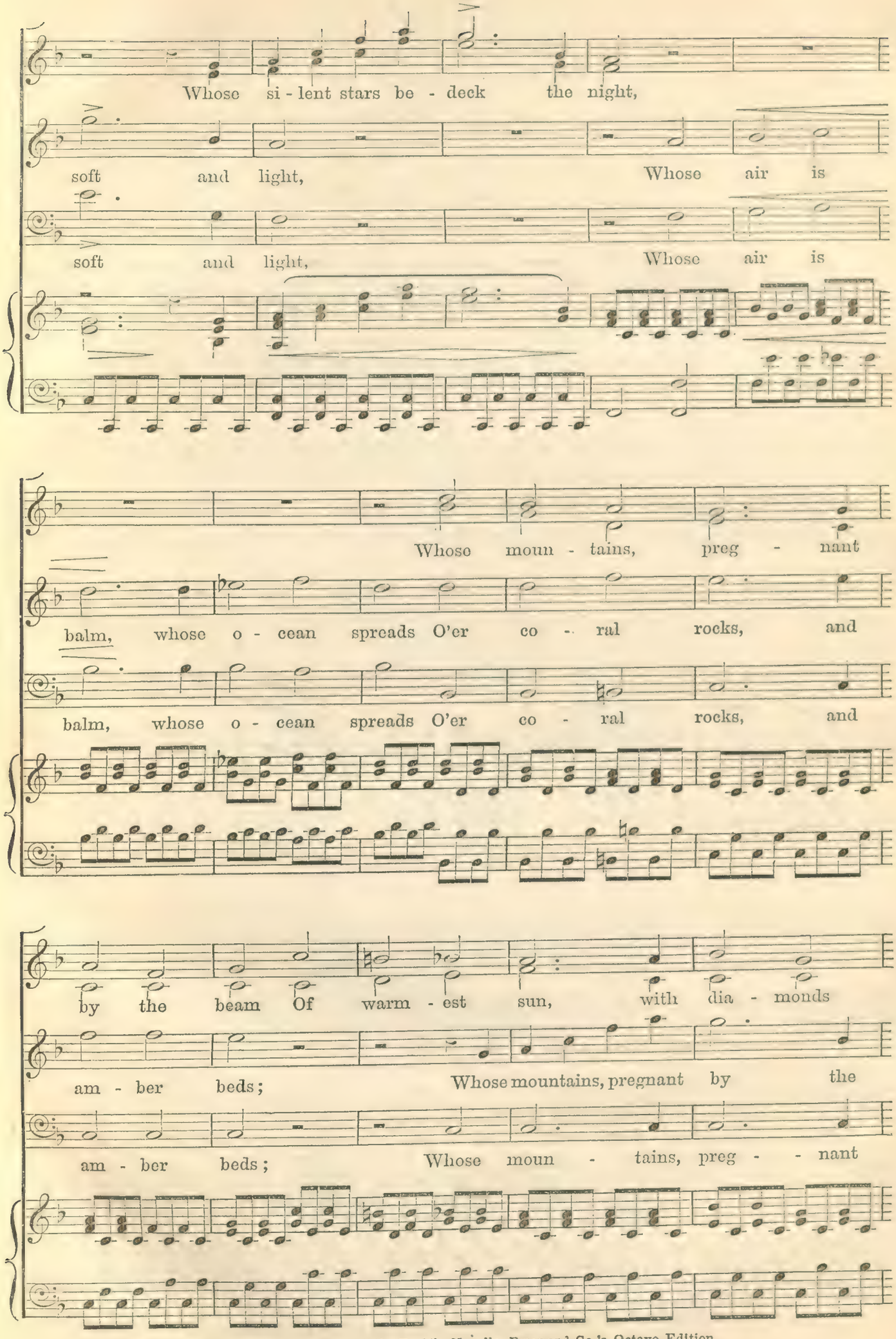
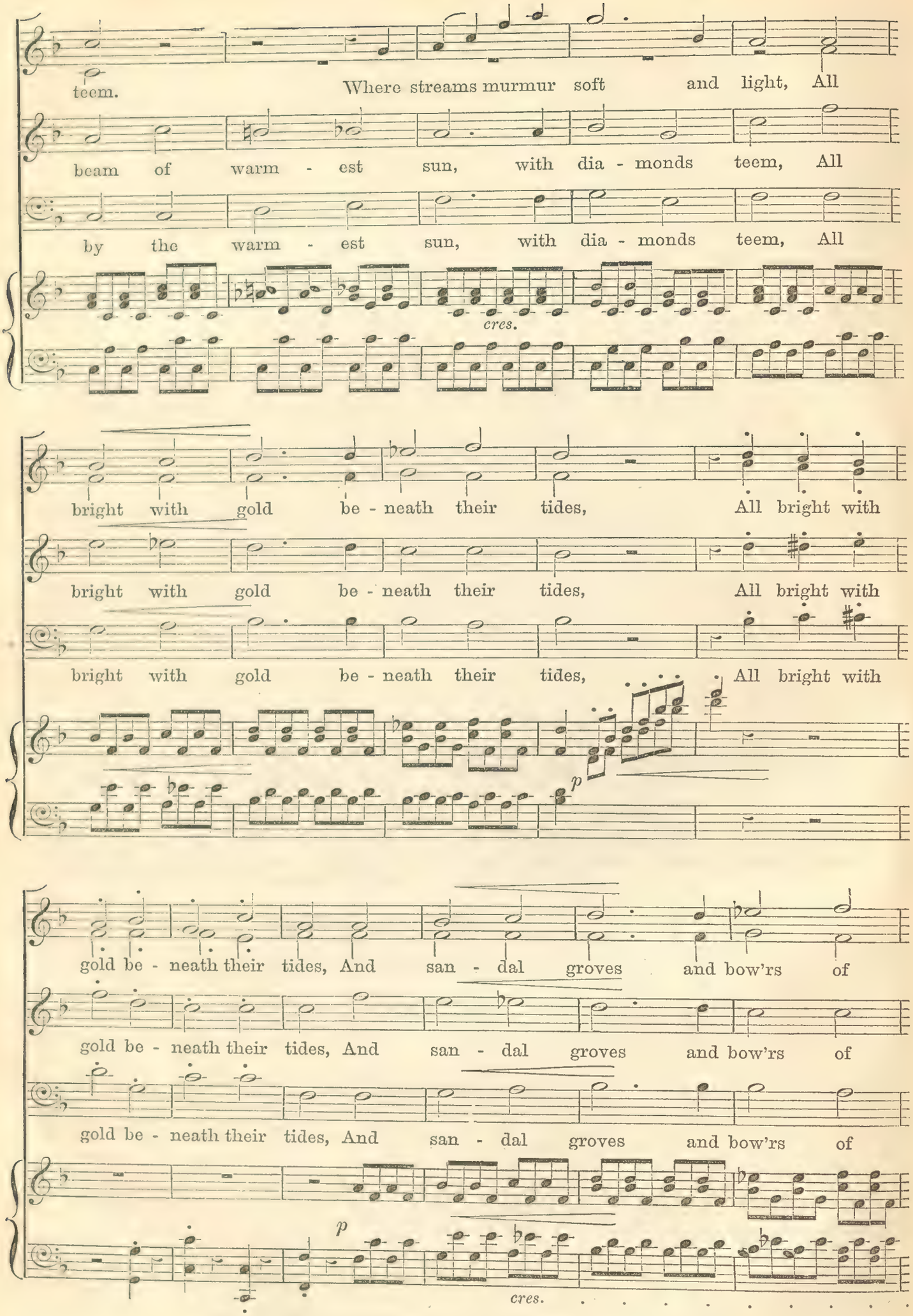
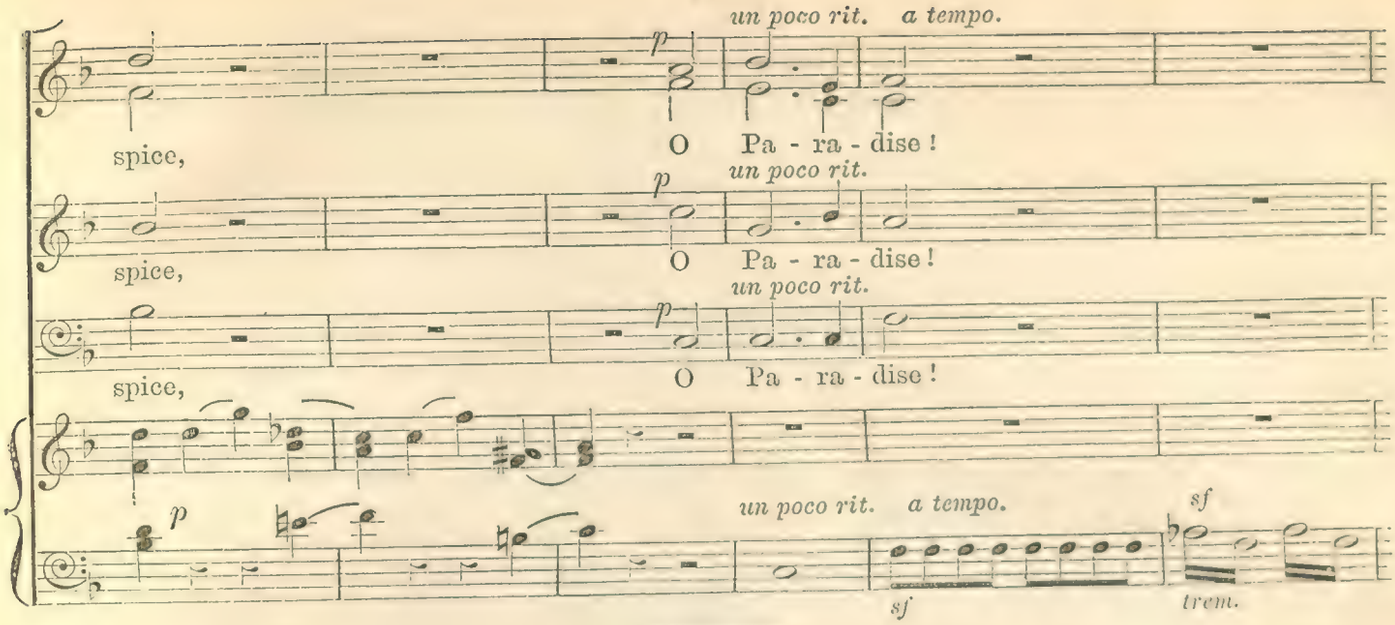
No. 3. RECITATIVO.

A Tempo. TENOR SOLO.
The glo-rious An- gel, who was keep- ing The gates of light,
be-held her weeping; And, as he list - 'ning near - er
cres.
drew, And heard her song, a tear fled glist'ning downward, he said:
dim.
Fl.
Ped.
Più lento. ♩ = 60.
THE ANGEL.
ALTO. SOLO. One hope is thine, one hope is thine, yet, Thou
nymph of fair but of an err - ing line, now, With - in the
pp

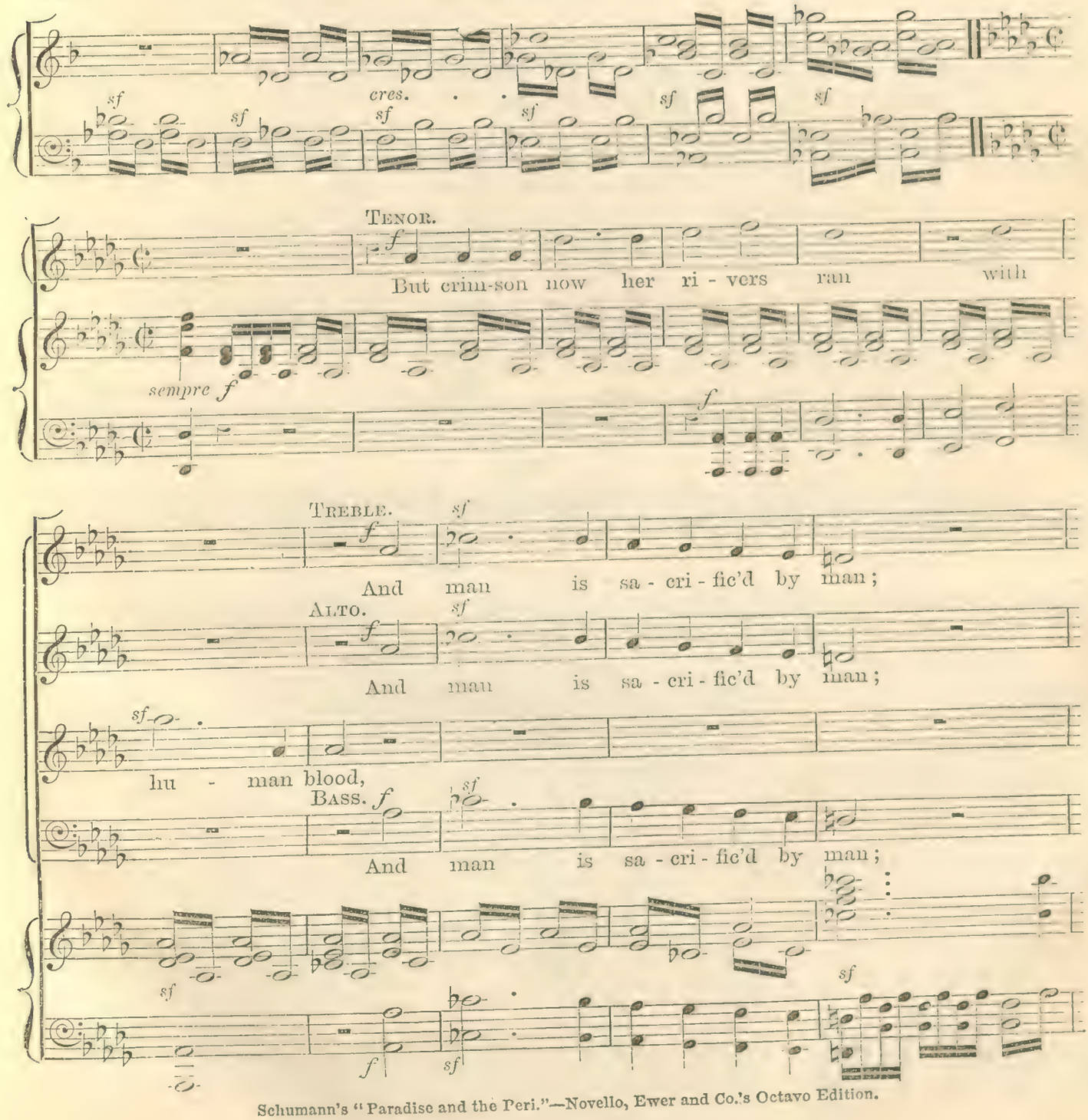
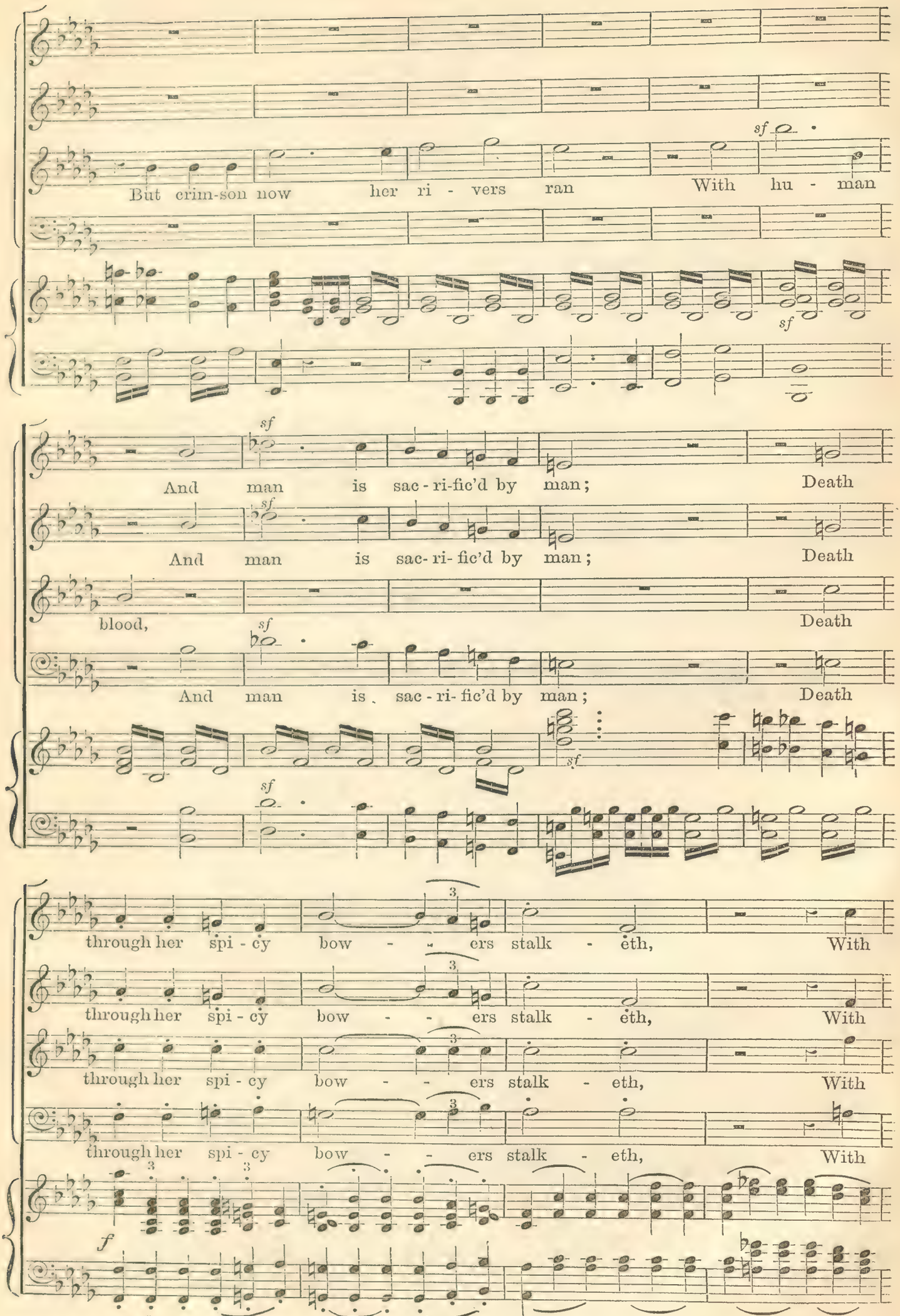
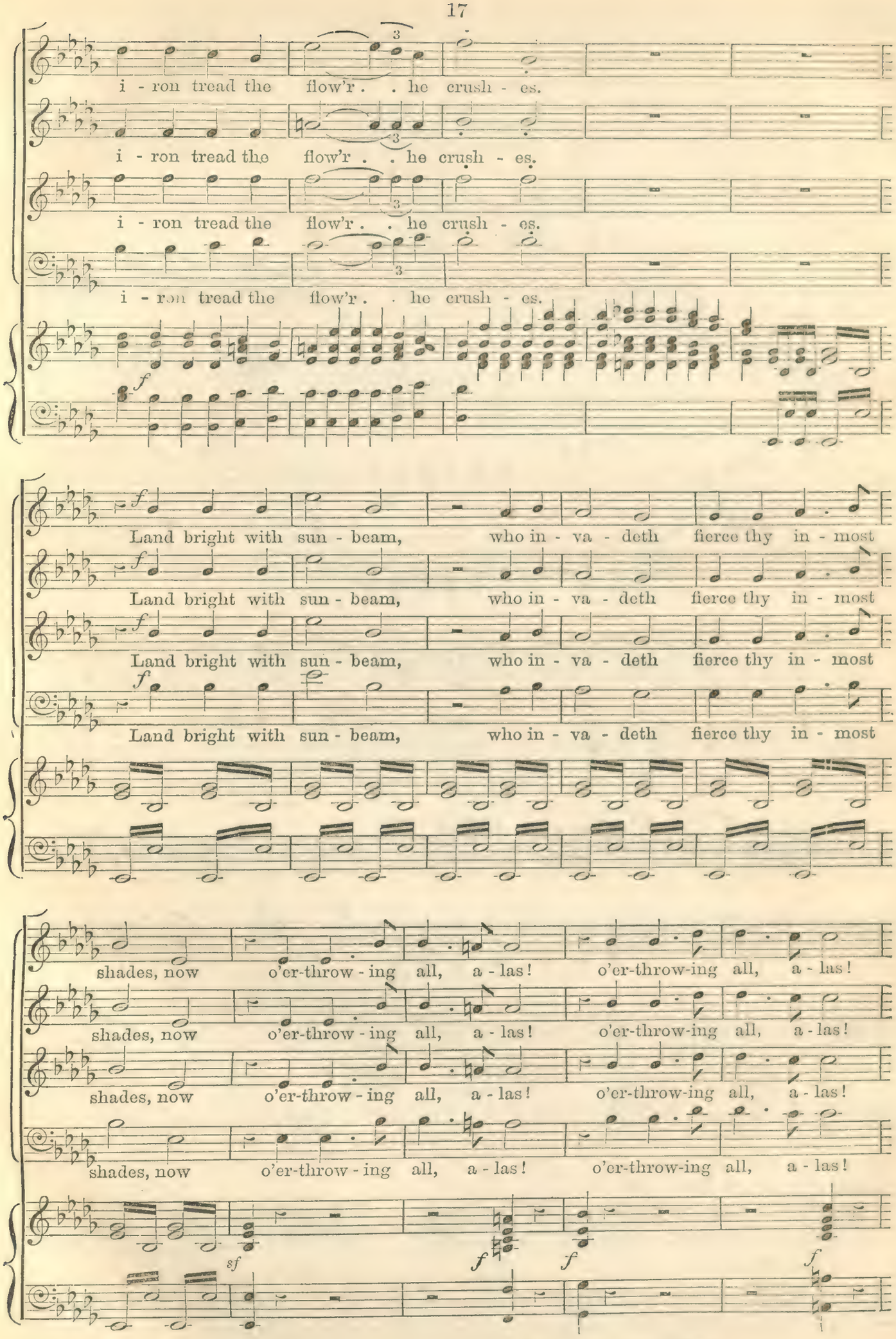

Book of Fate 'tis writ - ten, "The Pe - - ri yet may
3
be for-gi'vn, Who to this gate e - ter - nal bring - eth, The gift that
8ve.
p
Ped.
*
is most dear to heav'n!" Go, seek it now, re-deem thy
loco.
sin— 'Tis sweet to let the Par - don'd in.
Ped.
p
*
No. 4.
Doppio Movimento. ♩ = 120.
THE PERI.
But whither now? Ah,
cres.

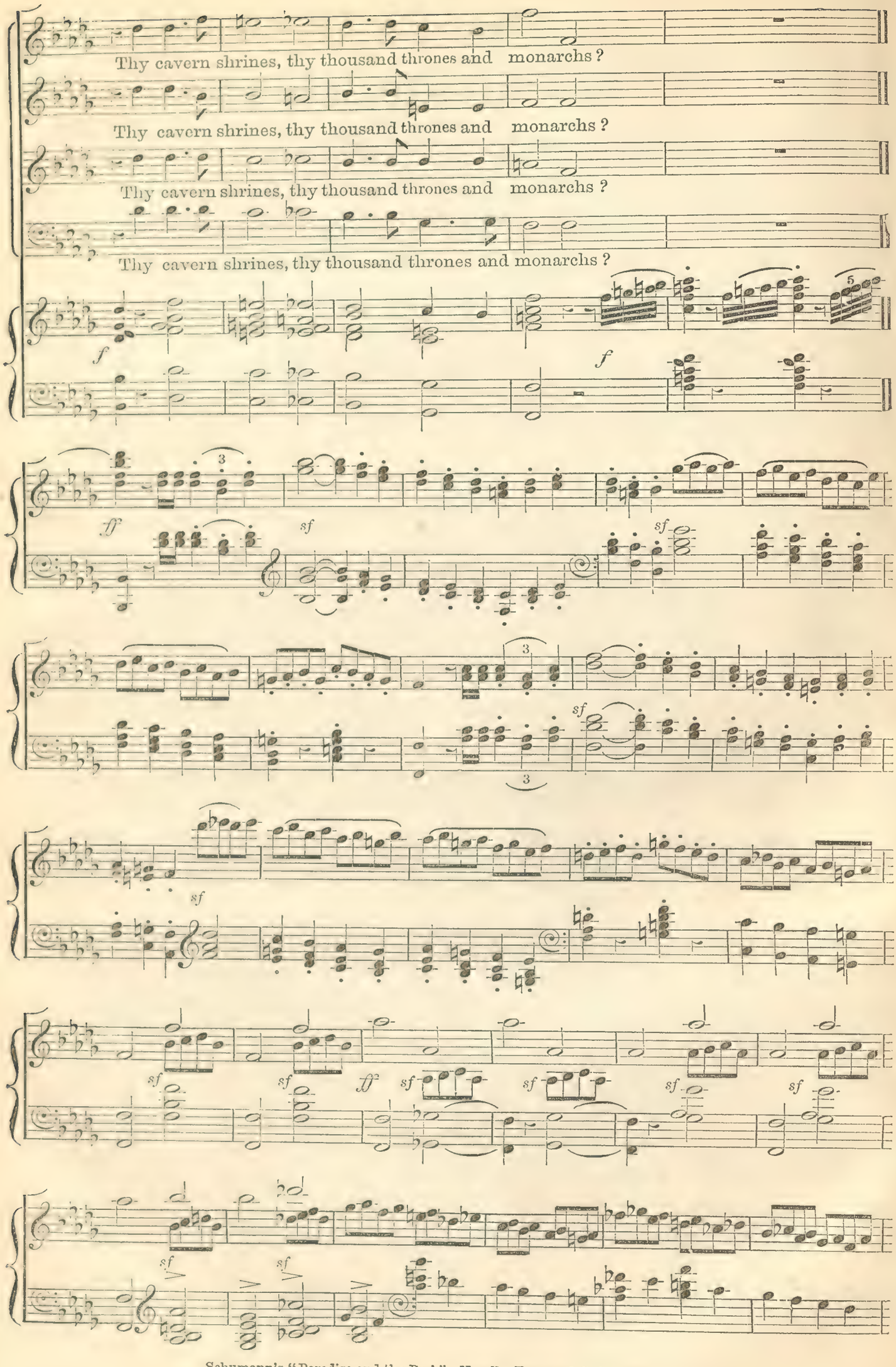
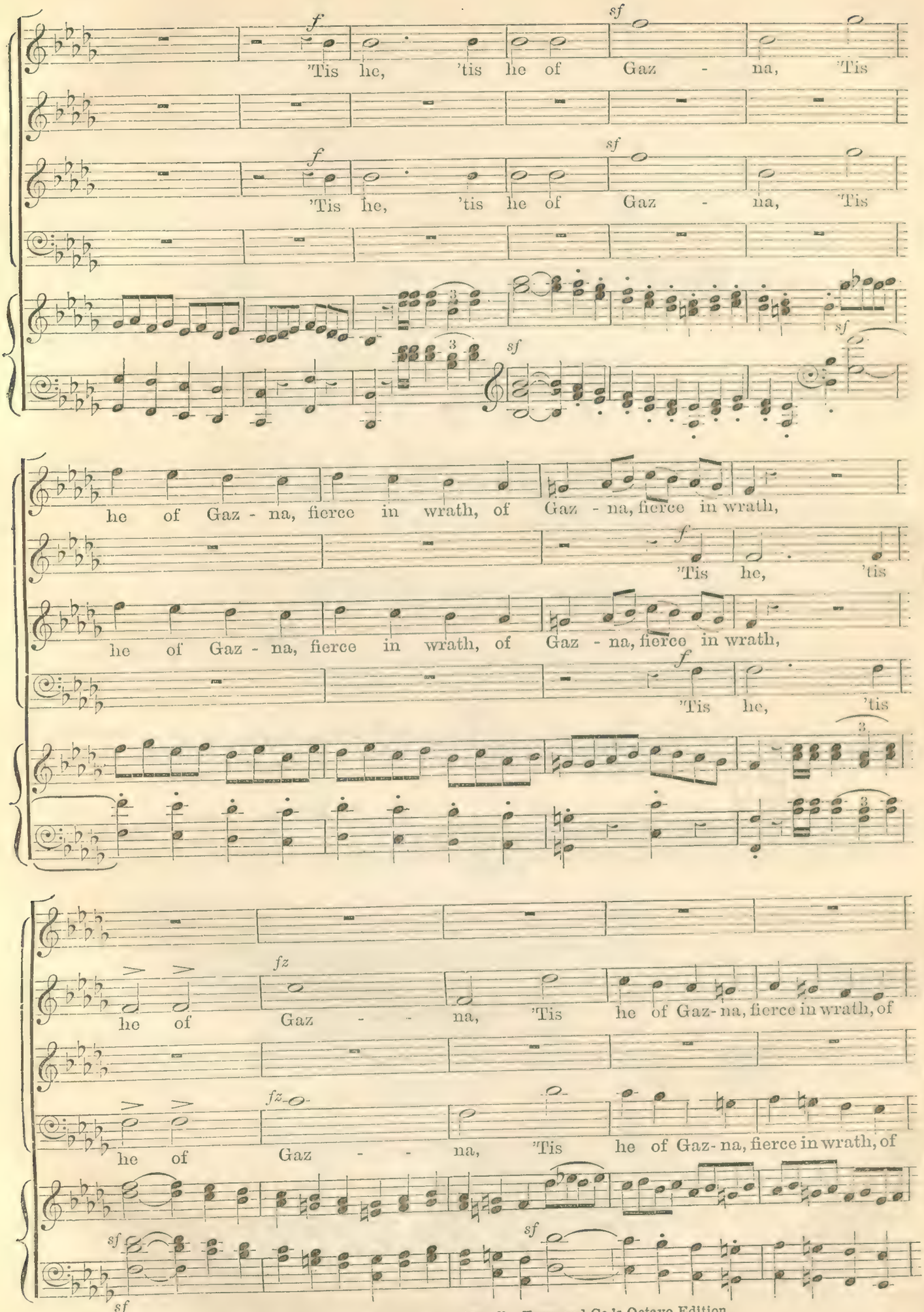

where now shall she find it? shall she find the
dim.
gift, the gift for heav'n ?
I
un poco ritard.
p
Moderately slow. ♩ = 108.
know the wealth hid - den in ev - e - ry urn,
Fl.
Cl. Fag.
Tnr.
pp
sempre pp
Where - in the red ru - bies of
Chil - mi-nar burn.
I
pp

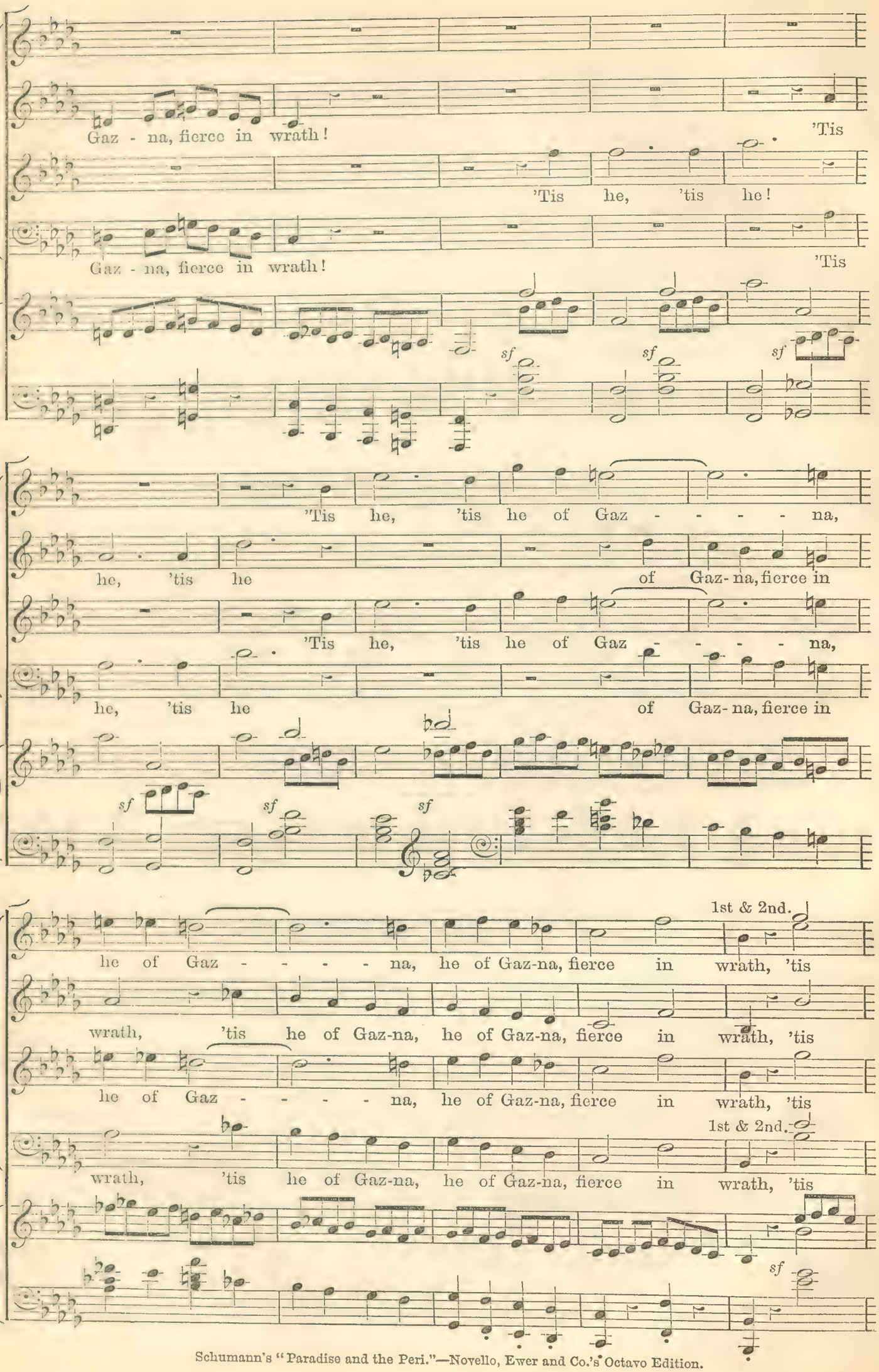
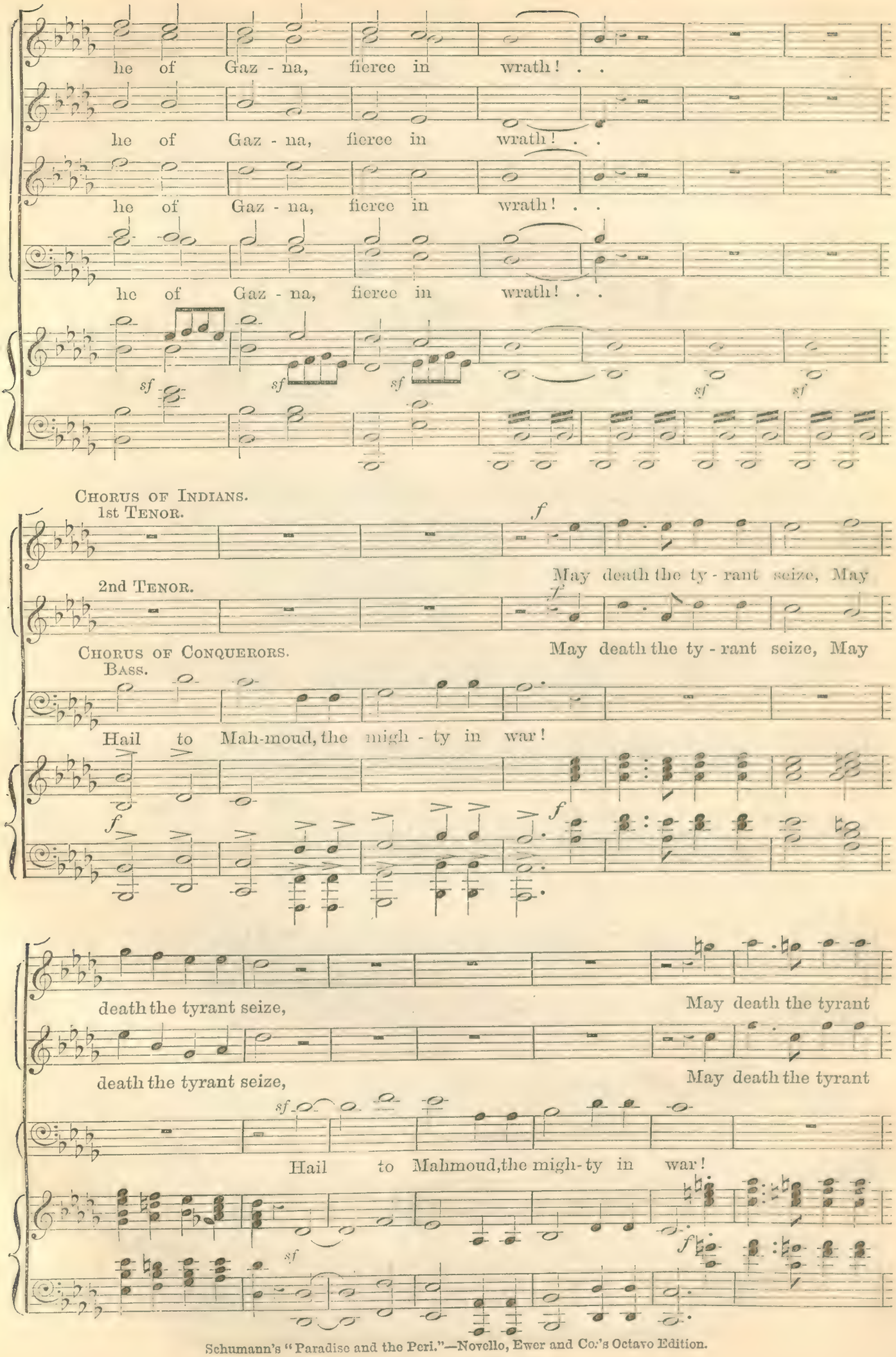
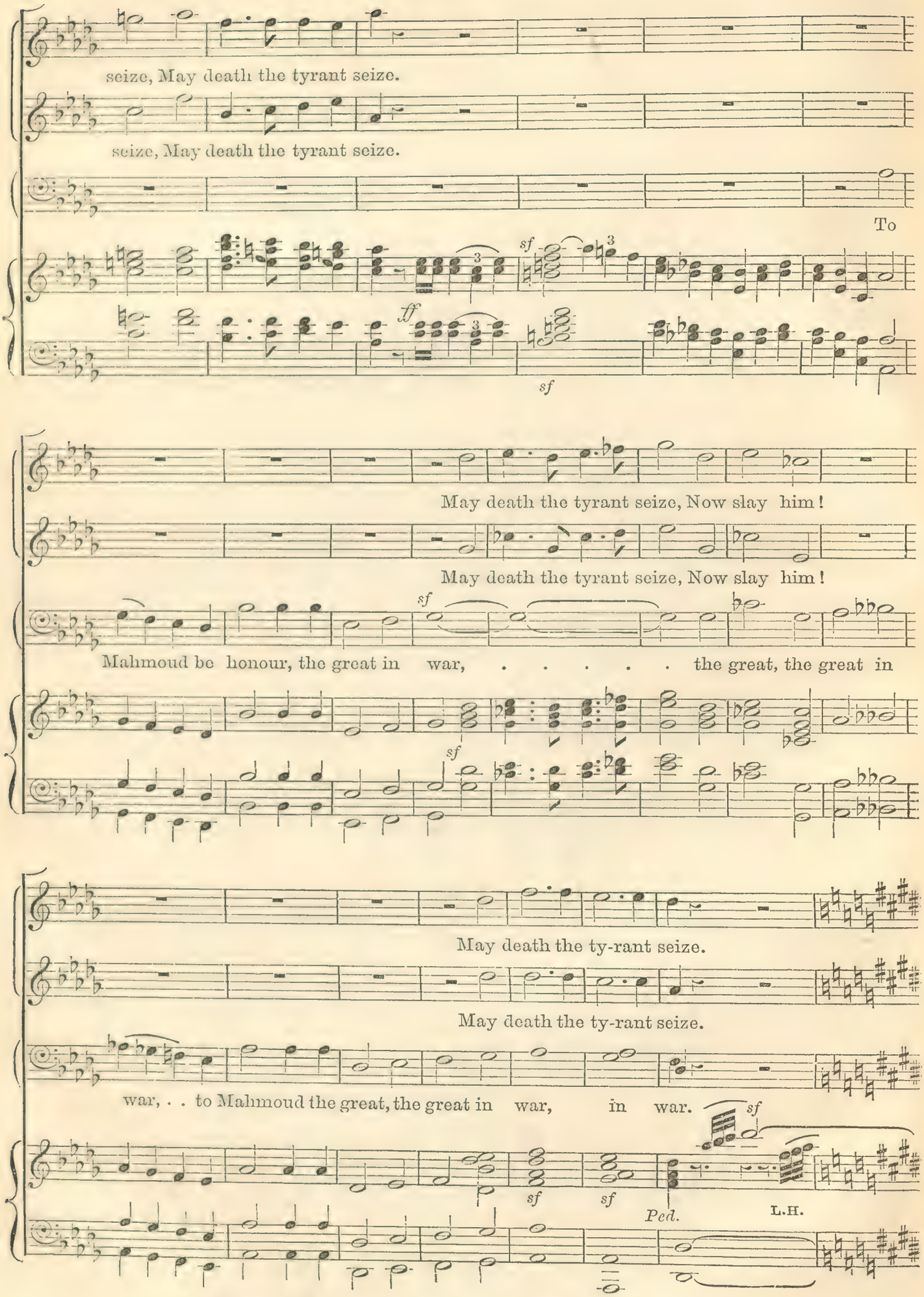

know where the isles . . of per - fume are,
pp
Full ma - ny a fa - thom down
f
in . . . the sea. I
f
know, too, where the Ge-nii hid The jew-ell'd cup of their King Jam-shid, With life's e -
sf
Tromb.
sf
- lix - ir sparkling high there, with life's e - lix - ir spark- ling high.
ri - tar - dando.
a tempo.
a tempo.
f
ritard.
dim.

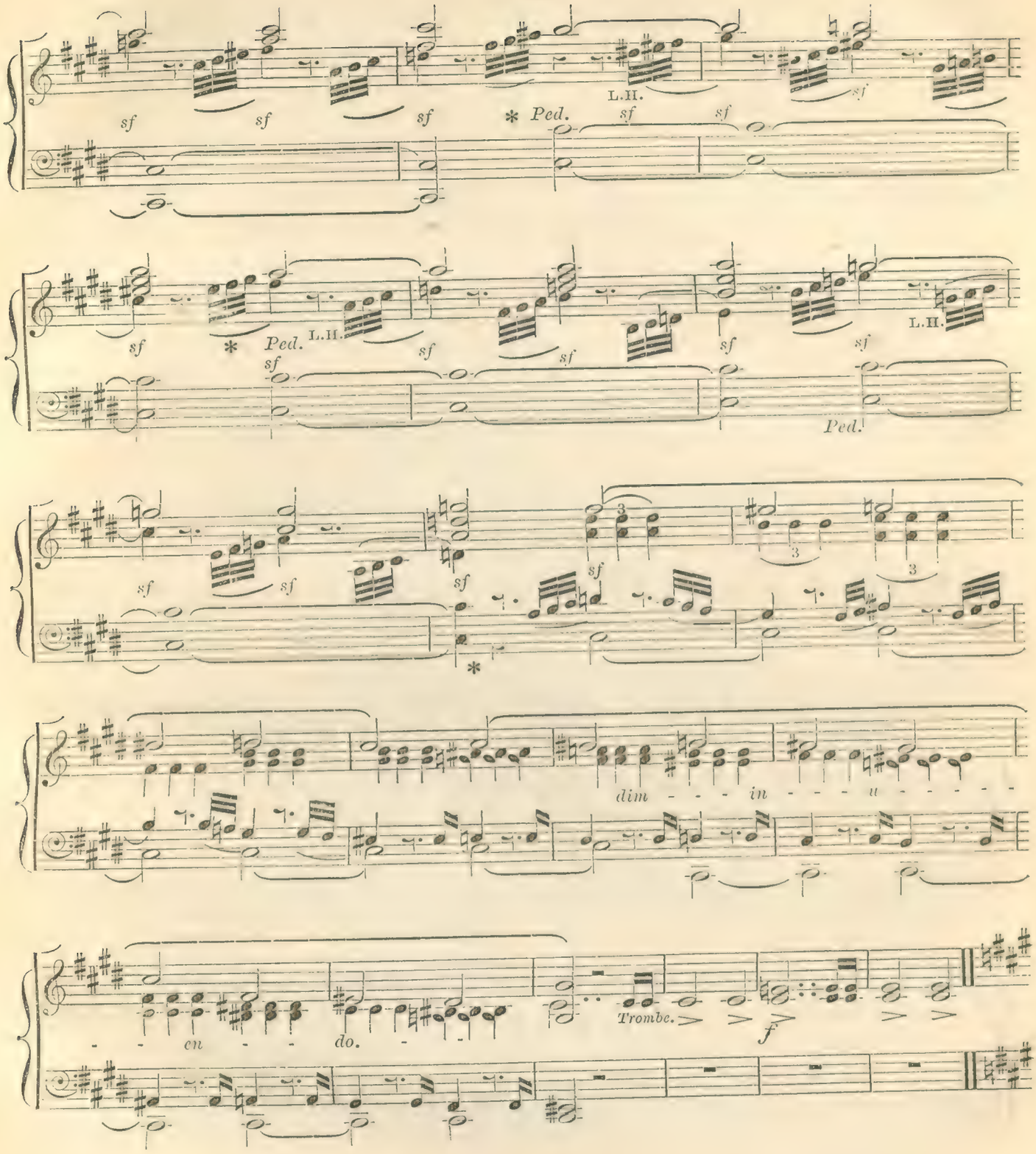

p
A - -
p
p
ritard.
Poco più lento.
- - las, gifts like these are not for the sky. Was e - ver gem that shone so
pp ritard.
Celli.
bright-ly, Like the steps on great Allah's throne so migh-ty, And oh! what drops of life should we
pp
p
be, In the great deep of E-ter - ni - ty?
Fl.
pp
cres. e str.

No. 5.
Tenor Solo. mf
While thus she
Allegro. ♩= 84.
p
cres.
p
Ped.
*
mused, now fann'd . . her pin - ions, That land of
Ped.
* Ped.
*
mf
In - - - dia's bright do - - min - - ions;
Bass Solo.
O
mf
O
Ped.
* Ped.
* Ped.
*
Two Trebles Soli.
mf
O realm so bright!
beau - teous land, Whose palms whis - per
beau - teous land, Whose palms whis - per


Whose si - lent stars be - deck the night,
soft and light, Whose air is
soft and light, Whose air is
Whose moun - tains, preg - nant
balm, whose o - cean spreads O'er co - ral rocks, and
balm, whose o - cean spreads O'er co - ral rocks, and
by the beam Of warm - est sun, with dia - monds
am - ber beds; Whose mountains, pregnant by the
am - ber beds; Whose moun - tains, preg - - nant

teem. Where streams murmur soft and light, All
beam of warm - est sun, with dia - monds teem, All
by the warm - est sun, with dia - monds teem, All
cres.
bright with gold be - neath their tides, All bright with
bright with gold be - neath their tides, All bright with
bright with gold be - neath their tides, All bright with
p
gold be - neath their tides, And san - dal groves and bow'rs of
gold be - neath their tides, And san - dal groves and bow'rs of
gold be - neath their tides, And san - dal groves and bow'rs of
p
cres.

un poco rit. a tempo.
spice,
O Pa - ra - dise!
un poco rit.
spice,
O Pa - ra - dise!
un poco rit.
spice,
O Pa - ra - dise!
un poco rit. a tempo.
trem.

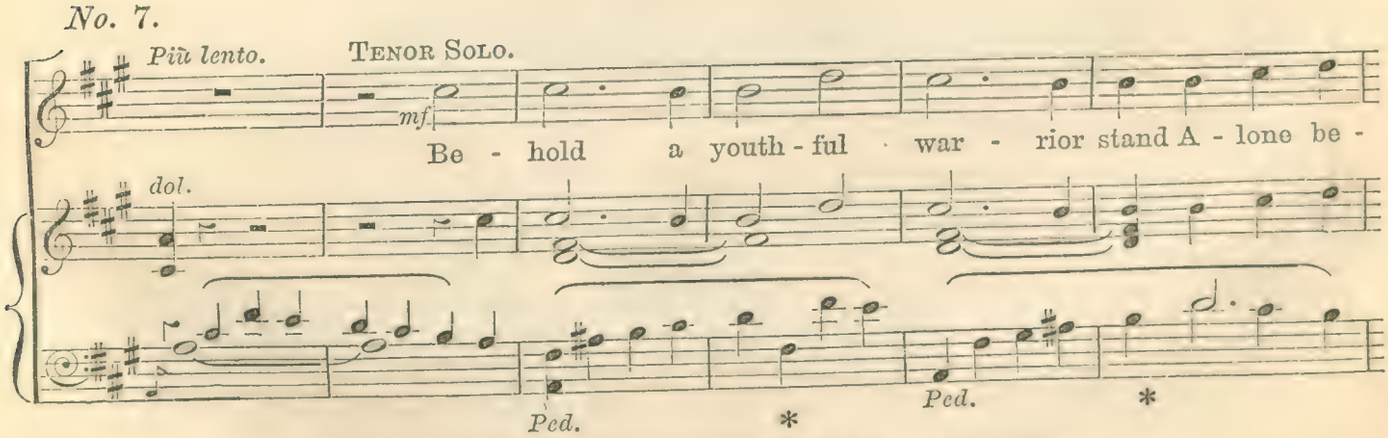
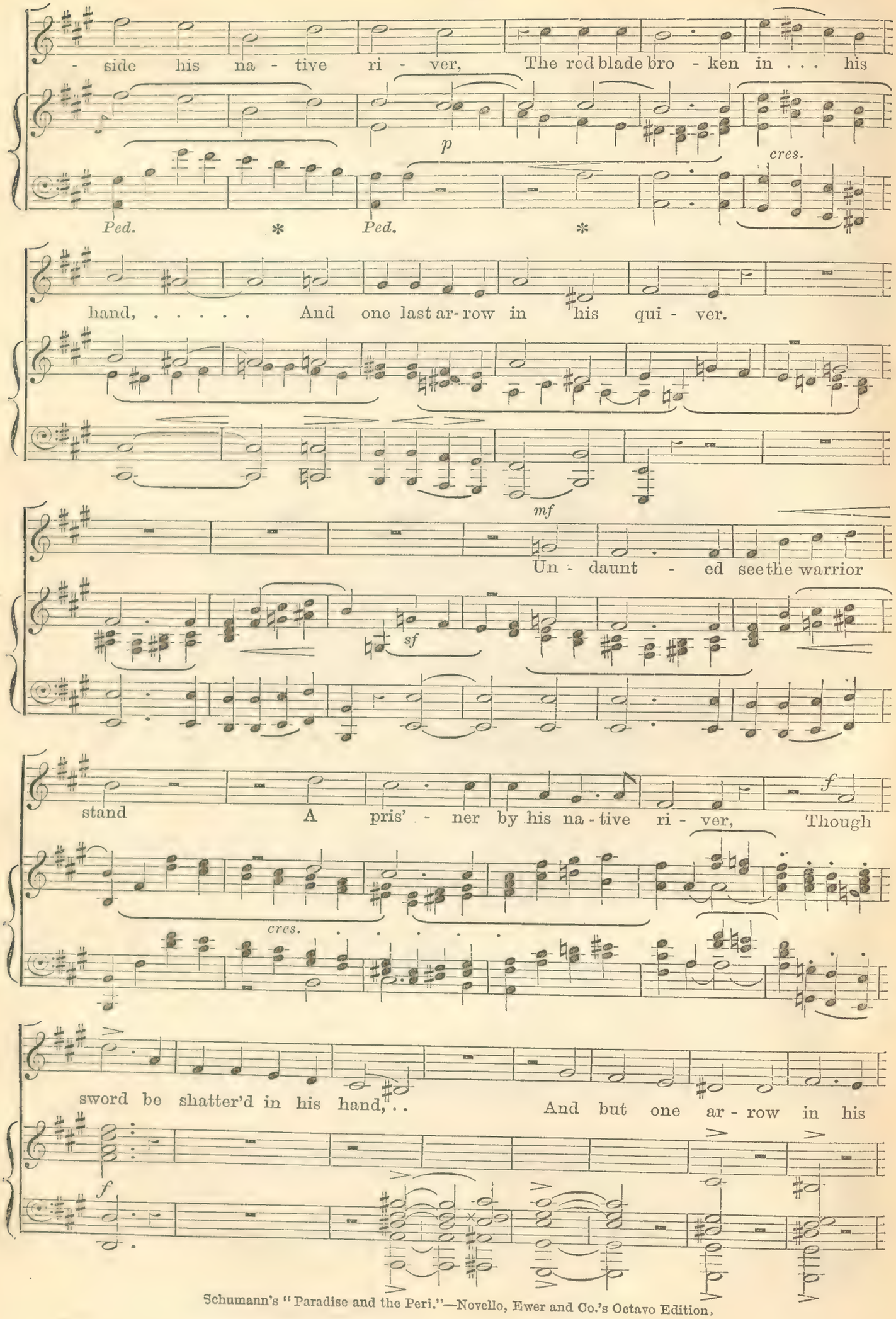
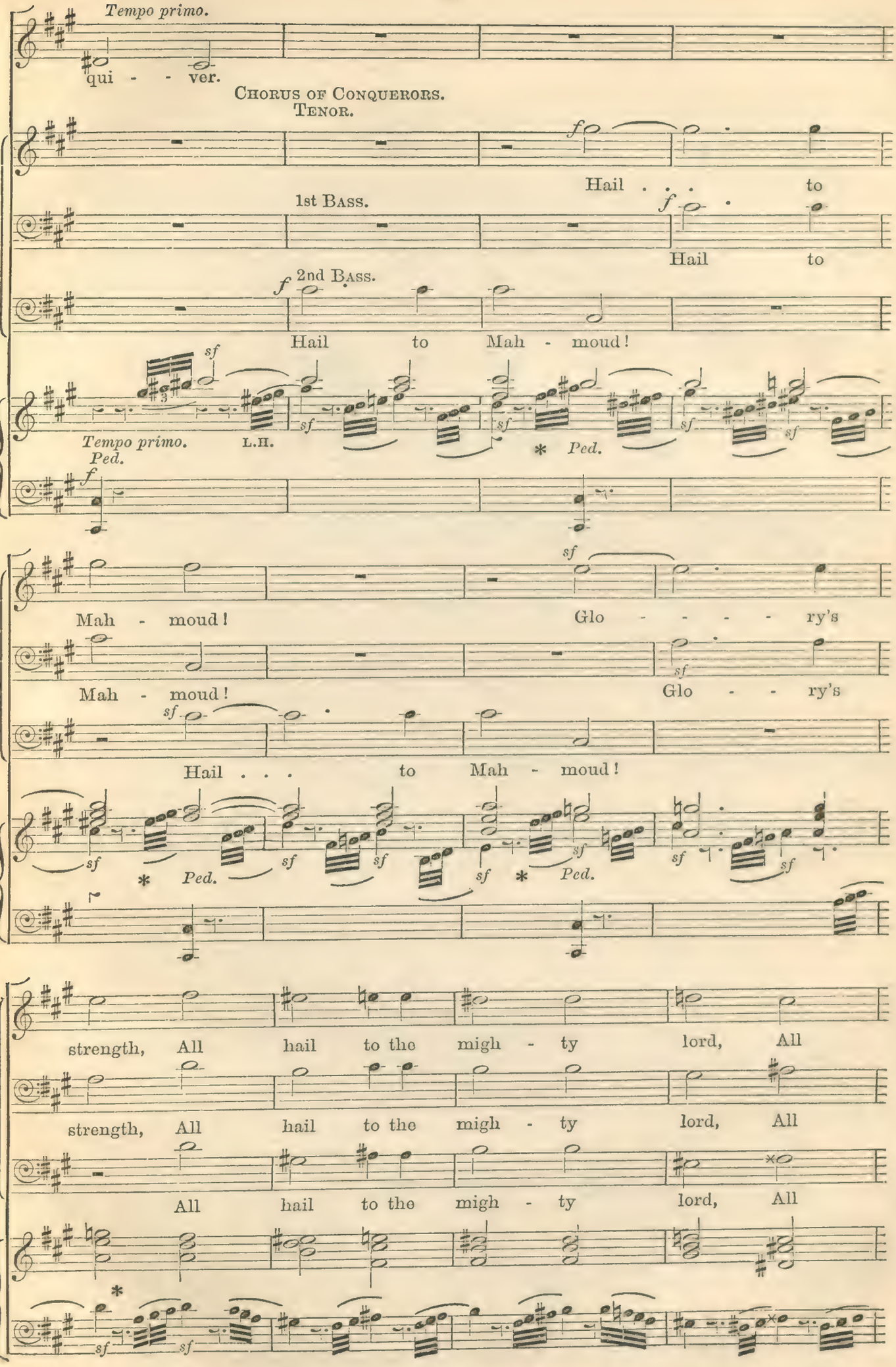
No. 6. CHORUS.

cres.
Tenor.
But crim-son now her ri - vers ran with
sempre f
Treble.
And man is sa - cri - fic'd by man;
Alto.
And man is sa - cri - fic'd by man;
hu - man blood,
Bass.
And man is sa - cri - fic'd by man;

But crim-son now her ri - vers ran With hu - man
And man is sac - ri-fic'd by man; Death
And man is sac- ri- fic'd by man; Death
blood, Death
And man is sac - ri- fic'd by man; Death
through her spi - cy bow - - ers stalk - eth, With
through her spi - cy bow - - ers stalk - eth, With
through her spi - cy bow - - ers stalk - eth, With
through her spi - cy bow - - ers stalk - eth, With

i - ron tread the flow'r . . he crush - es.
i - ron tread the flow'r . . he crush - es.
i - ron tread the flow'r . . he crush - es.
i - ron tread the flow'r . . he crush - es.
f
Land bright with sun - beam, who in - va - deth fierce thy in - most
Land bright with sun - beam, who in - va - deth fierce thy in - most
Land bright with sun - beam, who in - va - deth fierce thy in - most
Land bright with sun - beam, who in - va - deth fierce thy in - most
shades, now o'er-throw - ing all, a - las! o'er-throw-ing all, a - las!
shades, now o'er-throw - ing all, a - las! o'er-throw-ing all, a - las!
shades, now o'er-throw - ing all, a - las! o'er-throw-ing all, a - las!
shades, now o'er-throw - ing all, a - las! o'er-throw-ing all, a - las!
sf
f
f
f

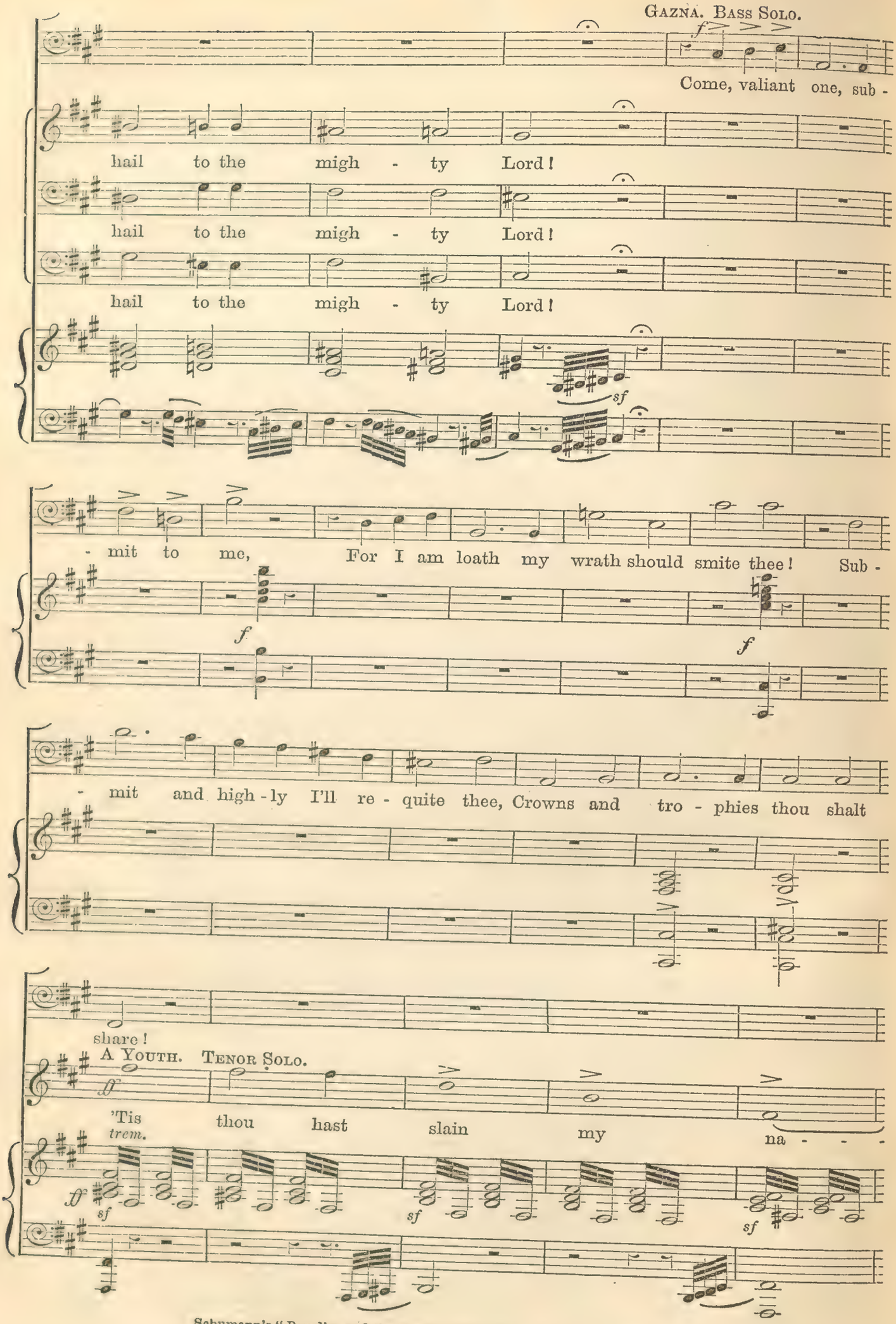

Thy cavern shrines, thy thousand thrones and monarchs ?
Thy cavern shrines, thy thousand thrones and monarchs ?
Thy cavern shrines, thy thousand thrones and monarchs ?
Thy cavern shrines, thy thousand thrones and monarchs ?
f
f
ff
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
ff
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf

'Tis he, 'tis he of Gaz - na, 'Tis
'Tis he, 'tis he of Gaz - na, 'Tis
he of Gaz - na, fierce in wrath, of Gaz - na, fierce in wrath,
'Tis he, 'tis
he of Gaz - na, fierce in wrath, of Gaz - na, fierce in wrath,
'Tis he, 'tis
he of Gaz - - na, 'Tis he of Gaz- na, fierce in wrath, of
he of Gaz - - na, 'Tis he of Gaz- na, fierce in wrath, of

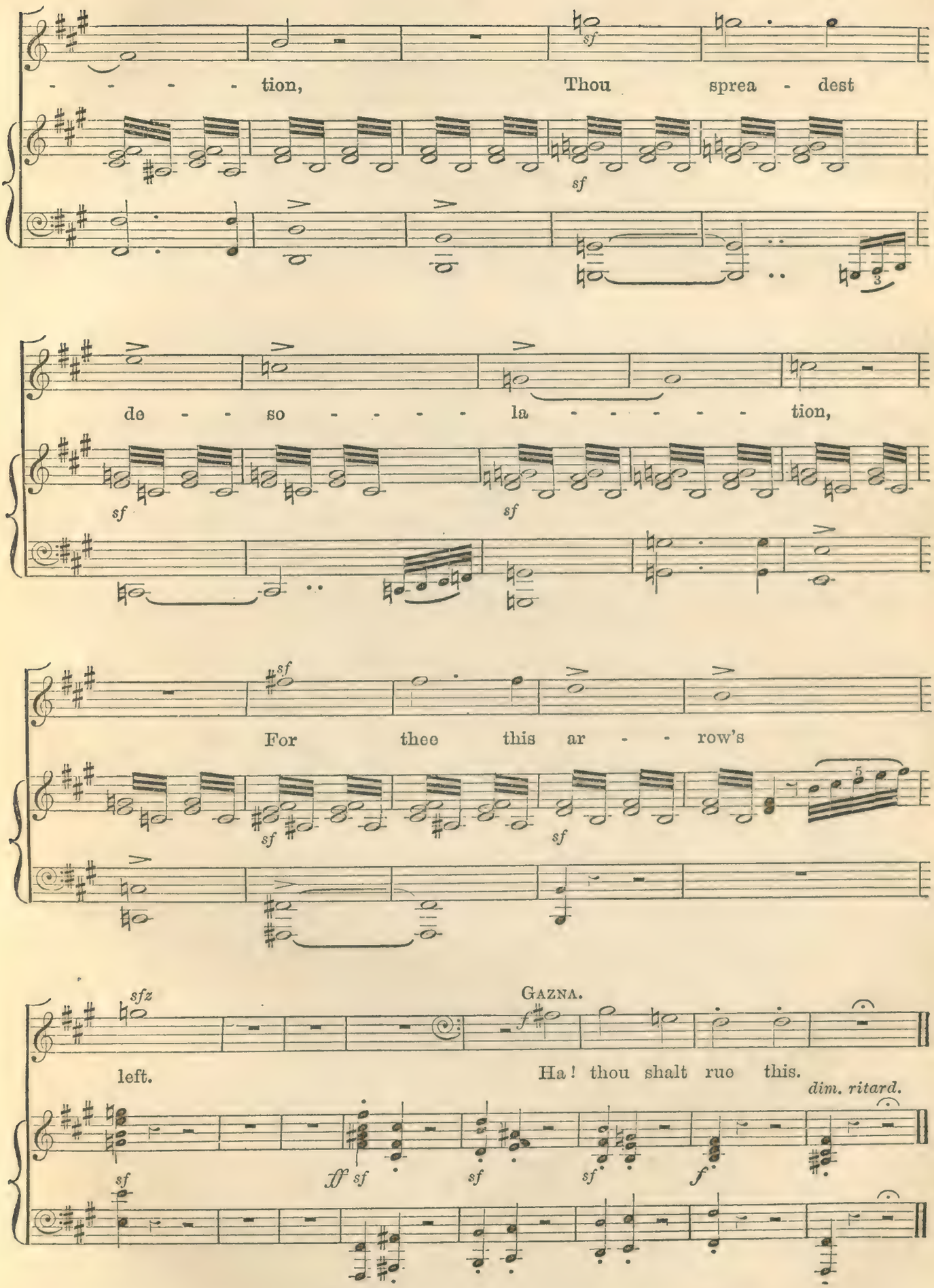
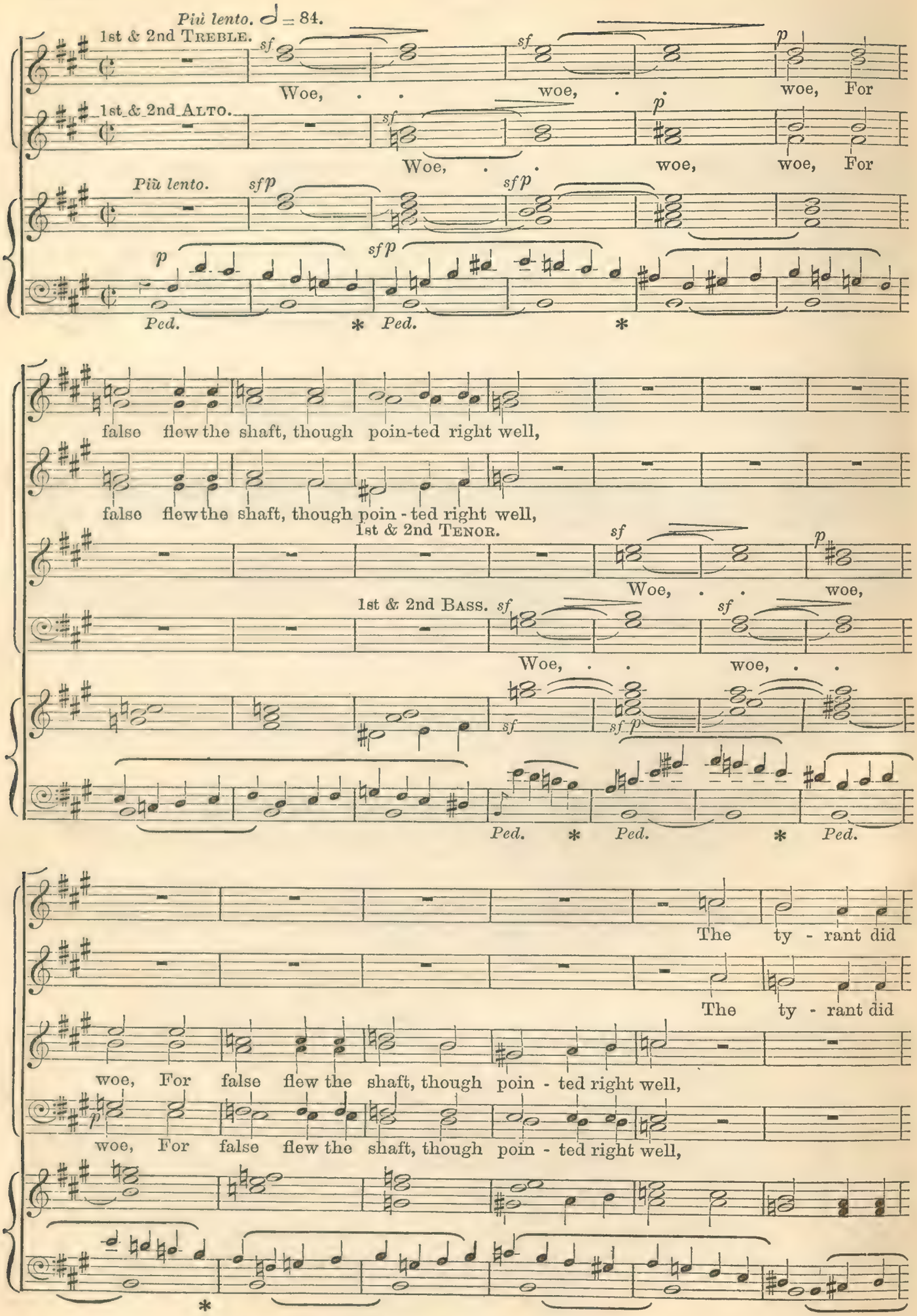

Gaz - na, fierce in wrath!
'Tis
'Tis he, 'tis he!
Gaz - na, fierce in wrath!
'Tis
sf
sf
sf
'Tis he, 'tis he of Gaz - - - - na,
he, 'tis he of Gaz-na, fierce in
'Tis he, 'tis he of Gaz - - - - na,
he, 'tis he of Gaz-na, fierce in
sf
sf
sf
1st & 2nd.
he of Gaz - - - - na, he of Gaz-na, fierce in wrath, 'tis
wrath, 'tis he of Gaz-na, he of Gaz-na, fierce in wrath, 'tis
he of Gaz - - - - na, he of Gaz-na, fierce in wrath, 'tis
1st & 2nd.
wrath, 'tis he of Gaz-na, he of Gaz-na, fierce in wrath, 'tis
sf

he of Gaz - na, fierce in wrath! . .
he of Gaz - na, fierce in wrath! . .
he of Gaz - na, fierce in wrath! . .
he of Gaz - na, fierce in wrath! . .
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
Chorus of Indians.
1st Tenor.
f
May death the ty - rant seize, May
2nd Tenor.
f
May death the ty - rant seize, May
Chorus of Conquerors.
Bass.
Hail to Mah-moud, the migh - ty in war!
f
f
death the tyrant seize,
May death the tyrant
death the tyrant seize,
May death the tyrant
sf
Hail to Mahmoud, the migh-ty in war!
sf
f

seize, May death the tyrant seize.
seize, May death the tyrant seize.
To
sf
ff
sf
May death the tyrant seize, Now slay him!
May death the tyrant seize, Now slay him!
sf
Mahmoud be honour, the great in war, ... the great, the great in
sf
May death the ty-rant seize.
May death the ty-rant seize.
war, . . to Mahmoud the great, the great in war, in war.
sf
sf
sf
Ped.
L.H.

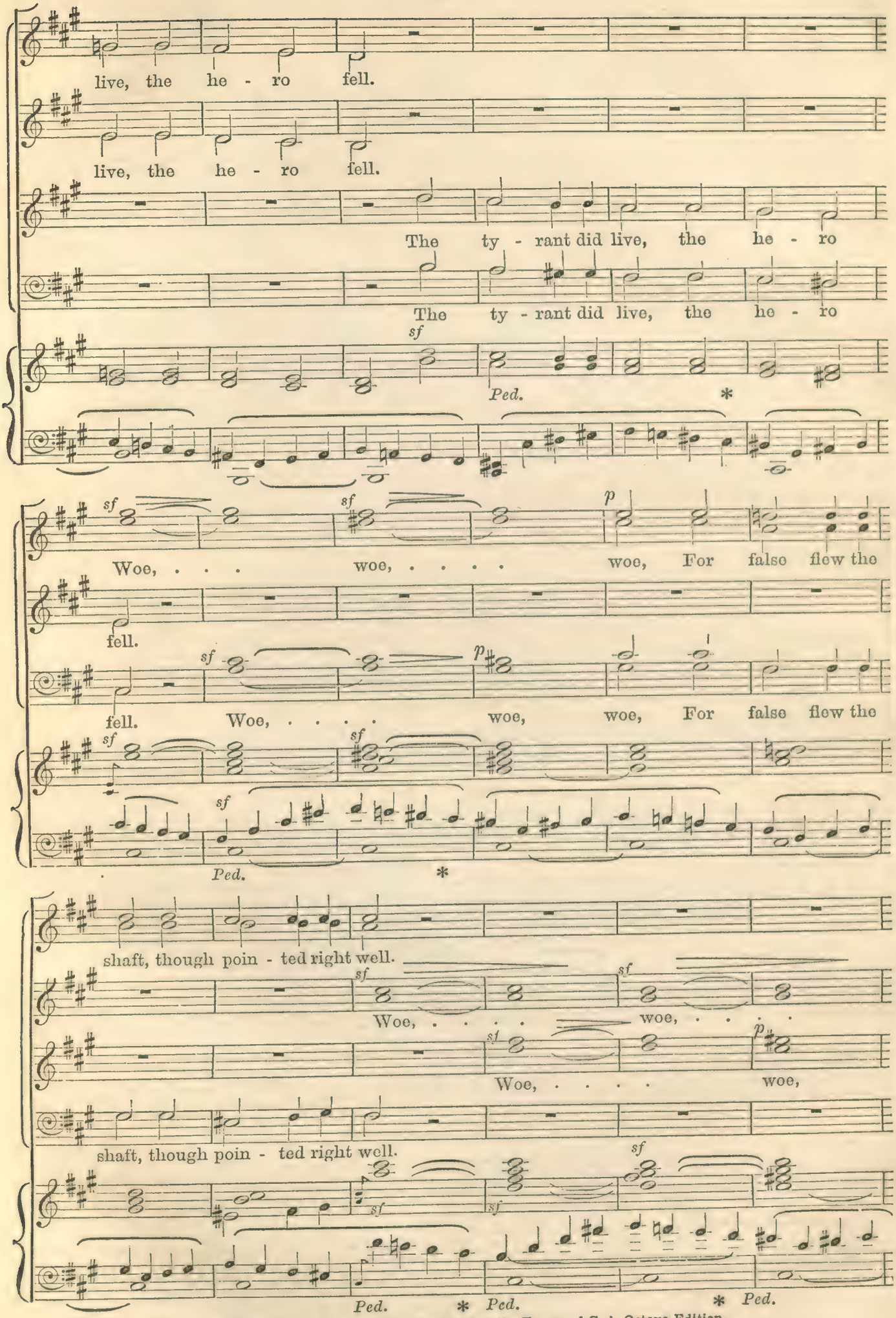

sf
sf
sf
* Ped.
L.H.
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
* Ped.
L.H.
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
L.H.
Ped.
sf
sf
sf
sf
3
3
3
*
dim - - - in - - - u - - - - -
- - - en - - - do. - - -
Trombe.
f

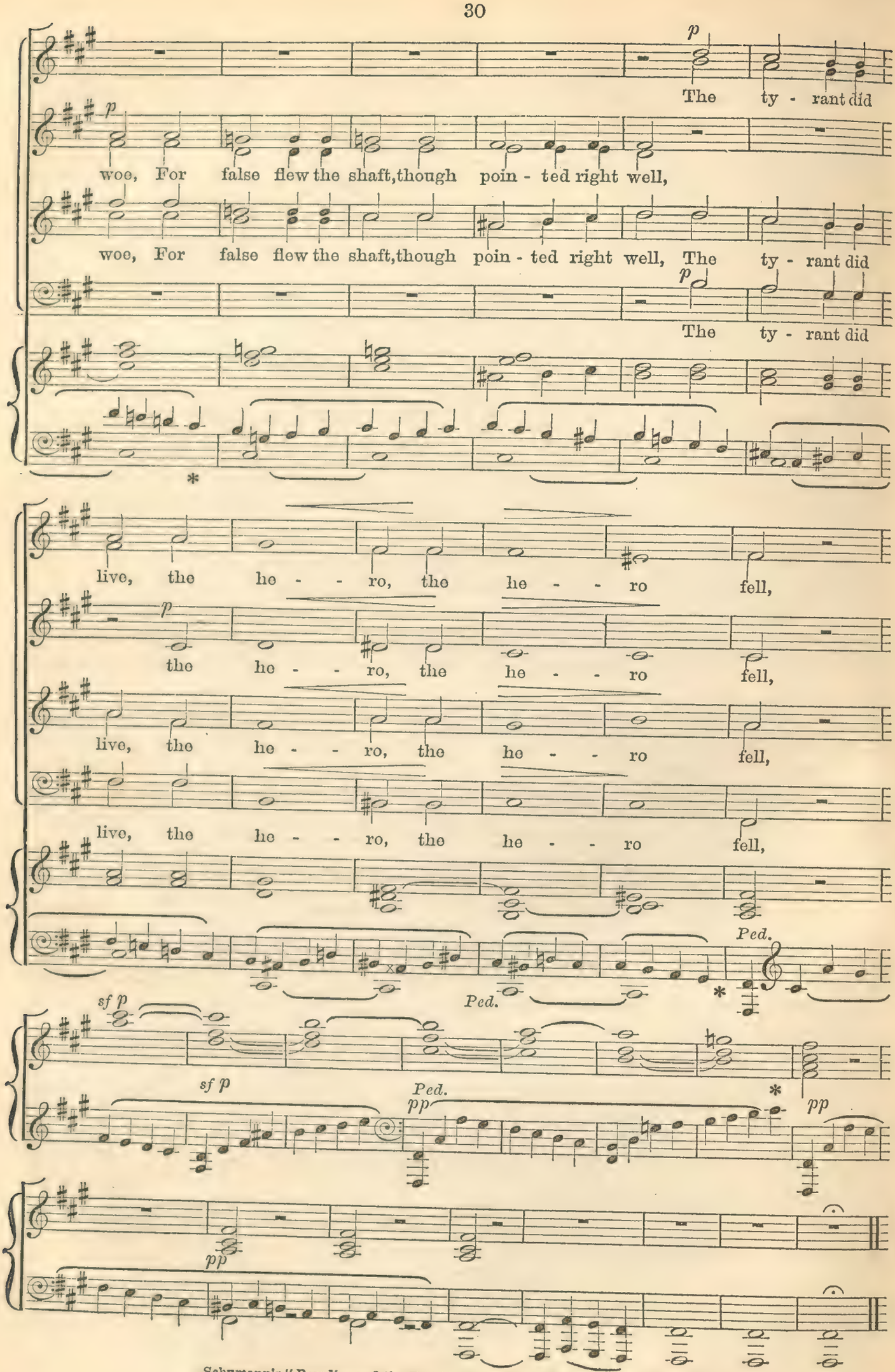
No. 7.


Più lento.
Tenor Solo.
mf
Be - hold a youth - ful war - rior stand A - lone be -
dol.
Ped.
*
Ped.
*

- side his na - tive ri - ver, The red blade bro - ken in . . . his
p
cres.
Ped. * Ped. *
hand, ... And one last ar-row in his qui - ver.
mf
Un - daunt - ed see the warrior
sf
stand A pris' - ner by his na - tive ri - ver, Though
f
cres.
sword be shatter'd in his hand, . . And but one ar - row in his
f

Tempo primo.
qui - - ver.
Chorus of Conquerors.
Tenor.
Hail . . . to
1st Bass.
Hail to
2nd Bass.
Hail to Mah - moud!
Tempo primo.
Ped.
L.H.
Ped.
Mah - moud!
Glo - - - - ry's
Mah - moud!
Glo - - ry's
Hail . . . to Mah - moud!
Ped.
Ped.
strength, All hail to the migh - ty lord, All
strength, All hail to the migh - ty lord, All
All hail to the migh - ty lord, All

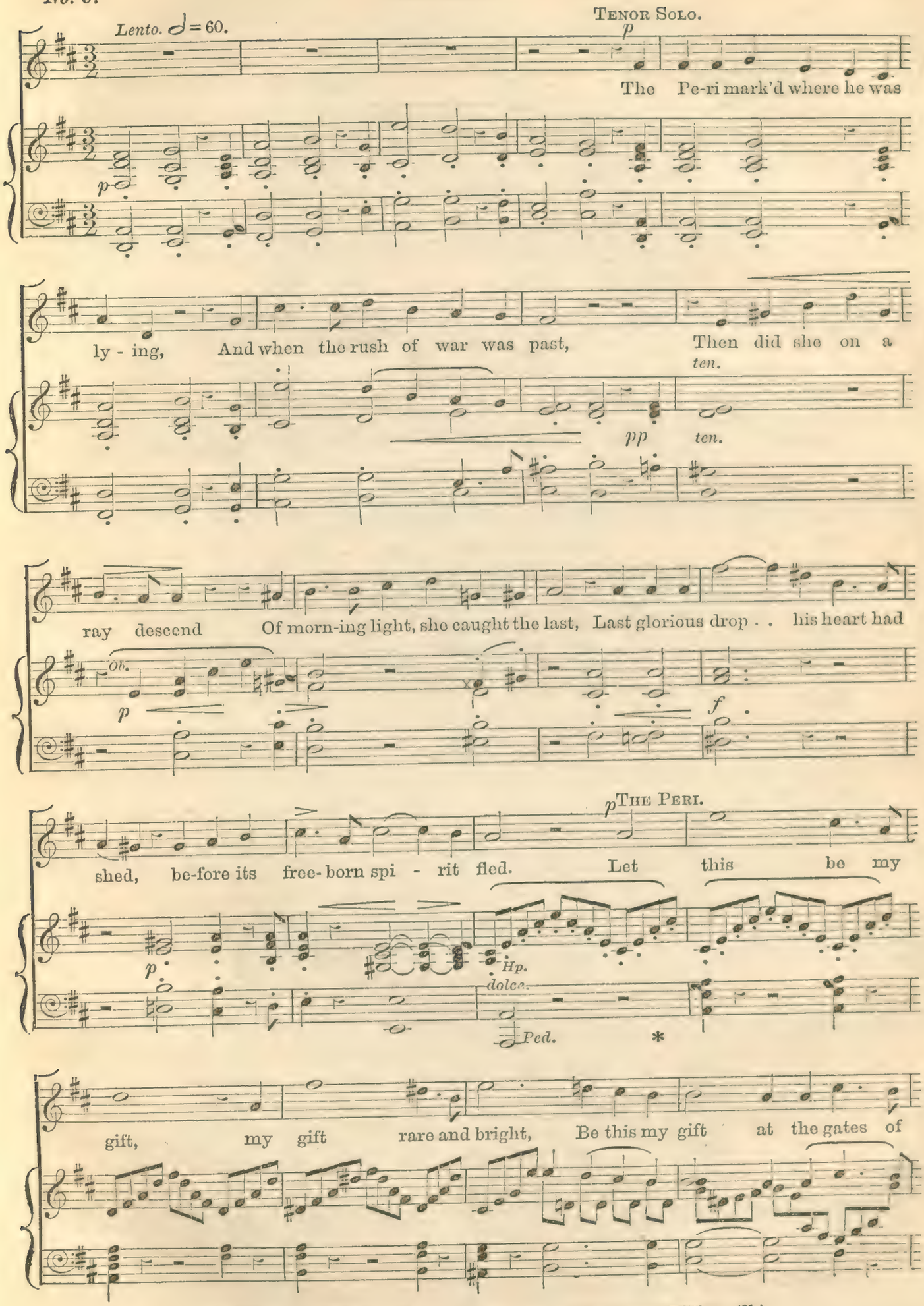

GAZNA. BASS SOLO.
Come, valiant one, sub -
hail to the migh - ty Lord!
hail to the migh - ty Lord!
hail to the migh - ty Lord!
- mit to me, For I am loath my wrath should smite thee! Sub -
- mit and high - ly I'll re - quite thee, Crowns and tro - phies thou shalt
share!
A YOUTH. TENOR SOLO.
'Tis thou hast slain my na - - -
trem.

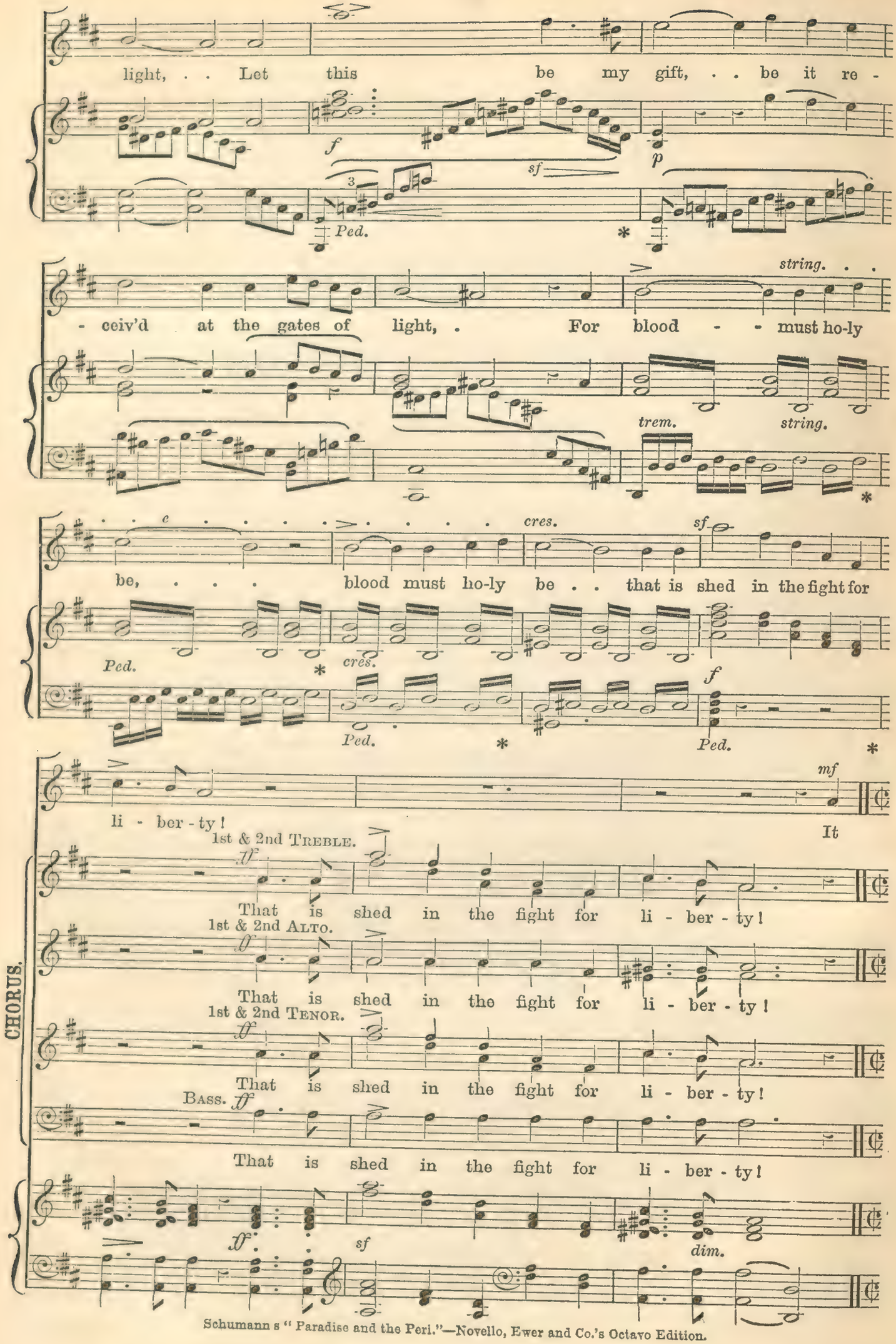

- - - - tion, Thou sprea - dest
de - - so - - - - - la - - - - - - tion,
For thee this ar - - row's
GAZNA.
left.
Ha! thou shalt rue this.
dim. ritard.

Più lento. ♩ = 84.
1st & 2nd Treble.
Woe, woe, woe, For
1st & 2nd Alto.
Woe, woe, woe, For
Più lento.
Ped. Ped.
false flew the shaft, though poin-ted right well,
false flew the shaft, though poin - ted right well,
1st & 2nd Tenor.
Woe, woe,
1st & 2nd Bass.
Woe, woe,
Ped. Ped. Ped.
The ty - rant did
The ty - rant did
woe, For false flew the shaft, though poin - ted right well,
woe, For false flew the shaft, though poin - ted right well,

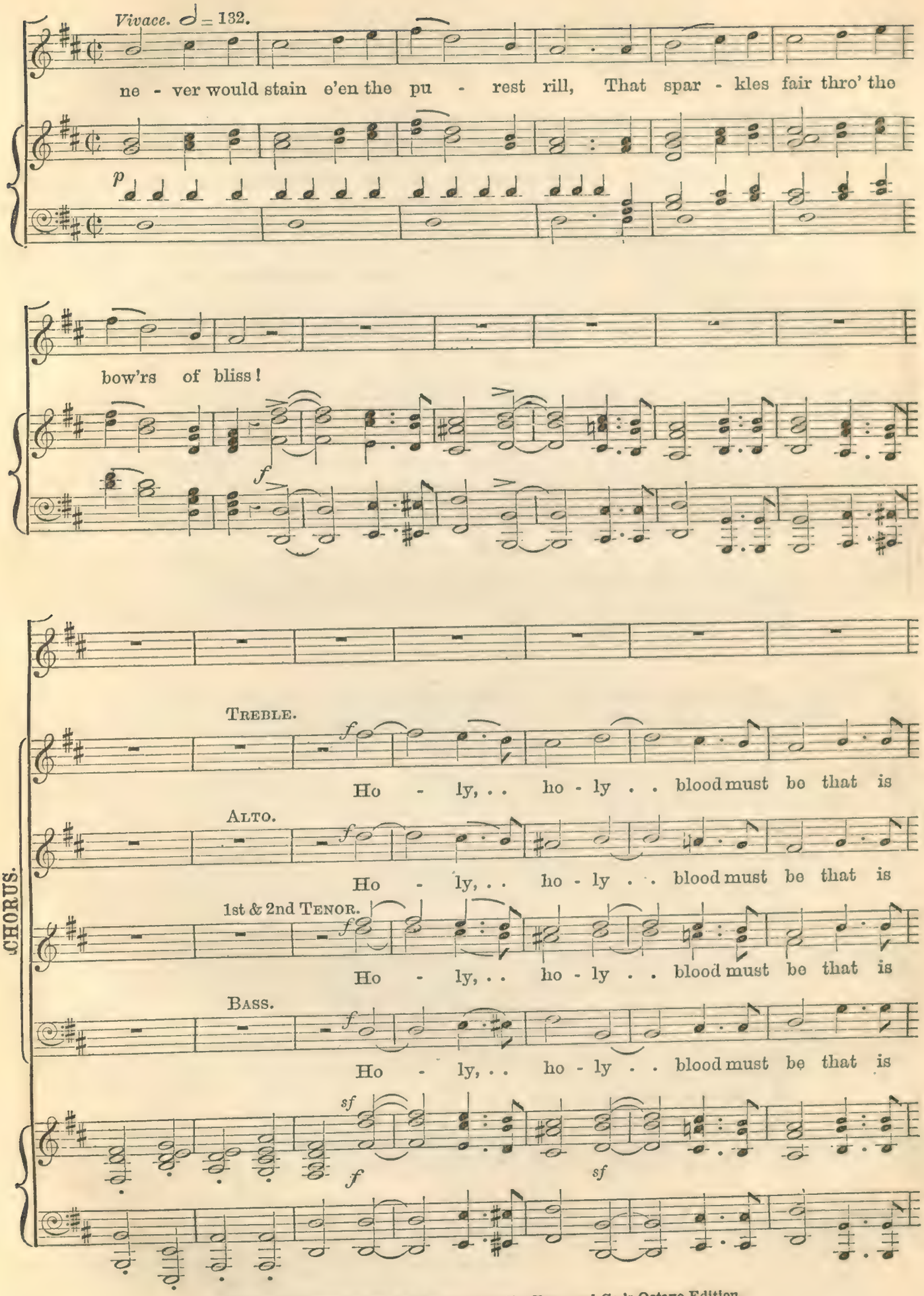

live, the he - ro fell.
live, the he - ro fell.
The ty - rant did live, the he - ro
The ty - rant did live, the he - ro
sf
Ped.
*
sf
sf
p
Woe, . . . woe, ... woe, For false flew the
fell.
fell.
sf
p
Woe, ... woe, woe, For false flew the
sf
sf
sf
Ped.
*
shaft, though poin - ted right well.
sf
sf
Woe, ... woe, ...
sf
p
Woe, ... woe,
shaft, though poin - ted right well.
sf
sf
sf
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
Ped.

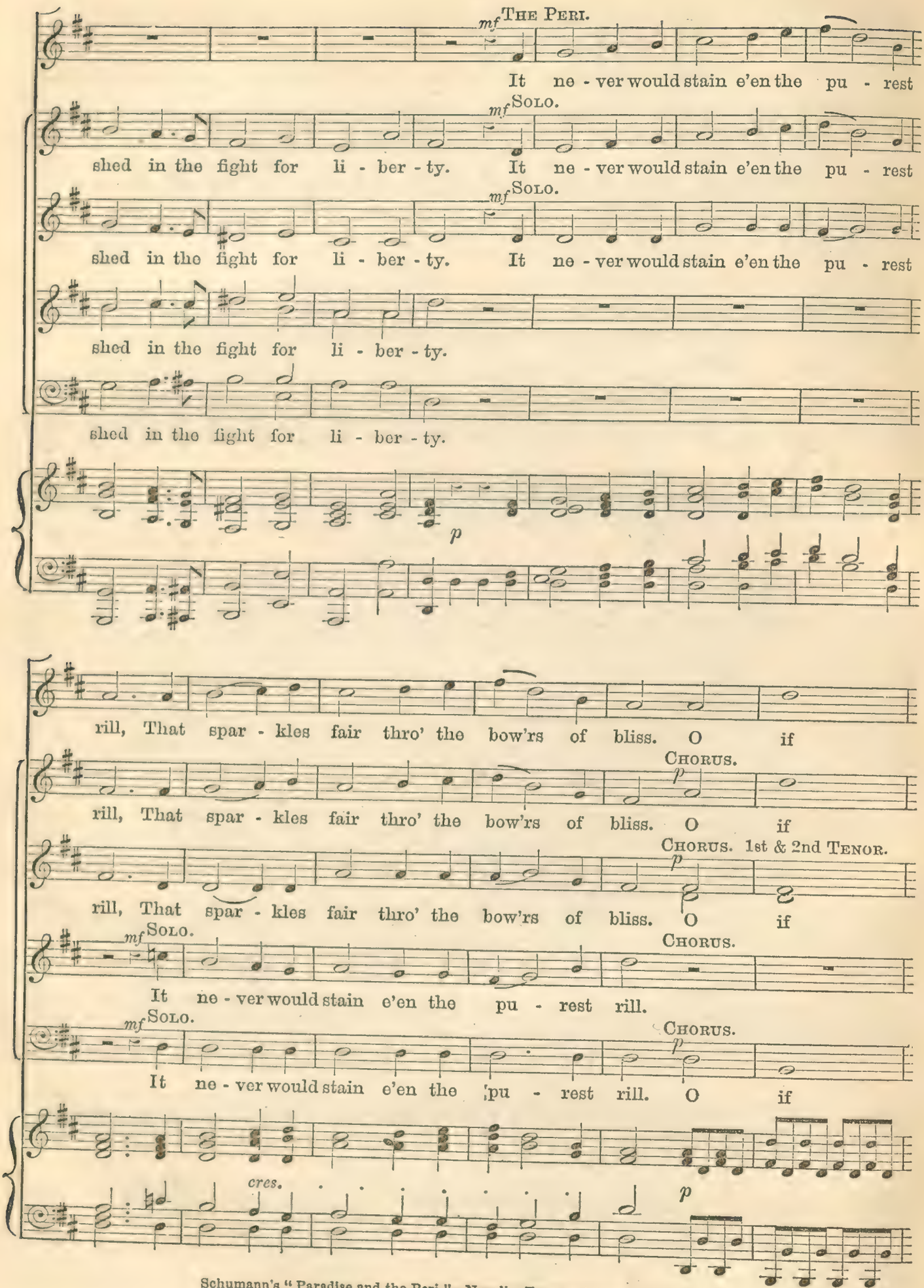
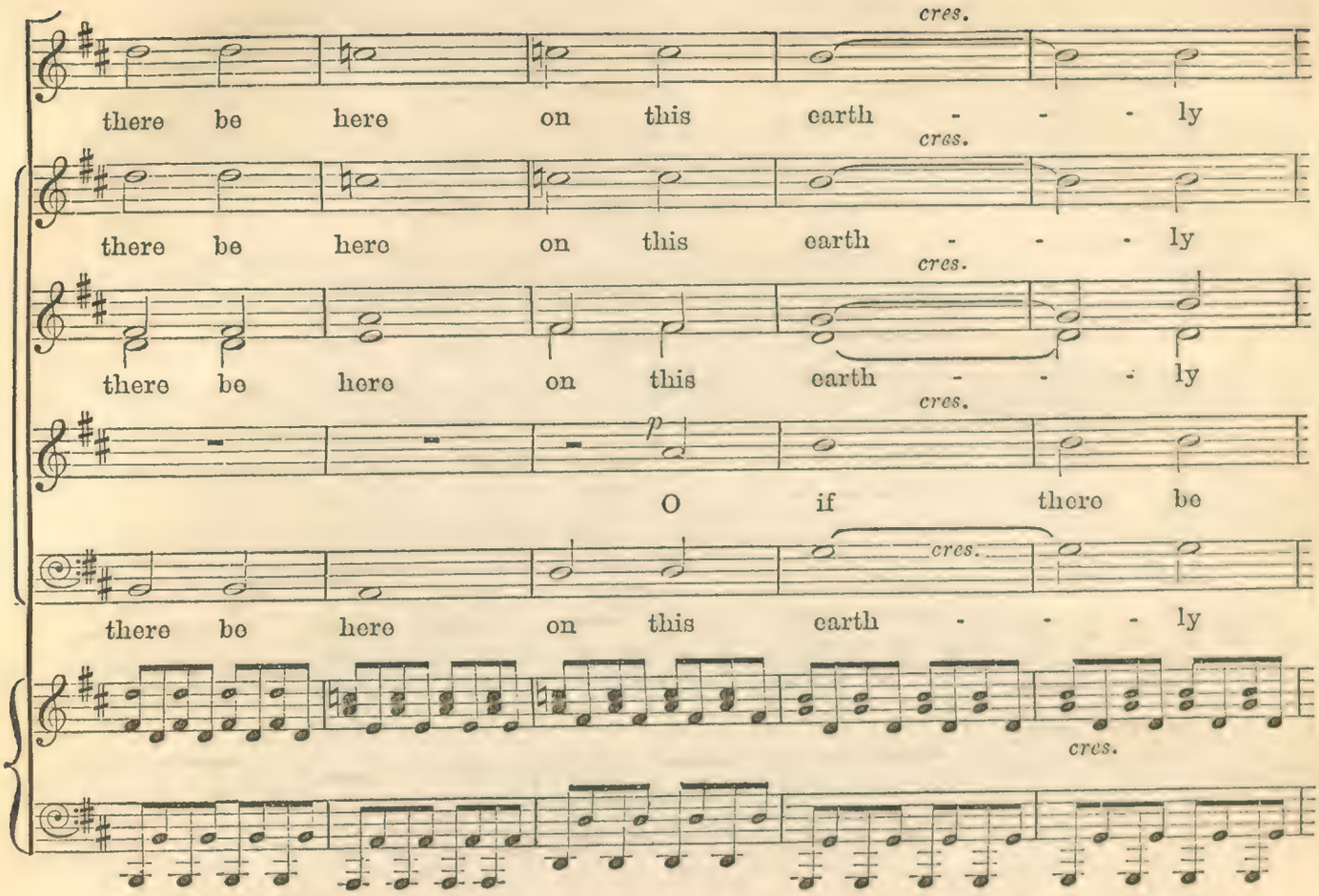

p
The ty - rant did
p
woe, For false flew the shaft, though poin - ted right well,
woe, For false flew the shaft, though poin - ted right well, The ty - rant did
p
The ty - rant did
*
live, the he - - ro, the he - - ro fell,
p
the he - - ro, the he - - ro fell,
live, the he - - ro, the he - - ro fell,
live, the he - - ro, the he - - ro fell,
Ped.
Ped.
*
sf p
sf p
Ped.
pp
*
pp
pp

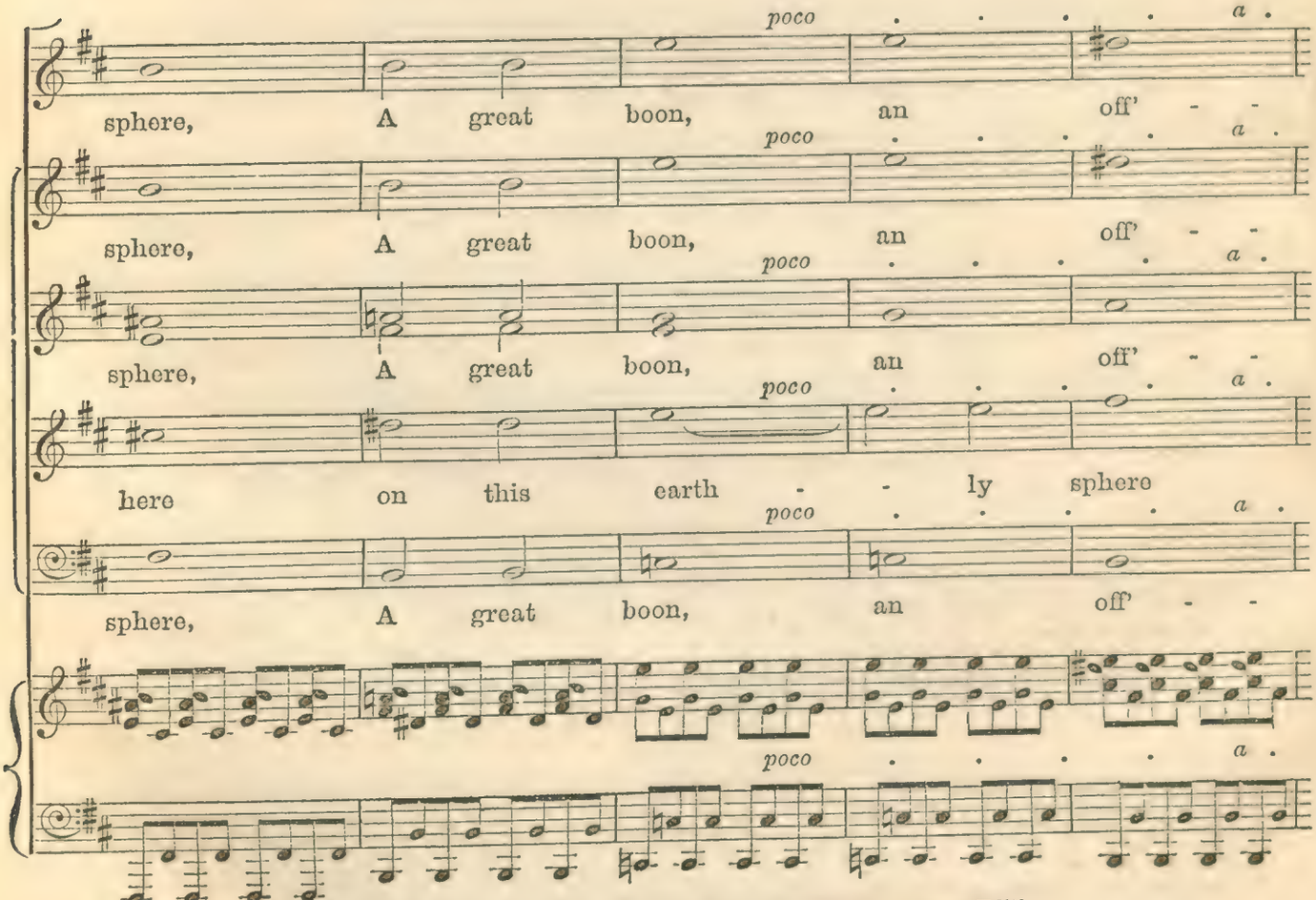
No. 9. CHORUS.

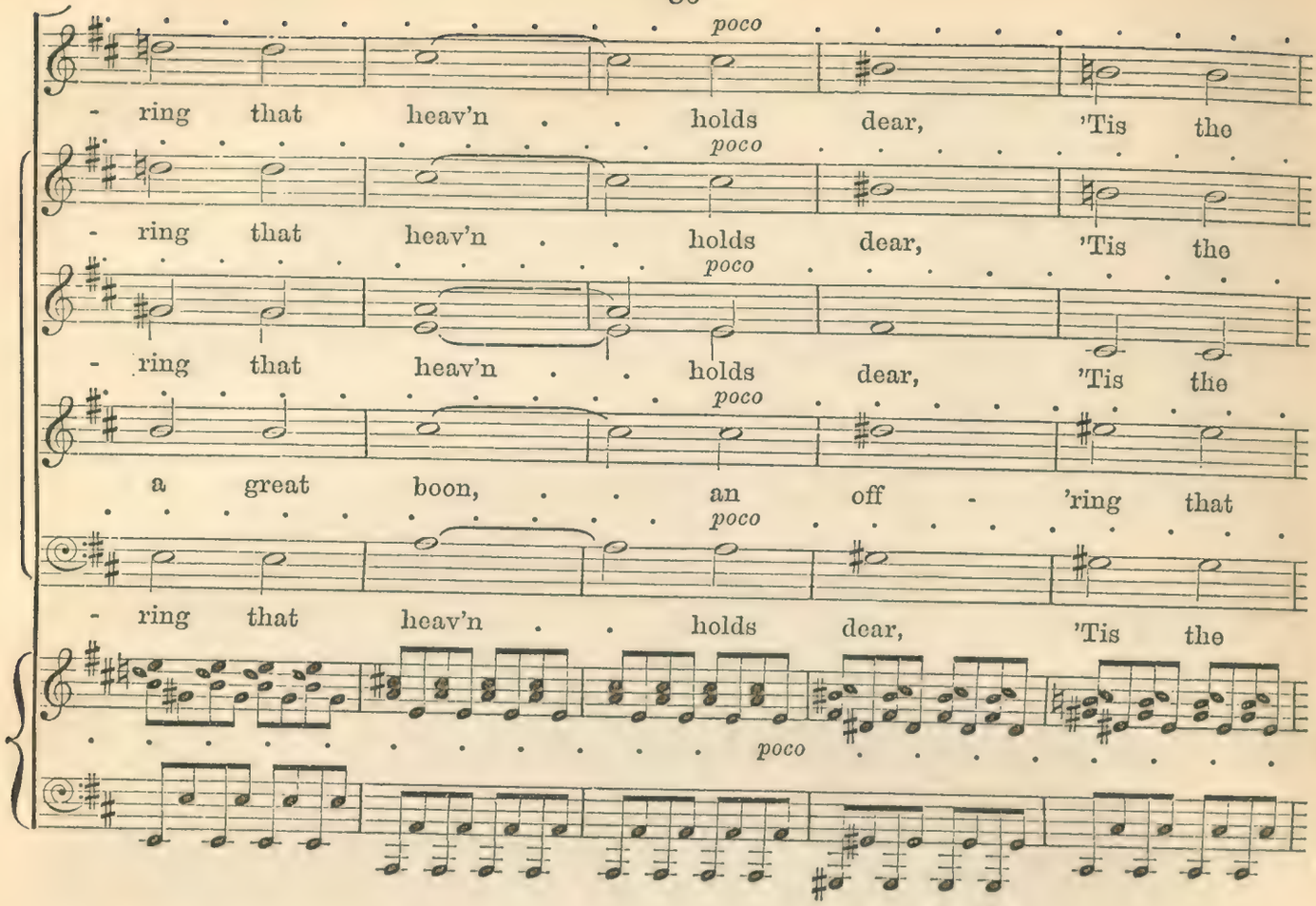

Lento. ♩ = 60.
Tenor Solo.
p
The Pe-ri mark'd where he was
ly - ing, And when the rush of war was past, Then did she on a
ten.
pp
ten.
ray descend Of morn-ing light, she caught the last, Last glorious drop . . his heart had
Ob.
p
f
p
The Peri.
shed, be-fore its free-born spi - rit fled. Let this be my
p
Hp.
dolce.
Ped.
*
gift, my gift rare and bright, Be this my gift at the gates of

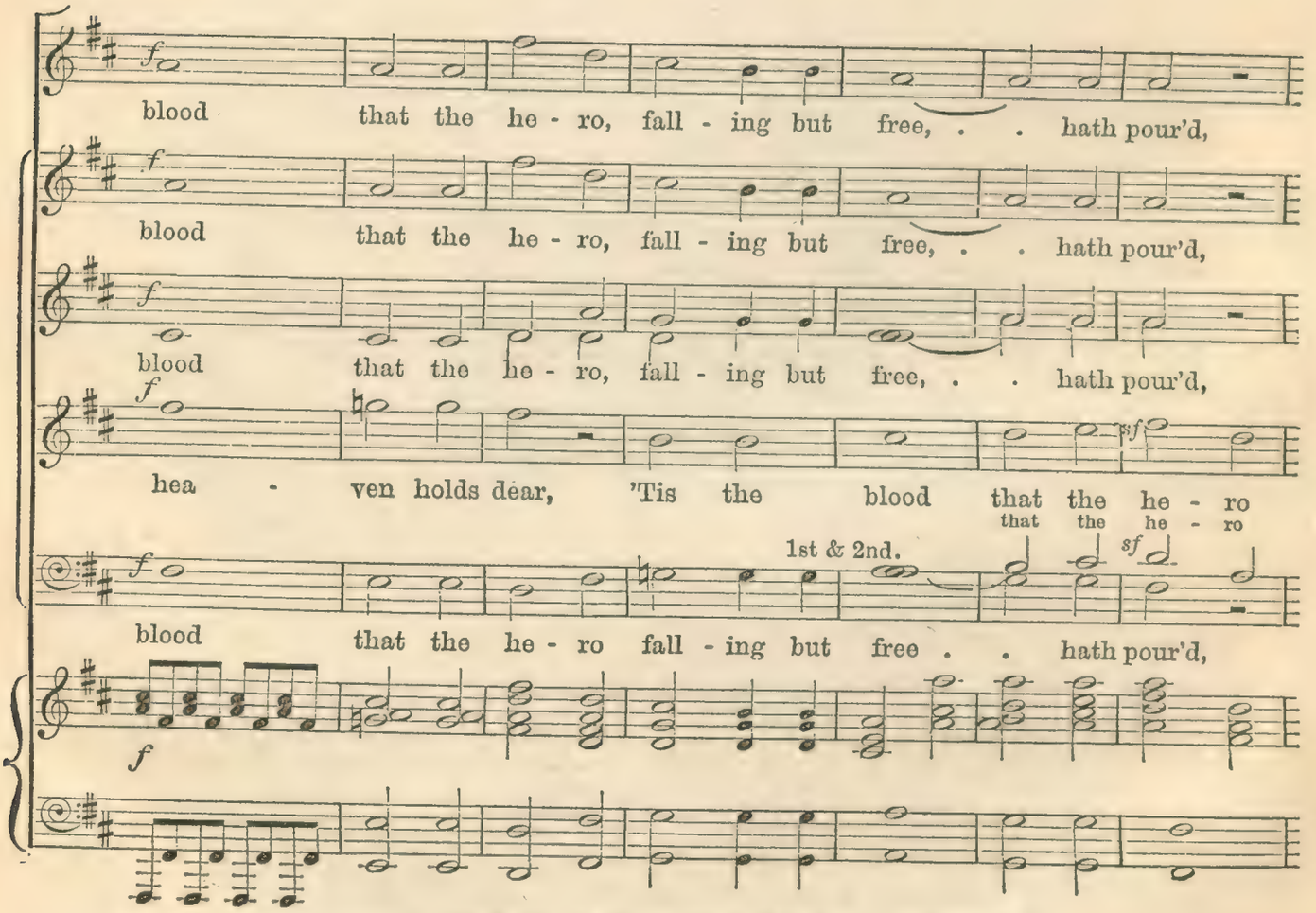

light, . . Let this be my gift, . . be it re -
f
sf
p
Ped.
*
- ceiv'd at the gates of light, . For blood - - must ho-ly
string. . .
trem.
string.
be, . . . blood must ho-ly be . . that is shed in the fight for
cres.
sf
Ped.
cres.
f
li - ber - ty!
It
mf
CHORUS.
1st & 2nd Treble.
That is shed in the fight for li - ber - ty!
1st & 2nd Alto.
That is shed in the fight for li - ber - ty!
1st & 2nd Tenor.
That is shed in the fight for li - ber - ty!
Bass.
That is shed in the fight for li - ber - ty!
sf
dim.

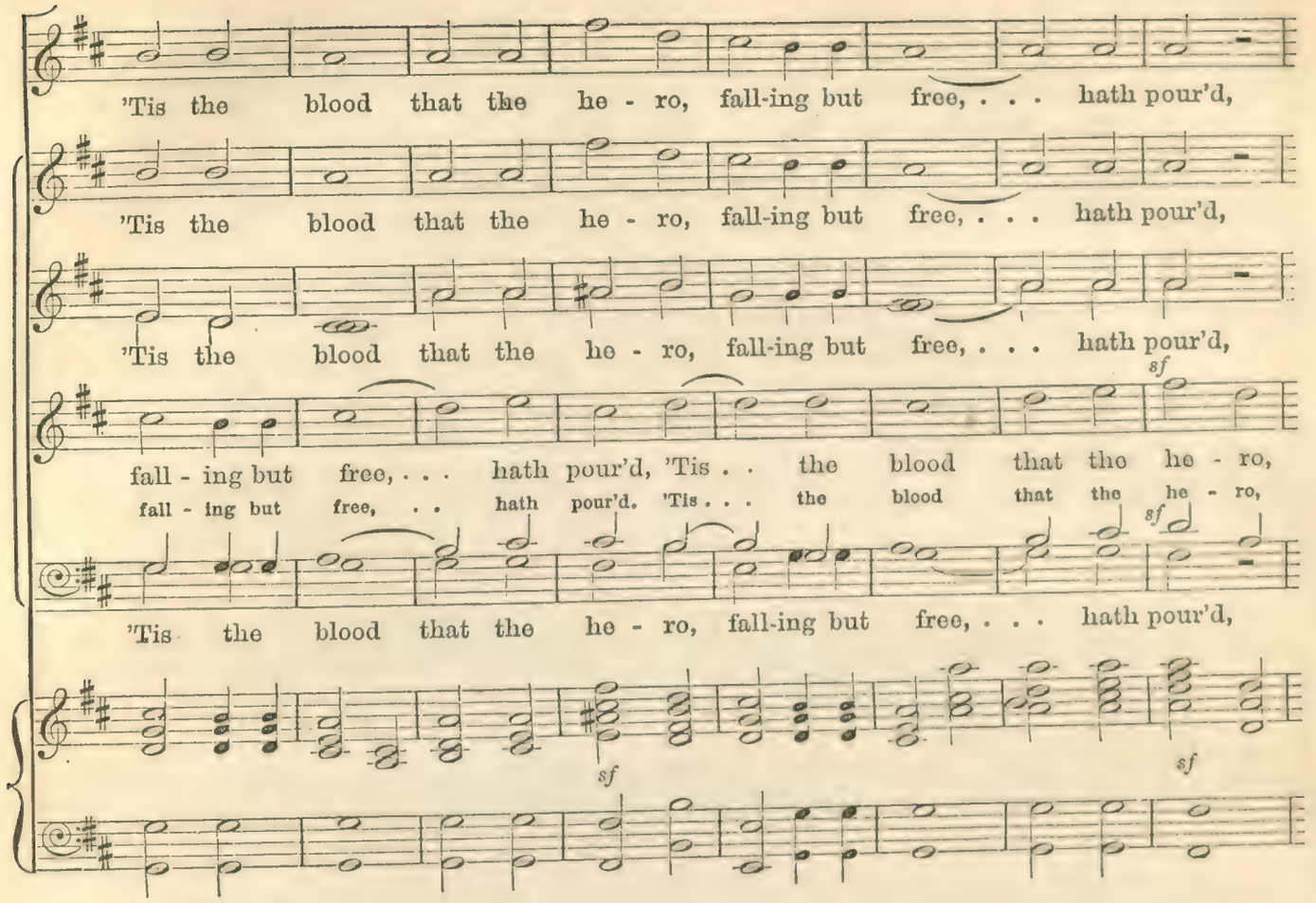

Vivace. ♩ = 132.
ne - ver would stain e'en the pu - rest rill, That spar - kles fair thro' the
p
bow'rs of bliss!
f
CHORUS.
Treble.
f
Ho - ly, . . ho - ly . . blood must be that is
Alto.
f
Ho - ly, . . ho - ly . . blood must be that is
1st & 2nd Tenor.
f
Ho - ly, . . ho - ly . . blood must be that is
Bass.
f
Ho - ly, . . ho - ly . . blood must be that is
sf
f
sf

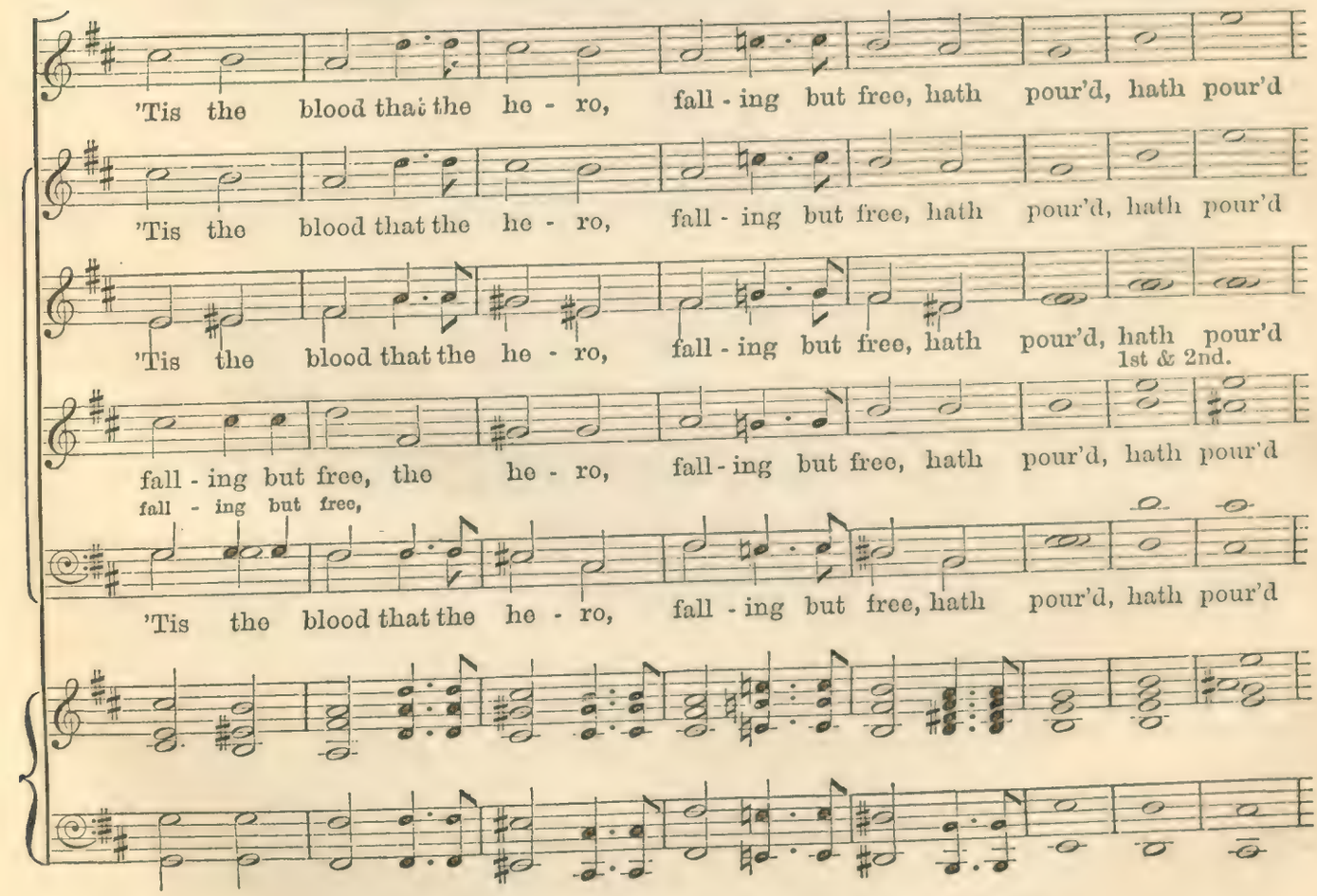

mf THE PERI.
It ne - ver would stain e'en the pu - rest
mf SOLO.
shed in the fight for li - ber - ty. It ne - ver would stain e'en the pu - rest
mf SOLO.
shed in the fight for li - ber - ty. It ne - ver would stain e'en the pu - rest
shed in the fight for li - ber - ty.
shed in the fight for li - ber - ty.
p
rill, That spar - kles fair thro' the bow'rs of bliss. O if
CHORUS.
p
rill, That spar - kles fair thro' the bow'rs of bliss. O if
CHORUS. 1st & 2nd TENOR.
p
rill, That spar - kles fair thro' the bow'rs of bliss. O if
mf SOLO.
CHORUS.
It ne - ver would stain e'en the pu - rest rill.
mf SOLO.
CHORUS.
p
It ne - ver would stain e'en the pu - rest rill. O if
cres.
p

cres.
there be here on this earth - - - ly
there be here on this earth - - - ly
there be here on this earth - - - ly
O if there be
there be here on this earth - - - ly

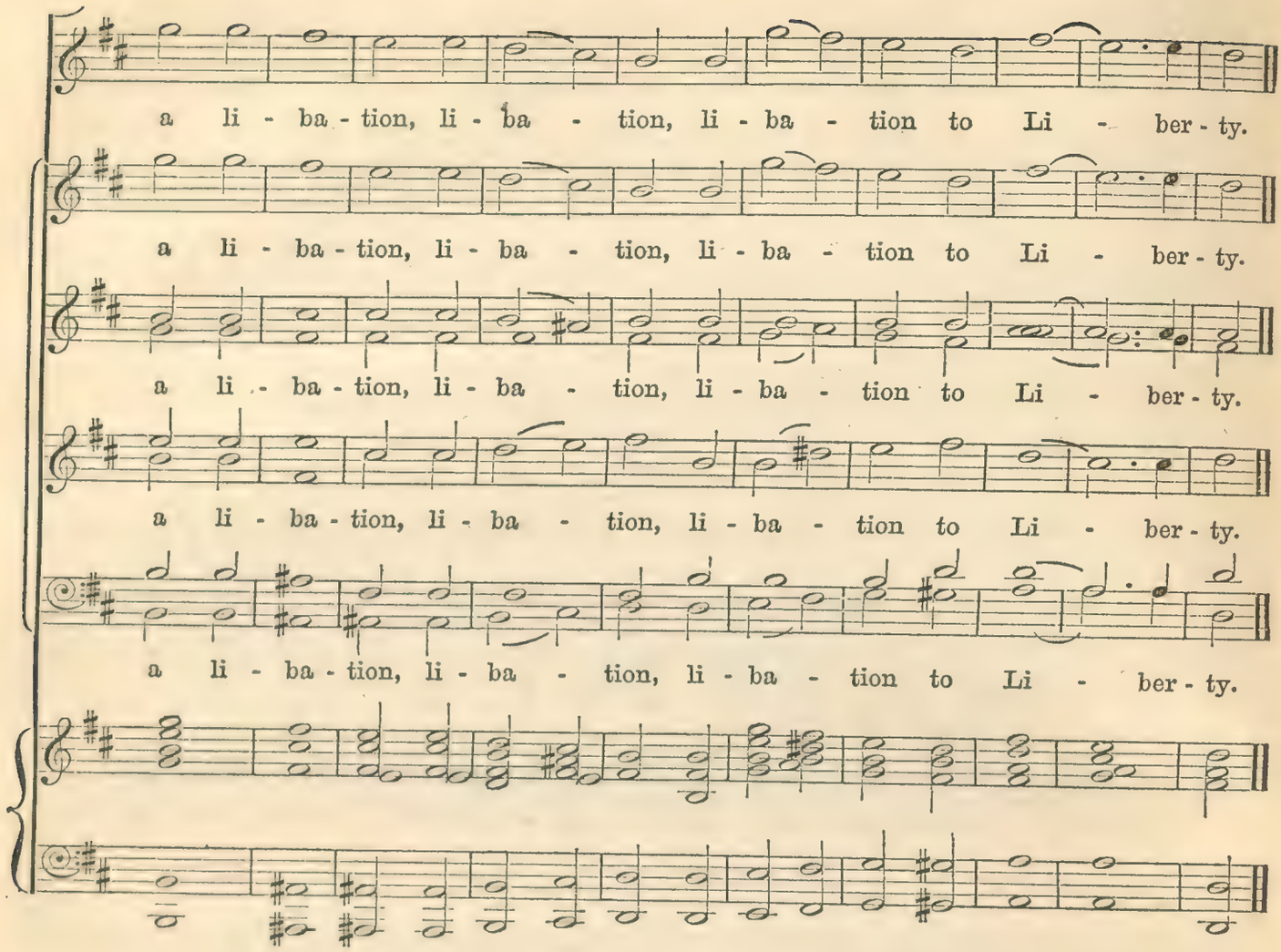

poco
sphere, A great boon, an off' - -
here on this earth - - ly sphere

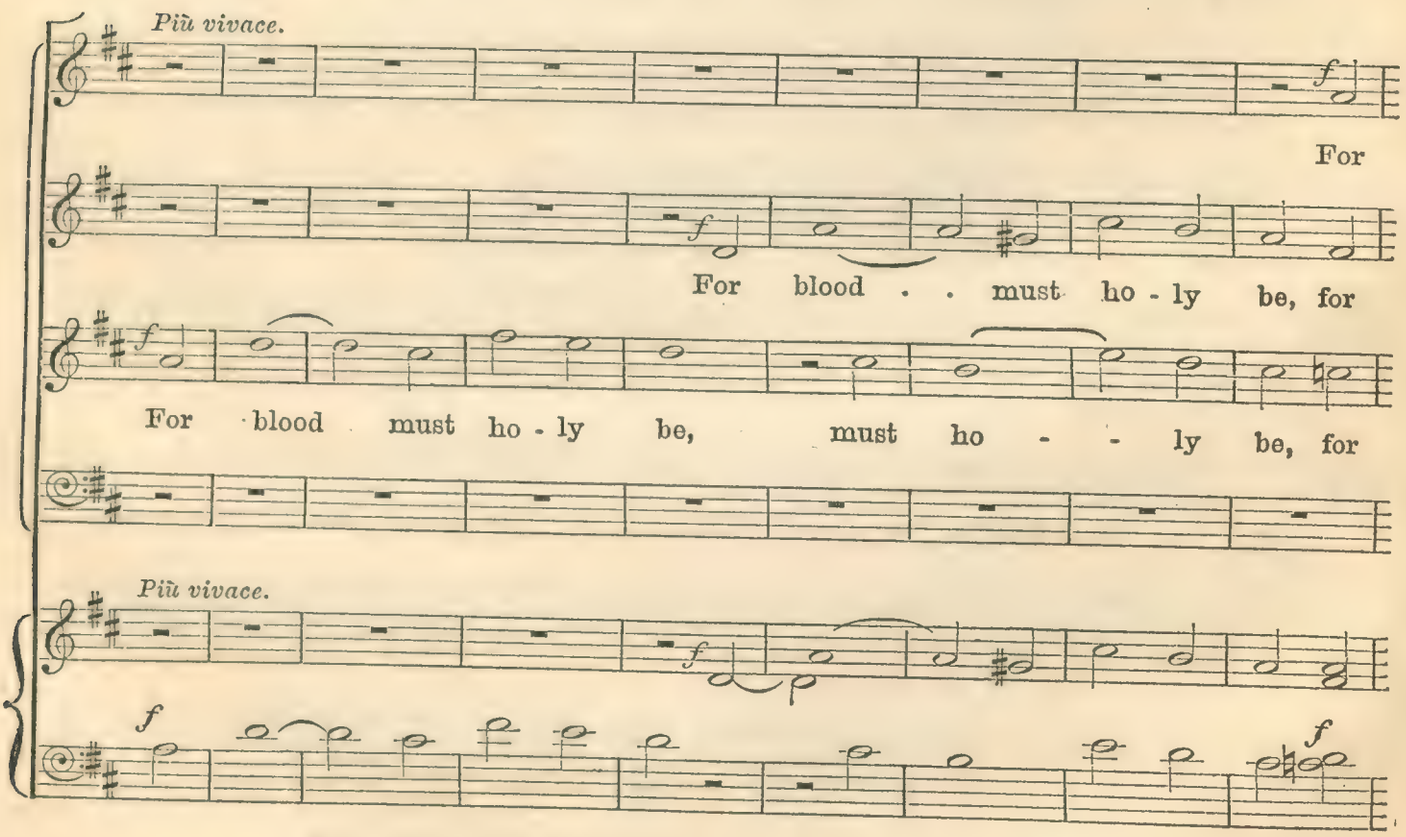

poco
- ring that heav'n . . holds dear, 'Tis the
poco
- ring that heav'n . . holds dear, 'Tis the
poco
- ring that heav'n . . holds dear, 'Tis the
poco
a great boon, . . an off - 'ring that
poco
- ring that heav'n . . holds dear, 'Tis the
poco

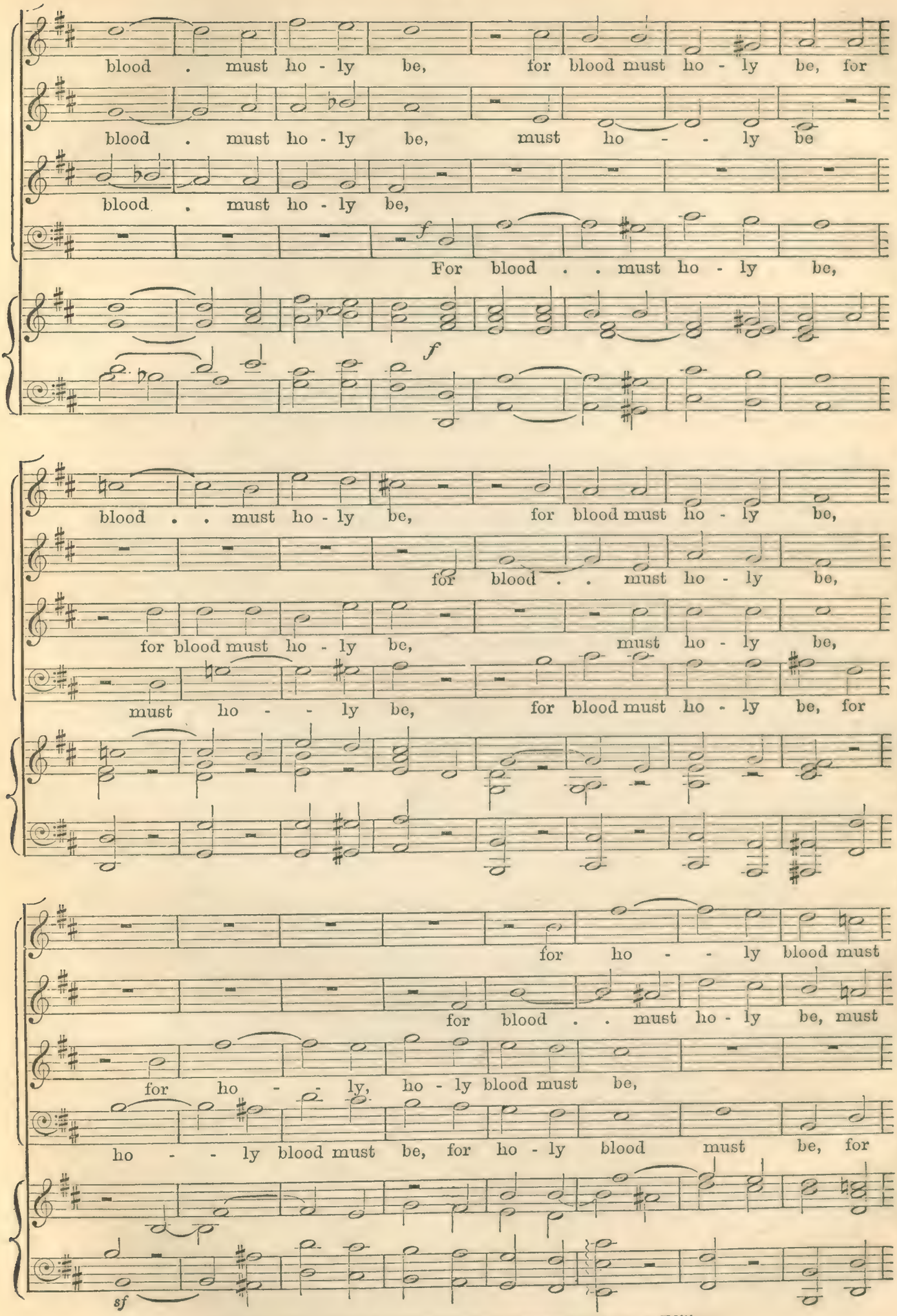
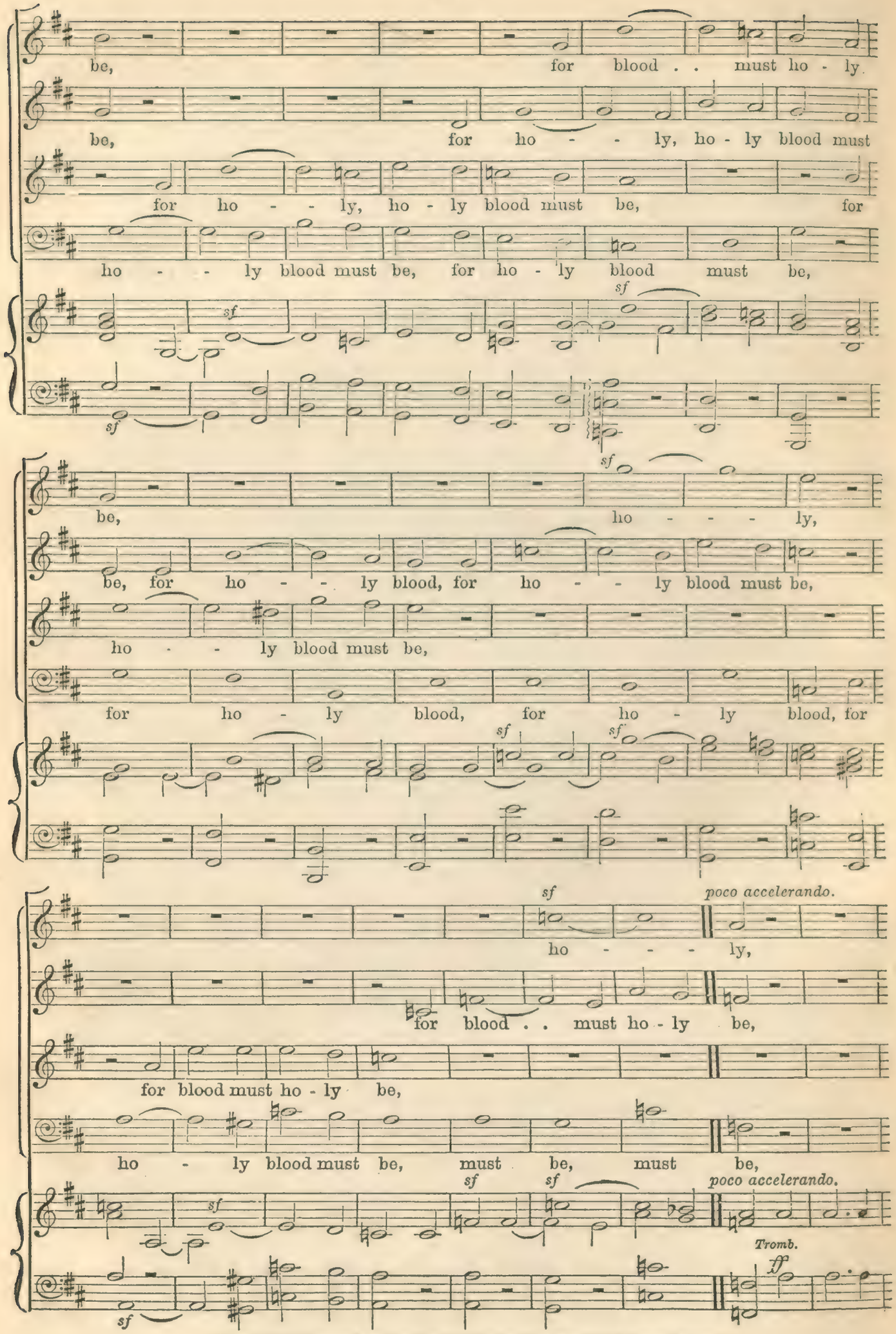

f
blood that the he - ro, fall - ing but free, . . hath pour'd,
f
blood that the he - ro, fall - ing but free, . . hath pour'd,
f
blood that the he - ro, fall - ing but free, . . hath pour'd,
f
hea - ven holds dear, 'Tis the blood that the he - ro
sf
that the he - ro
1st & 2nd.
f
blood that the he - ro fall - ing but free . . hath pour'd,
sf
f

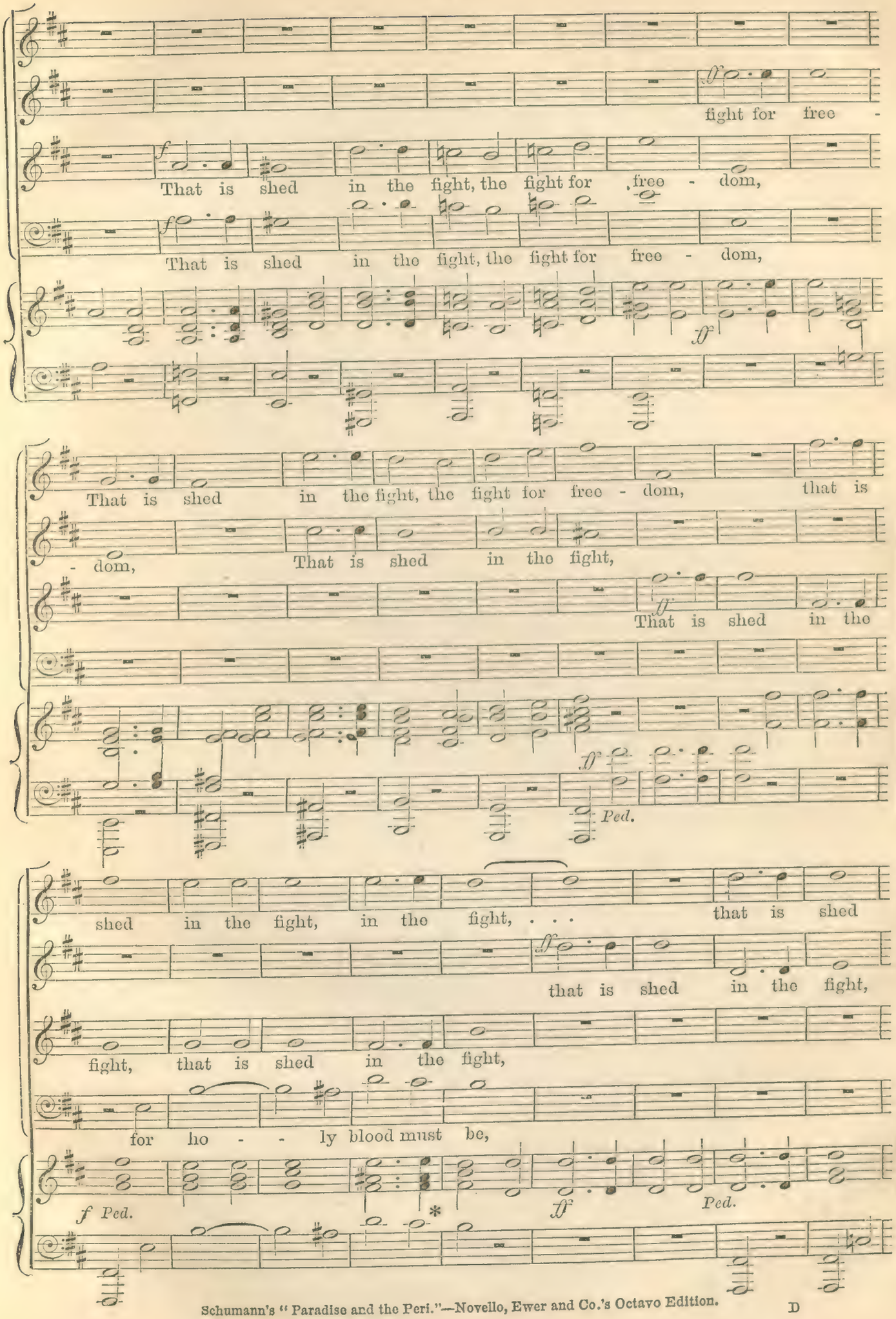
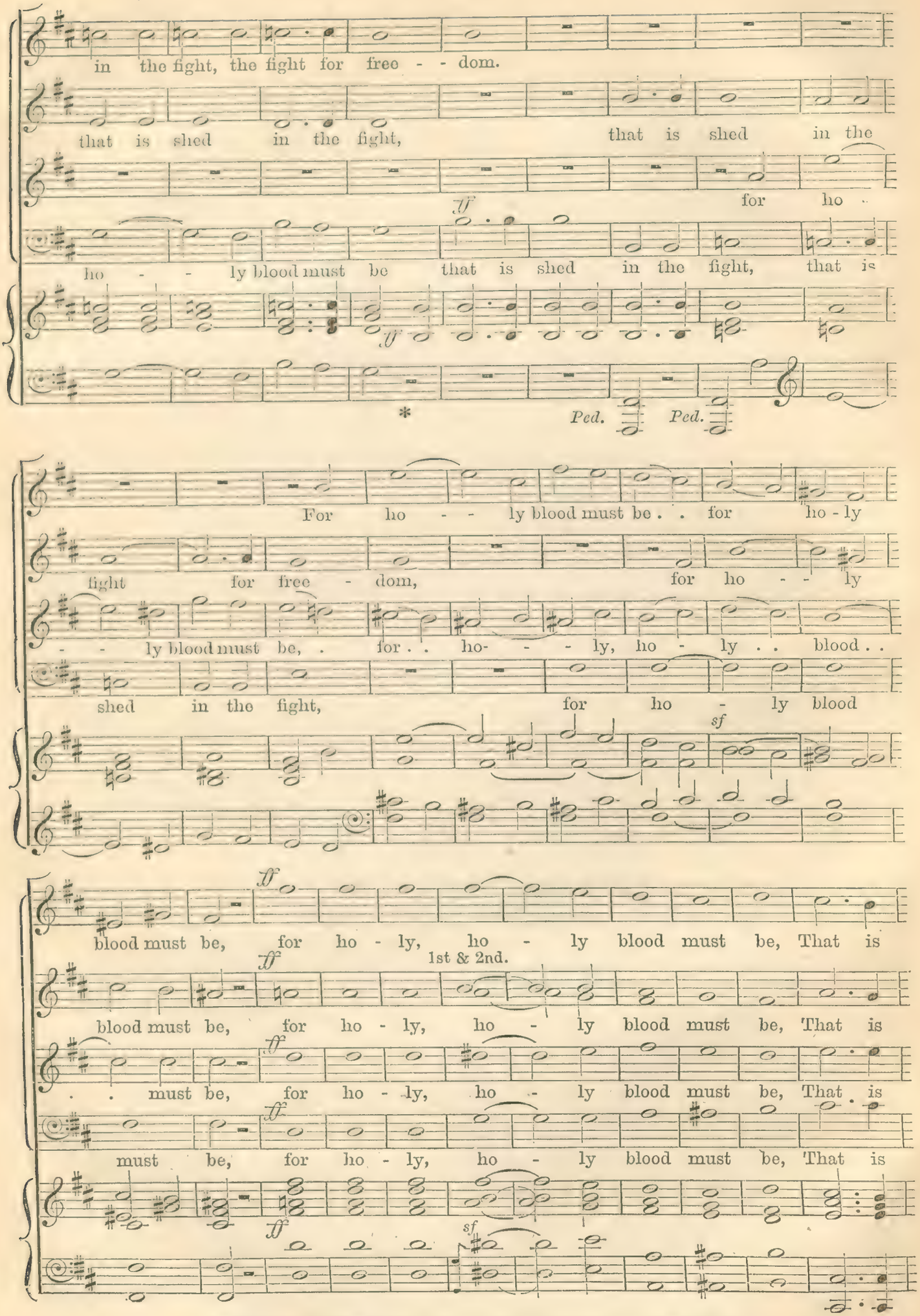
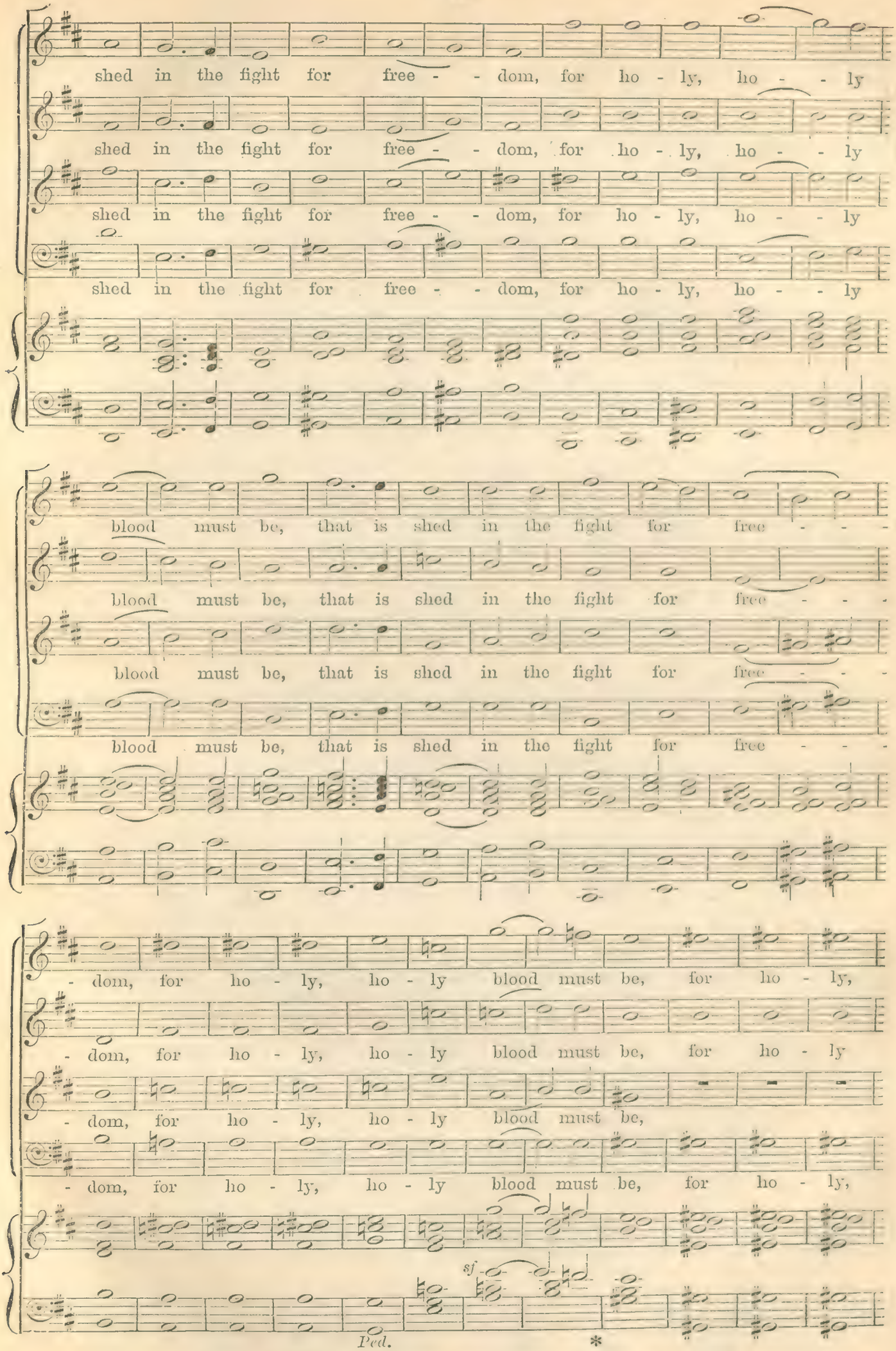
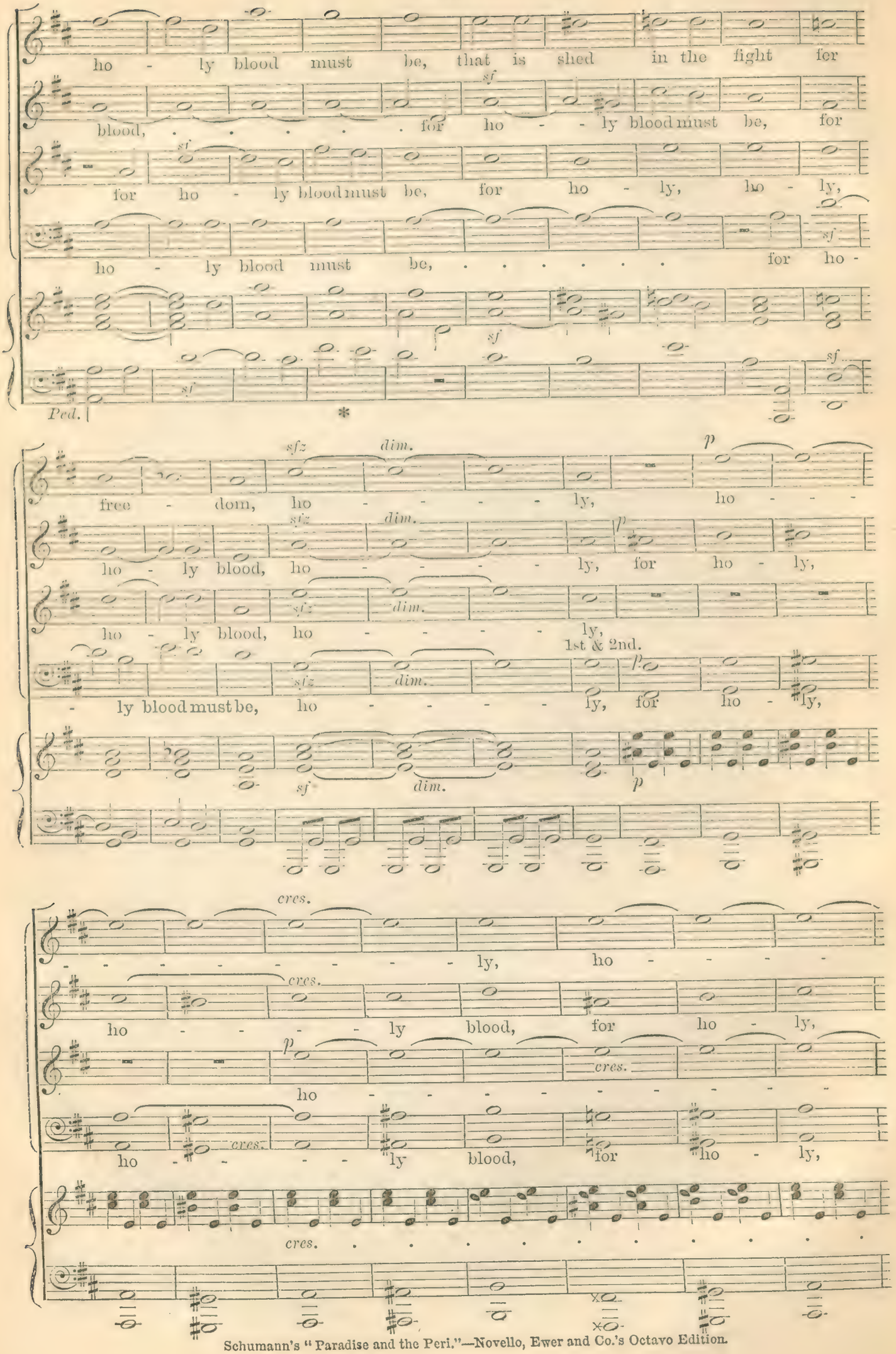
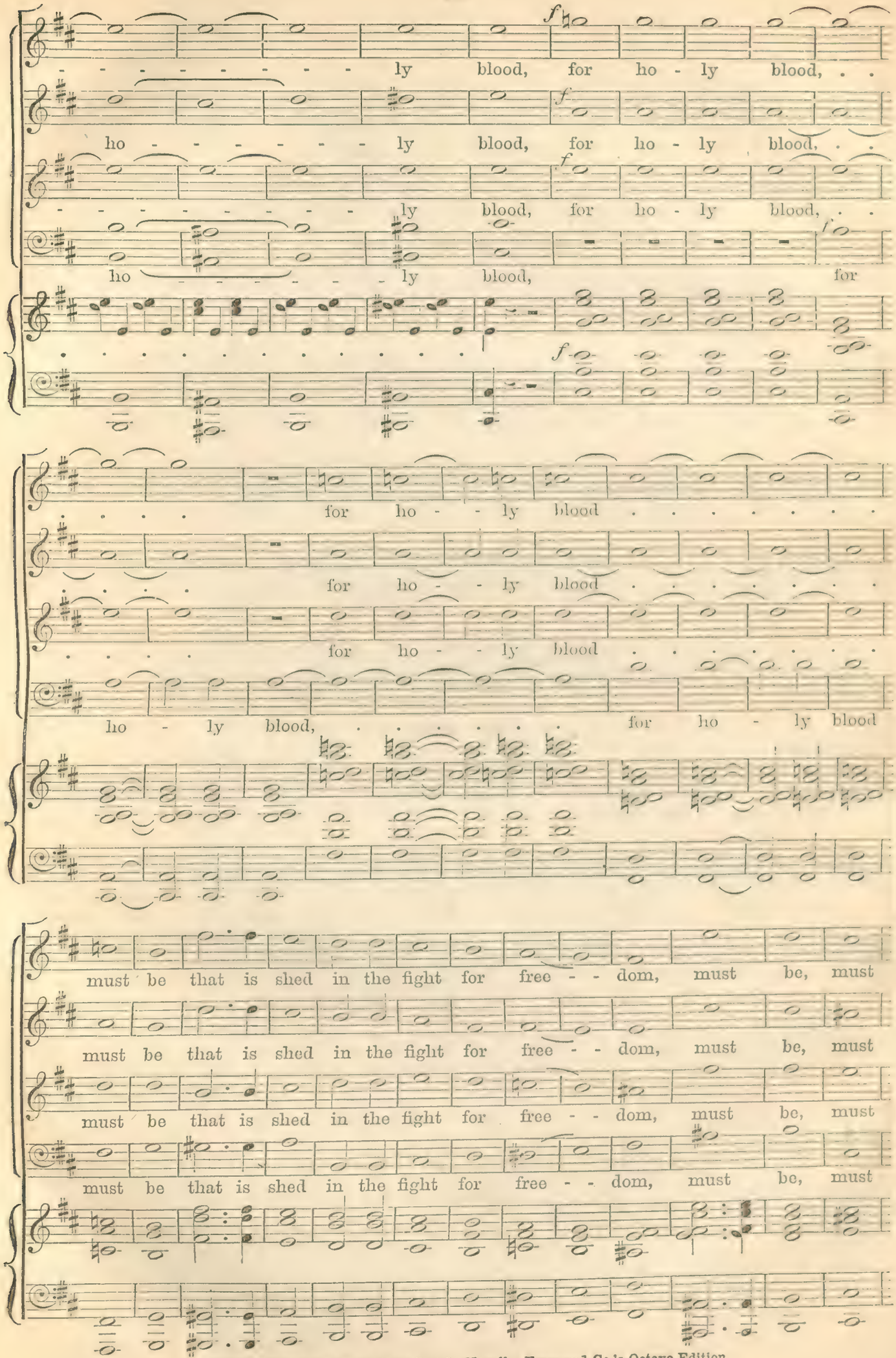
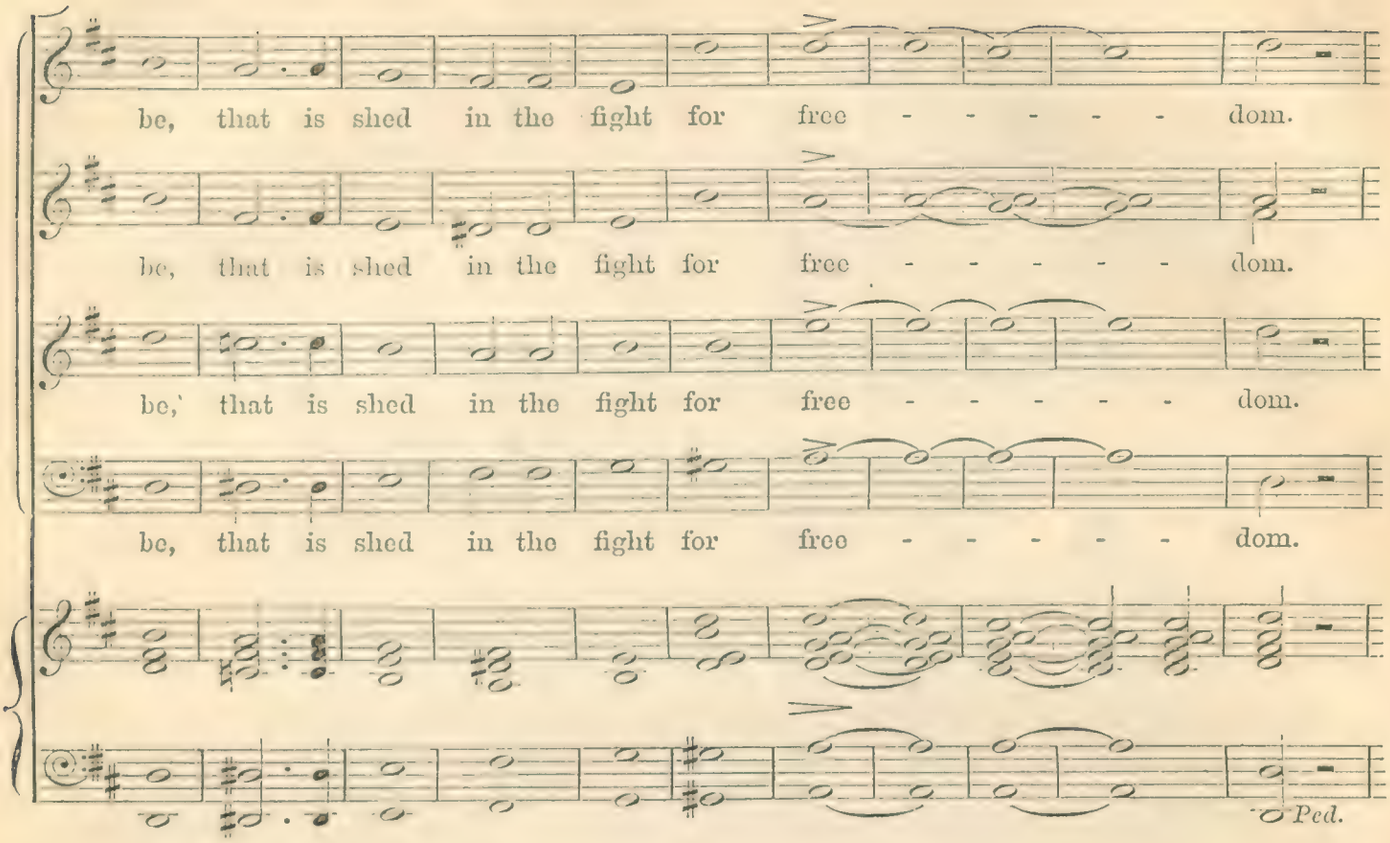

'Tis the blood that the he - ro, fall-ing but free, . . . hath pour'd,
'Tis the blood that the he - ro, fall-ing but free, . . . hath pour'd,
'Tis the blood that the he - ro, fall-ing but free, . . . hath pour'd,
sf
fall - ing but free, . . . hath pour'd, 'Tis . . the blood that the he - ro,
fall - ing but free, . . hath pour'd. 'Tis . . . the blood that the he - ro,
sf
'Tis the blood that the he - ro, fall-ing but free, . . . hath pour'd,
sf
sf

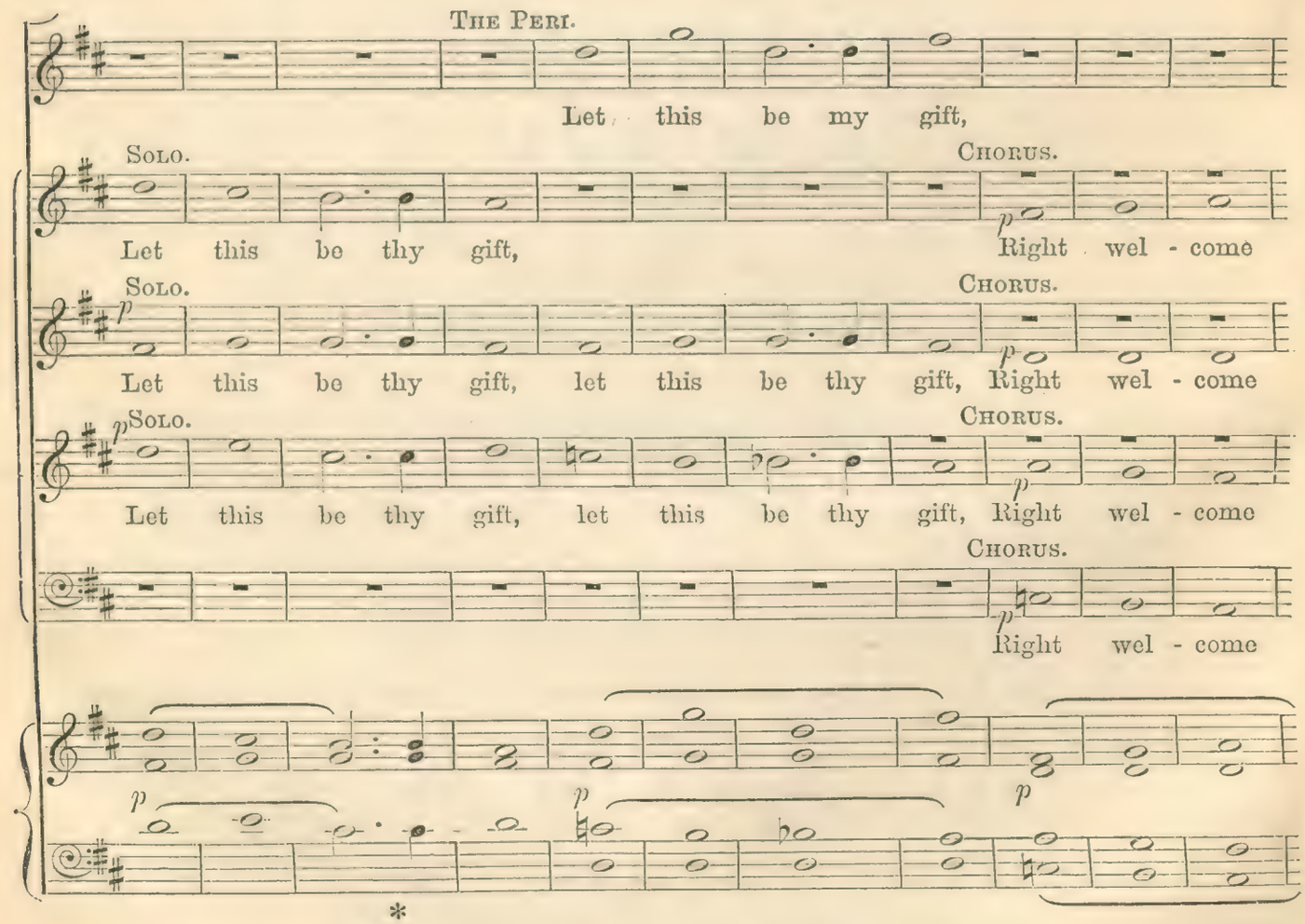
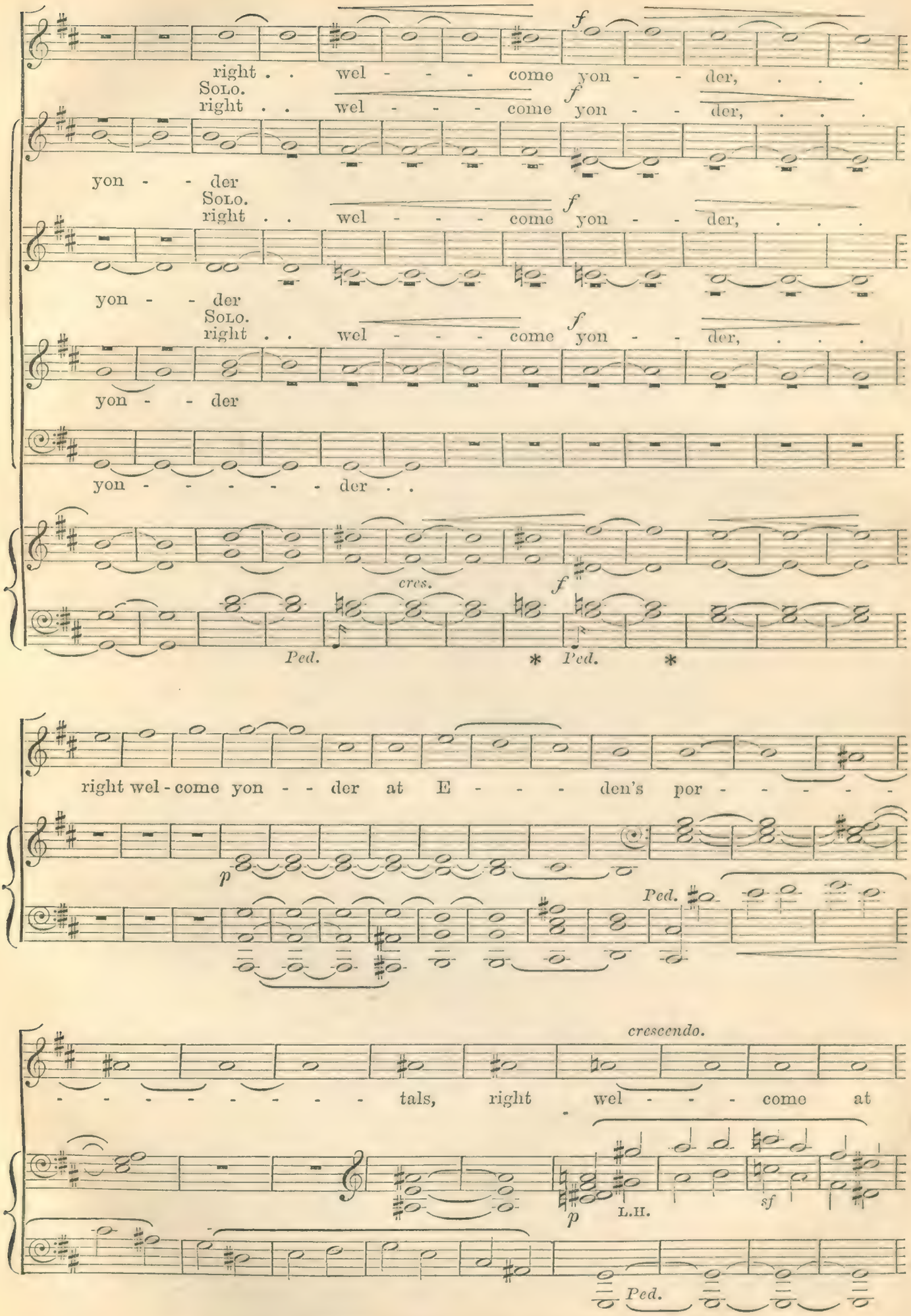

'Tis the blood that the he - ro, fall - ing but free, hath pour'd, hath pour'd
'Tis the blood that the he - ro, fall - ing but free, hath pour'd, hath pour'd
'Tis the blood that the he - ro, fall - ing but free, hath pour'd, hath pour'd
1st & 2nd.
fall - ing but free, the he - ro, fall - ing but free, hath pour'd, hath pour'd
fall - ing but free,
'Tis the blood that the he - ro, fall - ing but free, hath pour'd, hath pour'd

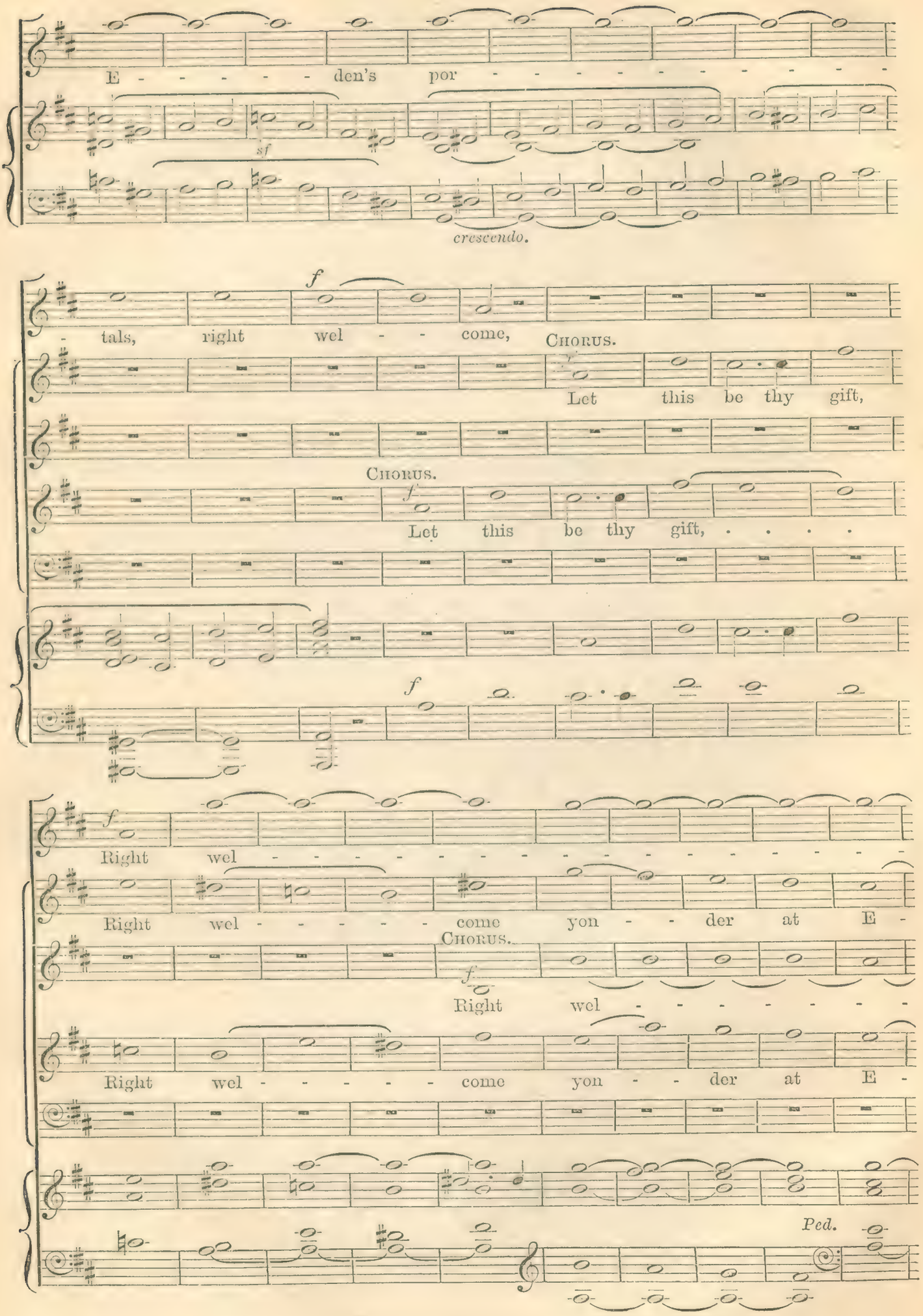

a li - ba - tion, li - ba - tion, li - ba - tion to Li - ber - ty.
a li - ba - tion, li - ba - tion, li - ba - tion to Li - ber - ty.
a li - ba - tion, li - ba - tion, li - ba - tion to Li - ber - ty.
a li - ba - tion, li - ba - tion, li - ba - tion to Li - ber - ty.
a li - ba - tion, li - ba - tion, li - ba - tion to Li - ber - ty.

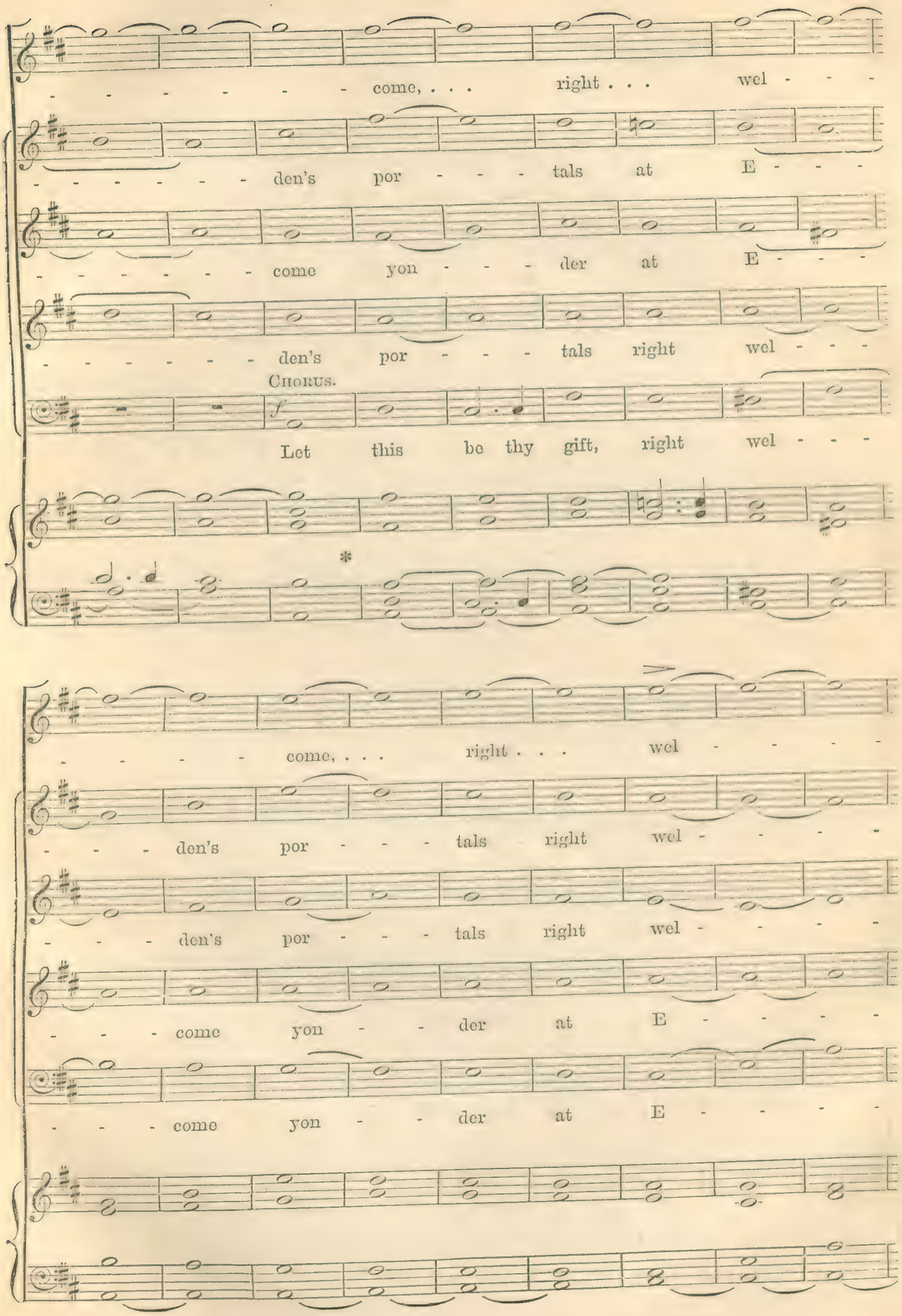

Più vivace.
f
For
f
For blood . . must ho - ly be, for
f
For blood must ho - ly be, must ho - - ly be, for
Più vivace.
f
f
f

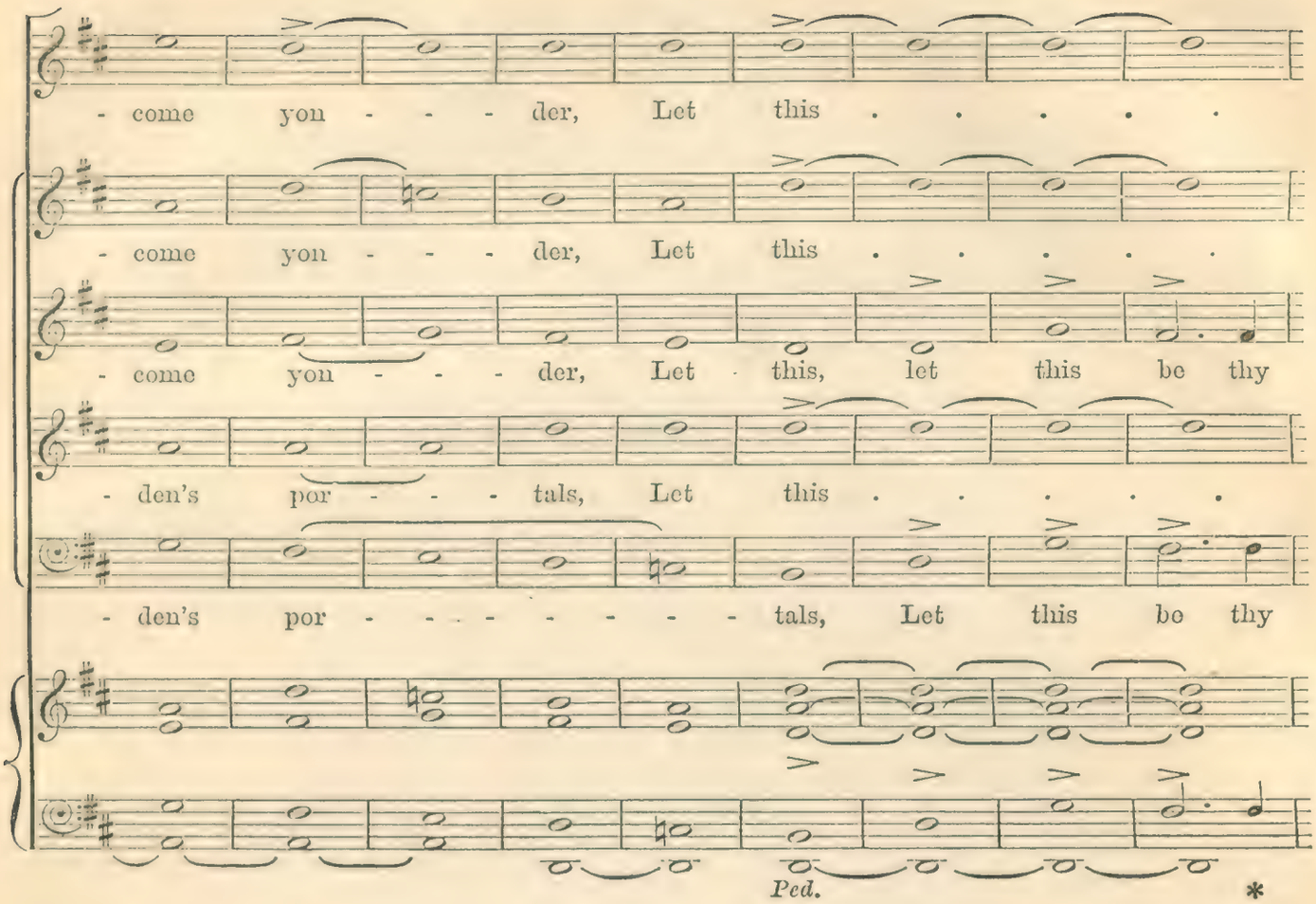
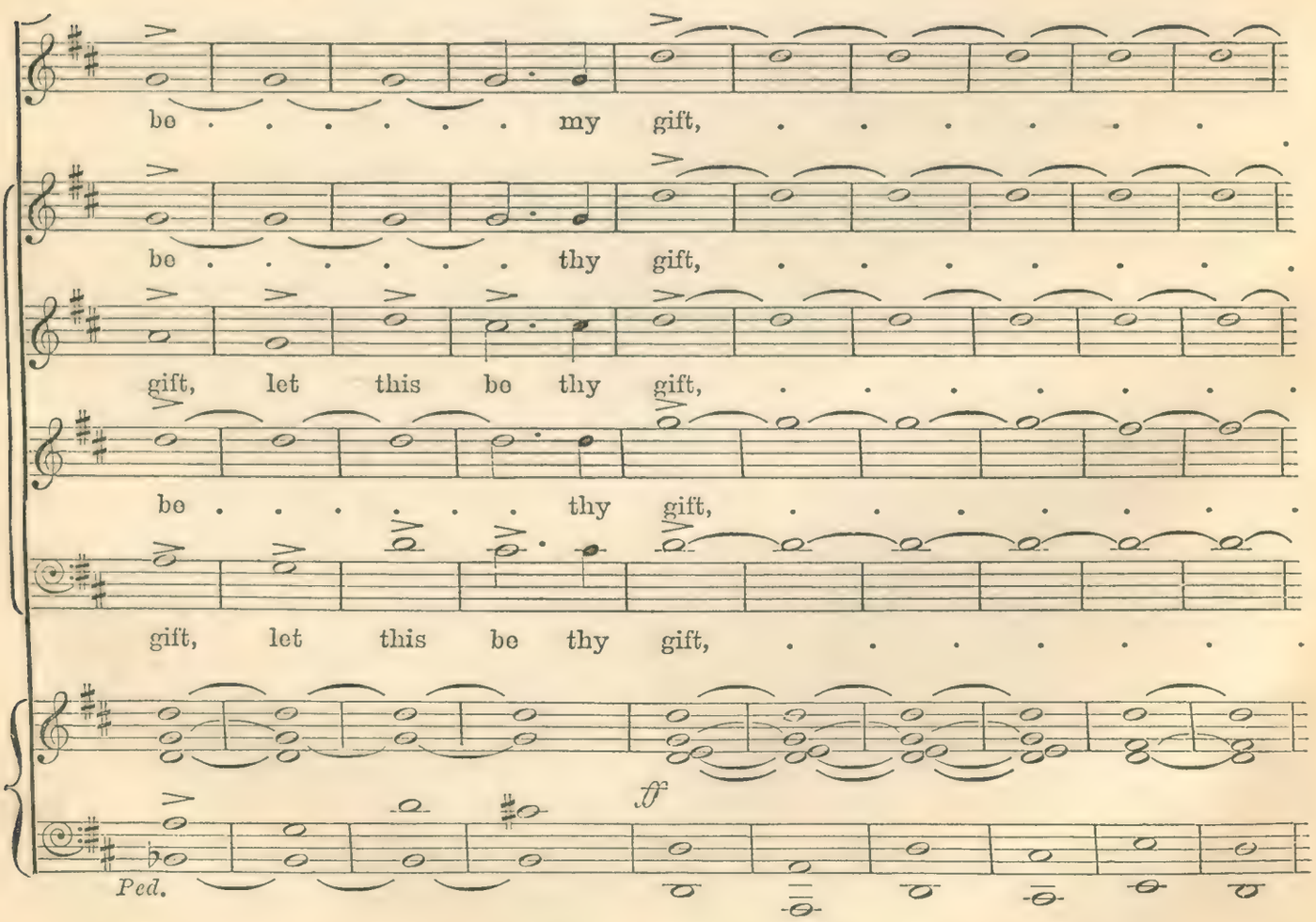
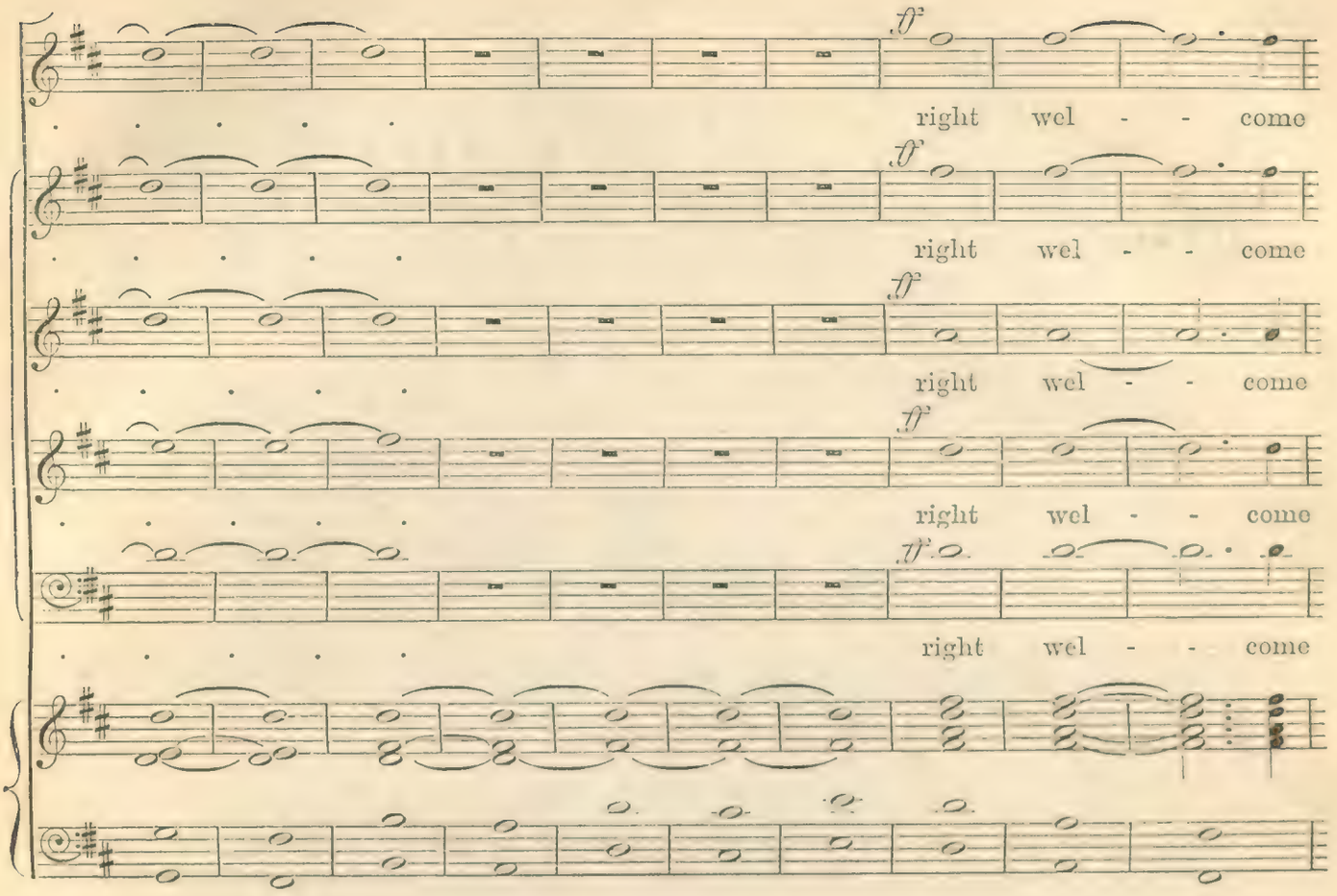

blood . must ho - ly be, for blood must ho - ly be, for
blood . must ho - ly be, must ho - - ly be
blood . must ho - ly be,
f
For blood . . must ho - ly be,
f
blood . . must ho - ly be, for blood must ho - ly be,
for blood . . must ho - ly be,
for blood must ho - ly be, must ho - ly be,
must ho - - ly be, for blood must ho - ly be, for
for ho - - ly blood must
for blood . . must ho - ly be, must
for ho - - ly, ho - ly blood must be,
ho - - ly blood must be, for ho - ly blood must be, for
sf

be, for blood . . must ho - ly
be, for ho - - ly, ho - ly blood must
for ho - - ly, ho - ly blood must be, for
ho - - ly blood must be, for ho - ly blood must be,
sf
be, ho - - - ly,
be, for ho - - ly blood, for ho - - ly blood must be,
ho - - ly blood must be,
for ho - ly blood, for ho - ly blood, for
poco accelerando.
ho - - - ly,
for blood . . must ho - ly be,
for blood must ho - ly be,
ho - ly blood must be, must be, must be,
Tromb.

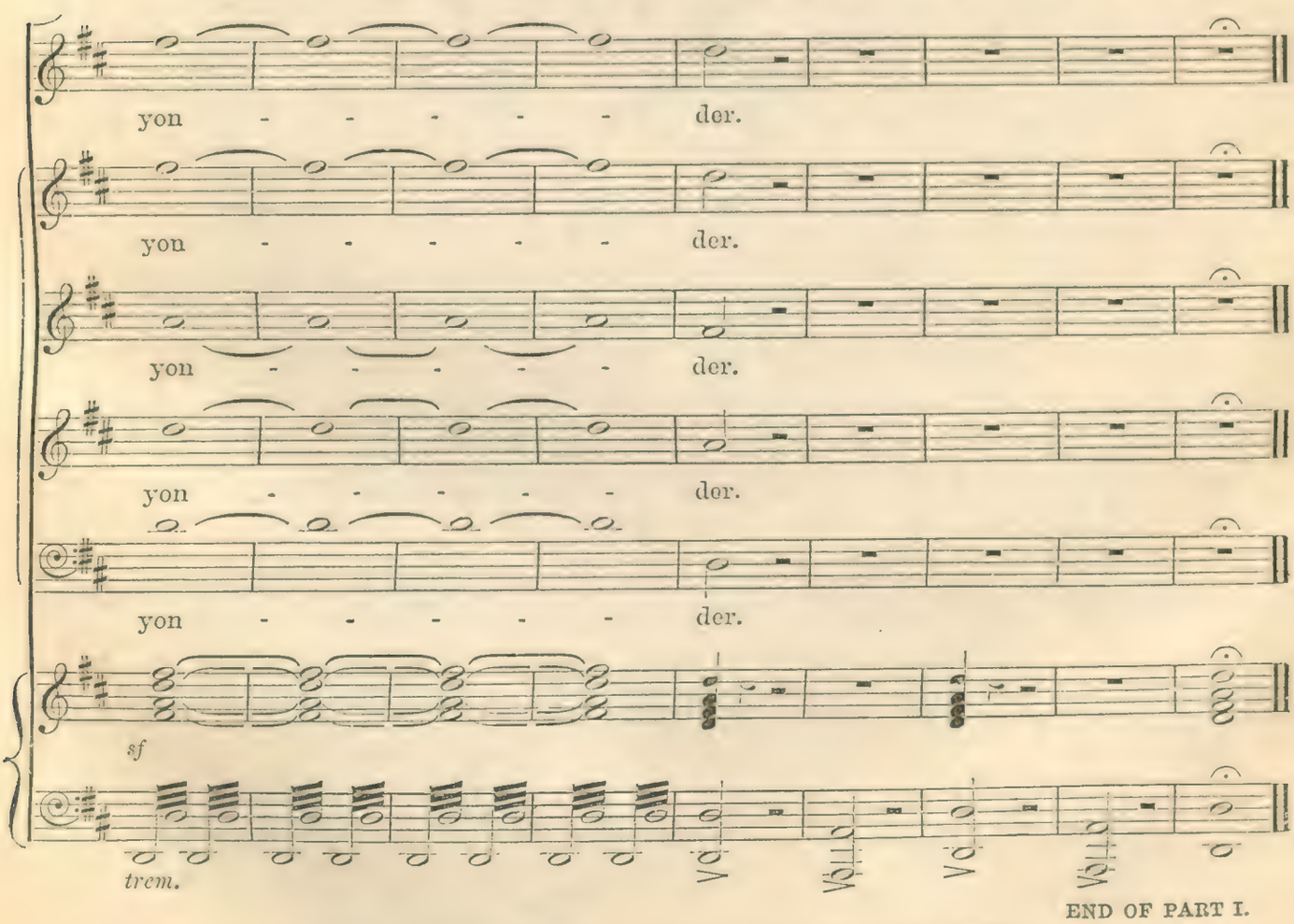

fight for free -
That is shed in the fight, the fight for free - dom,
That is shed in the fight, the fight for free - dom,
That is shed in the fight, the fight for free - dom, that is
- dom, That is shed in the fight,
That is shed in the
Ped.
shed in the fight, in the fight, . . . that is shed
that is shed in the fight,
fight, that is shed in the fight,
for ho - - ly blood must be,
f Ped.
*
Ped.

in the fight, the fight for free - - dom.
that is shed in the fight, that is shed in the
for ho -
ff
ho - - ly blood must be that is shed in the fight, that is
ff
*
Ped. Ped.
For ho - - ly blood must be . . for ho - ly
fight for free - dom, for ho - - ly
- - ly blood must be, . for . . ho- - - ly, ho - ly . . blood . .
shed in the fight, for ho - ly blood
sf
ff
blood must be, for ho - ly, ho - ly blood must be, That is
1st & 2nd.
ff
blood must be, for ho - ly, ho - ly blood must be, That is
ff
. . must be, for ho - ly, ho - ly blood must be, That is
ff
must be, for ho - ly, ho - ly blood must be, That is
ff
sf

shed in the fight for free - - dom, for ho - ly, ho - - ly
shed in the fight for free - - dom, for ho - ly, ho - - ly
shed in the fight for free - - dom, for ho - ly, ho - - ly
shed in the fight for free - - dom, for ho - ly, ho - - ly
blood must be, that is shed in the fight for free - - -
blood must be, that is shed in the fight for free - - -
blood must be, that is shed in the fight for free - - -
blood must be, that is shed in the fight for free - - -
- dom, for ho - ly, ho - ly blood must be, for ho - ly,
- dom, for ho - ly, ho - ly blood must be, for ho - ly
- dom, for ho - ly, ho - ly blood must be,
- dom, for ho - ly, ho - ly blood must be, for ho - ly,
sf
Ped.
*

ho - ly blood must be, that is shed in the fight for
blood, ... for ho - - ly blood must be, for
for ho - ly blood must be, for ho - ly, ho - ly,
ho - ly blood must be, ... for ho -
Ped.
free - dom, ho - - - - - ly, ho - - -
ho - ly blood, ho - - - - - ly, for ho - ly,
ho - ly blood, ho - - - - - ly,
- ly blood must be, ho - - - - - ly, for ho - ly,
1st & 2nd.
- - - - - - - - - ly, ho - - - -
ho - - - - ly blood, for ho - ly,
ho - - - - - - - - -
ho - - - - ly blood, for ho - ly,
cres.

ly blood, for ho - ly blood,
ho - - - - - - - ly blood, for ho - ly blood,
- - - - - - - - ly blood, for ho - ly blood,
ho - - - - - - - ly blood, for
for ho - - ly blood
for ho - - ly blood
for ho - - ly blood
ho - ly blood, for ho - ly blood
must be that is shed in the fight for free - - dom, must be, must
must be that is shed in the fight for free - - dom, must be, must
must be that is shed in the fight for free - - dom, must be, must
must be that is shed in the fight for free - - dom, must be, must

be, that is shed in the fight for free - - - - - - dom.
be, that is shed in the fight for free - - - - - - dom.
be, that is shed in the fight for free - - - - - - dom.
be, that is shed in the fight for free - - - - - - dom.
Ped.


The Peri.
Let this be my gift,
Solo.
Let this be thy gift,
Chorus.
Right wel - come
Solo.
Let this be thy gift, let this be thy gift,
Chorus.
Right wel - come
Solo.
Let this be thy gift, let this be thy gift,
Chorus.
Right wel - come
Chorus.
Right wel - come
*

right . . wel - - - come yon - - der, . . .
Solo.
right . . wel - - - come yon - - der, . . .
yon - - der
Solo.
right . . wel - - - come yon - - der, . . .
yon - - der
Solo.
right . . wel - - - come yon - - der, . . .
yon - - der
yon - - - - - der . .
cres.
Ped.
Ped.
right wel - come yon - - der at E - - - den's por - - - - - -
Ped.
- - - - - - - - - - tals, right wel - - - come at
crescendo.
L.H.
Ped.


E - - - - - den's por - - - - - - - - - - - -
sf
cresc endo.
f
- tals, right wel - - come,
Chorus.
Let this be thy gift,
Chorus.
f
Let this be thy gift, ...
f
f
Right wel - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Right wel - - - - - come yon - - der at E -
Chorus.
f
Right wel - - - - - - - -
Right wel - - - - - come yon - - der at E -
Ped.


- - - - - - - come, . . . right . . . wel - - -
- - - - - - - den's por - - - - tals at E - - -
- - - - - - - come yon - - - der at E - - -
- - - - - - - den's por - - - - tals right wel - - -
Chorus.
Let this be thy gift, right wel - - -
*
- - - - come, . . . right . . . wel - - - - -
- - - den's por - - - - tals right wel - - - - -
- - - den's por - - - - tals right wel - - - - -
- - - come yon - - der at E - - - - -
- - - come yon - - der at E - - - - -

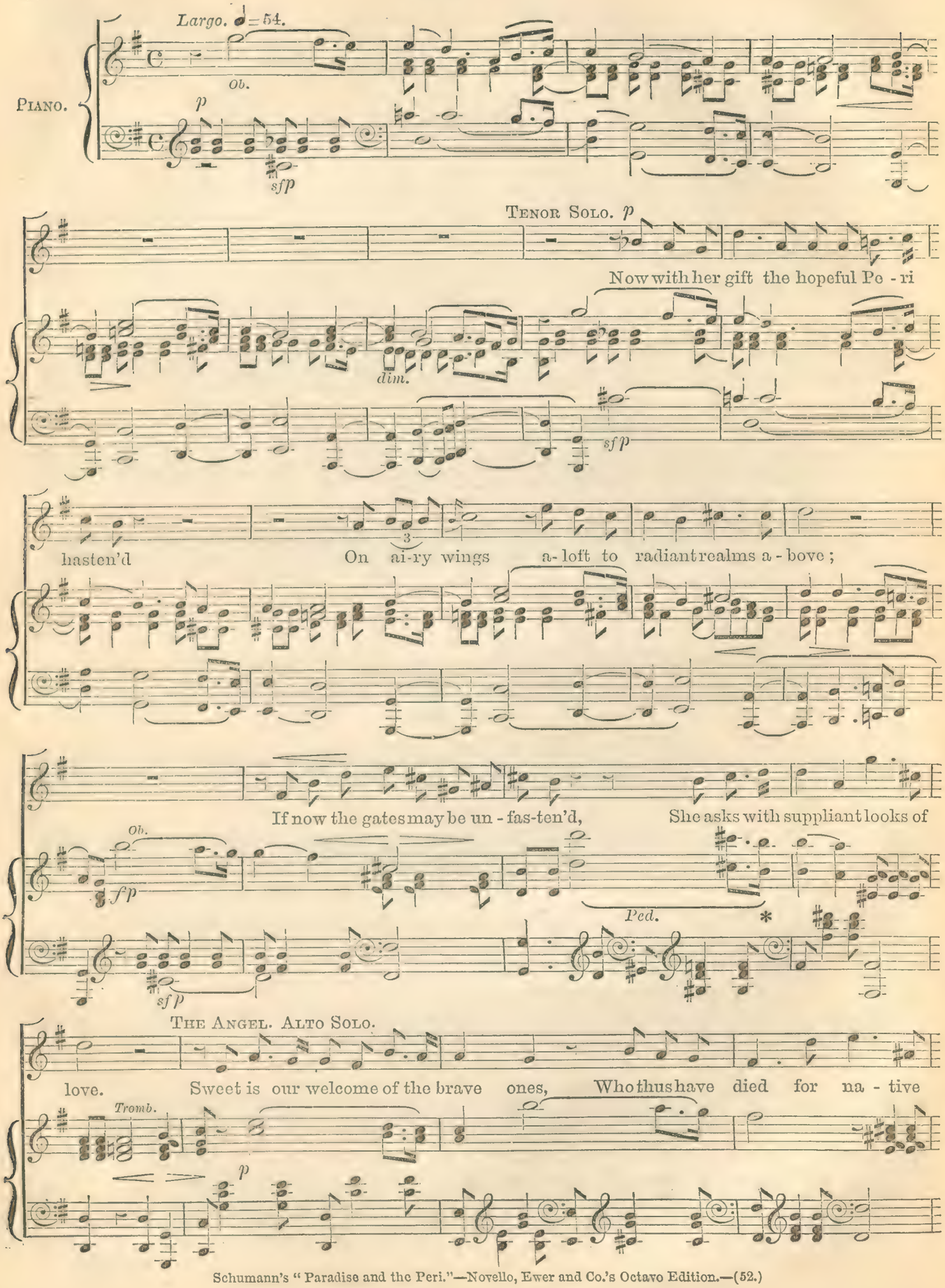

- come yon - - - der, Let this . . . . .
- come yon - - - der, Let this . . . . .
- come yon - - - der, Let this, let this be thy
- den's por - - - tals, Let this . . . . .
- den's por - - - - - - - - - tals, Let this be thy
Ped.
*

be . . . . . my gift, ...
be . . . . . thy gift, ...
gift, let this be thy gift, ...
be . . . . . thy gift, ...
gift, let this be thy gift, ...
ff
Ped.

ff
right wel - - come
ff
right wel - - come
ff
right wel - - come
ff
right wel - - come

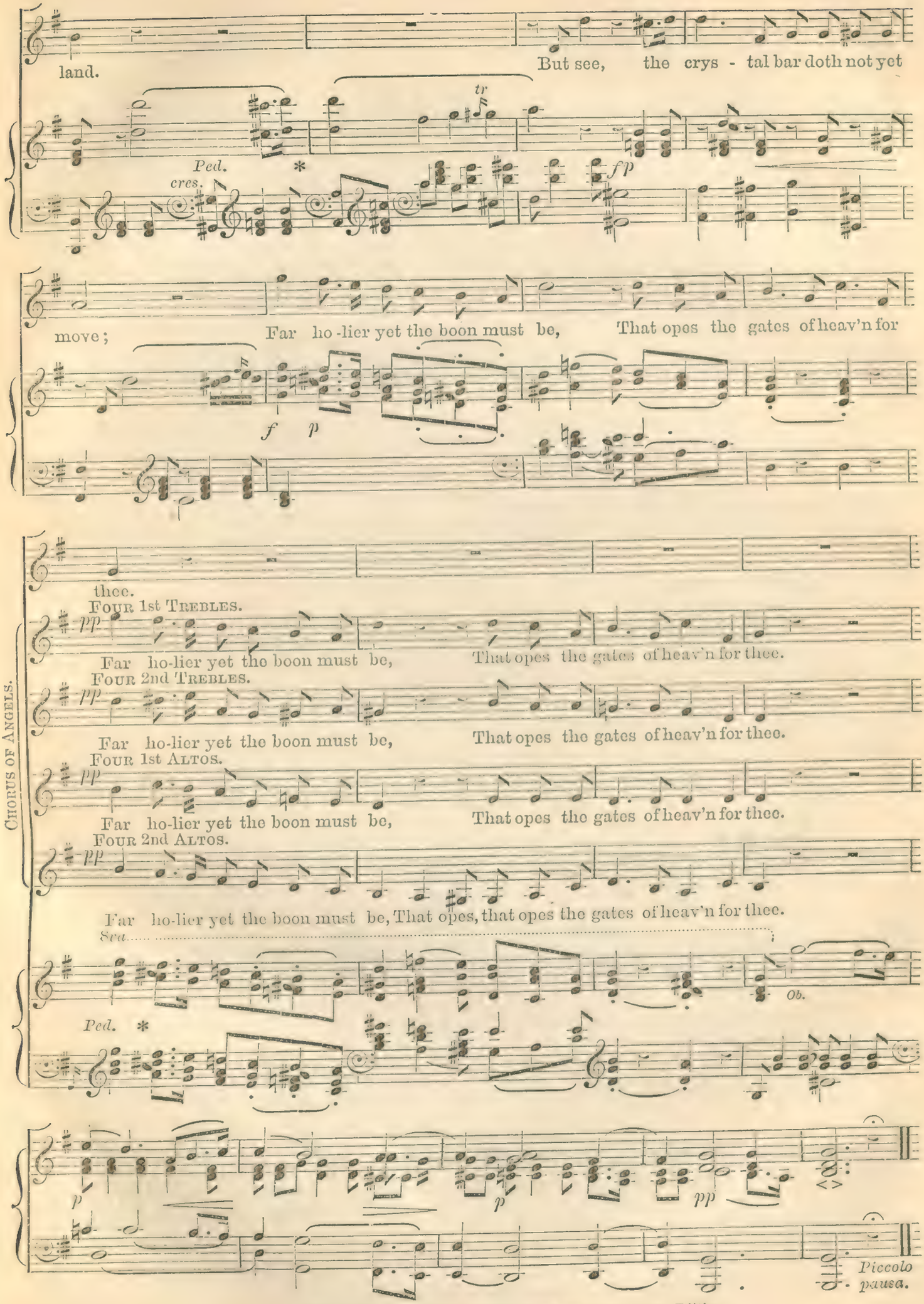

yon - - - - - der.
yon - - - - - der.
yon - - - - - der.
yon - - - - - der.
sf
trem.

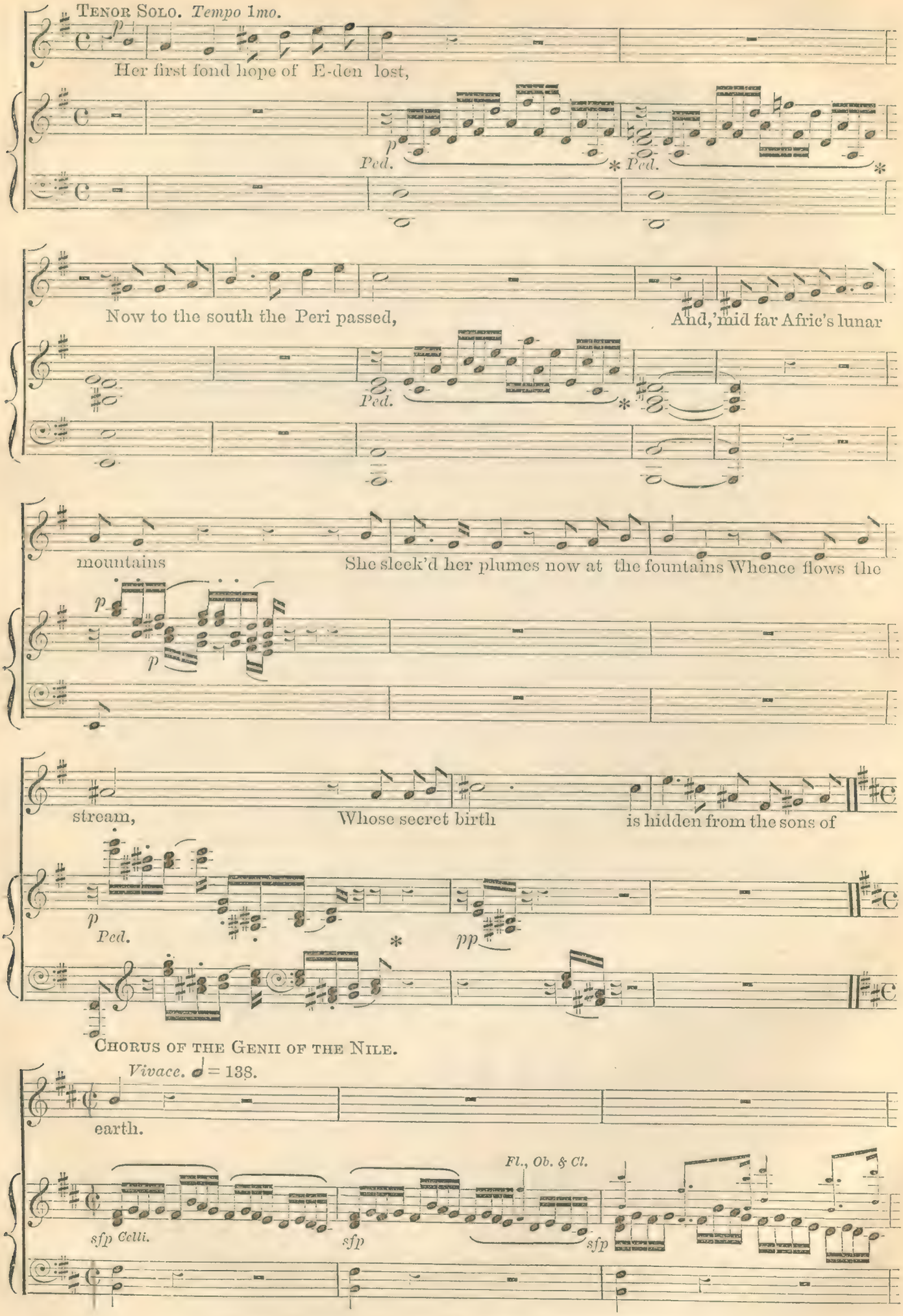
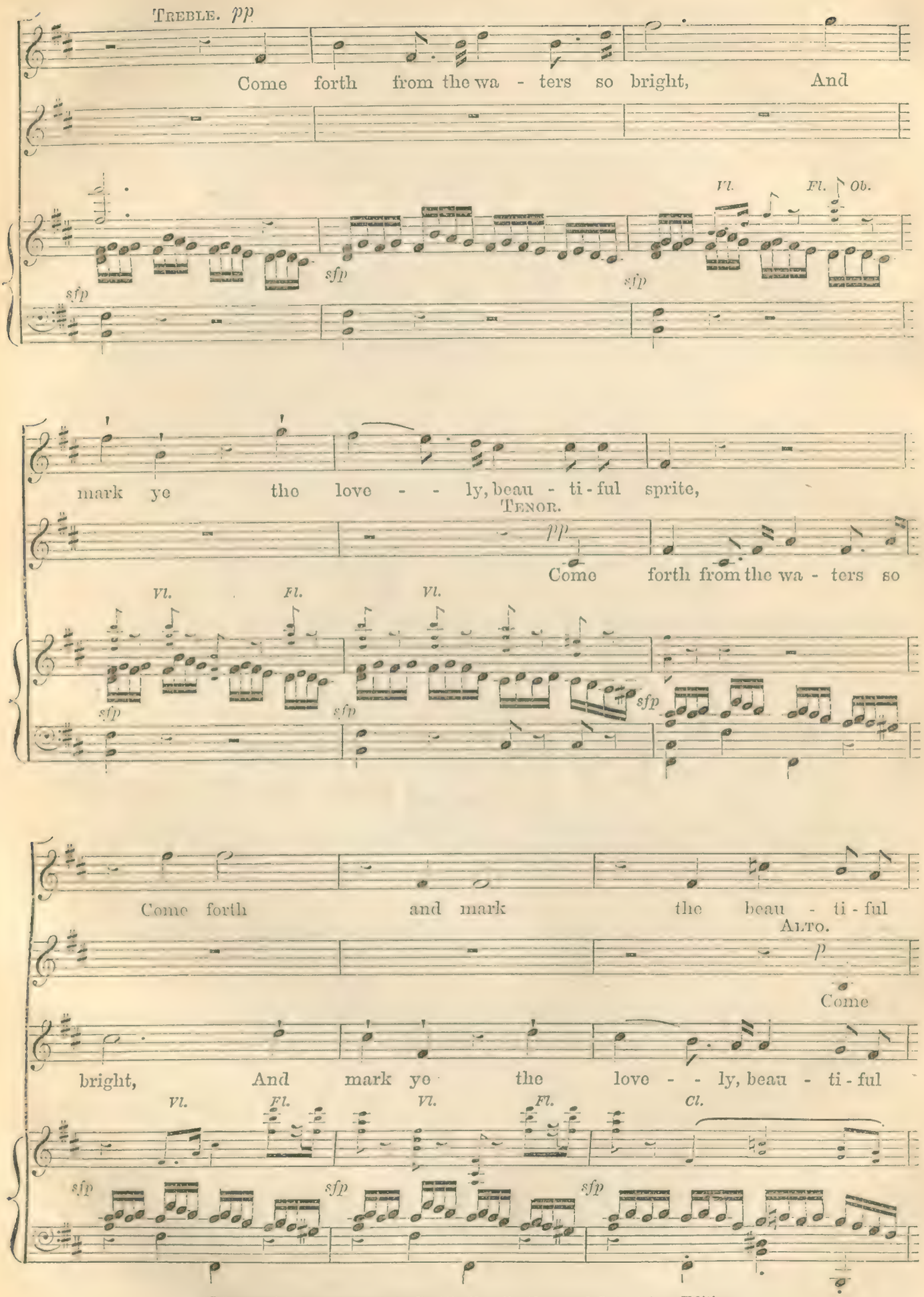
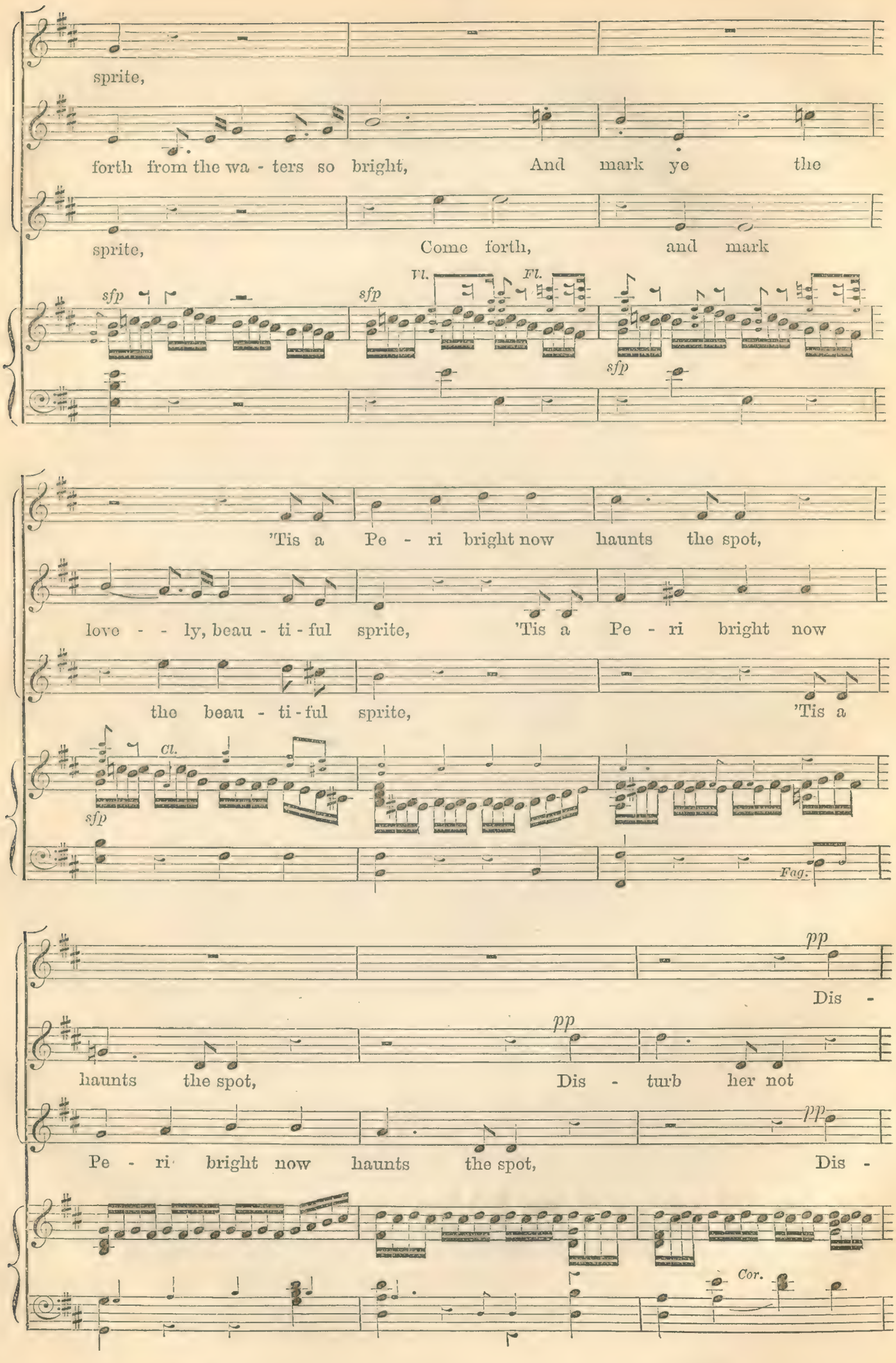
END OF PART I.

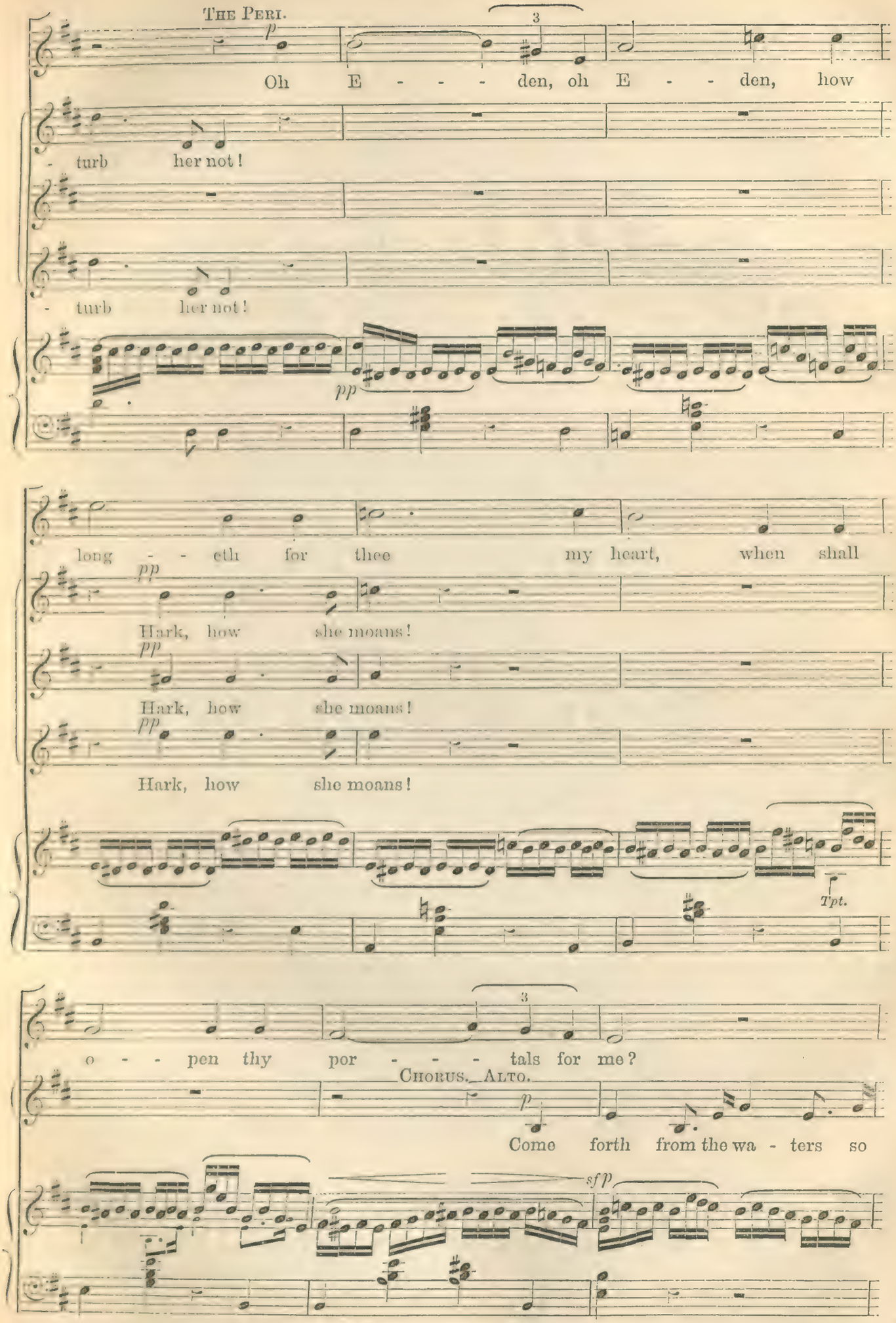
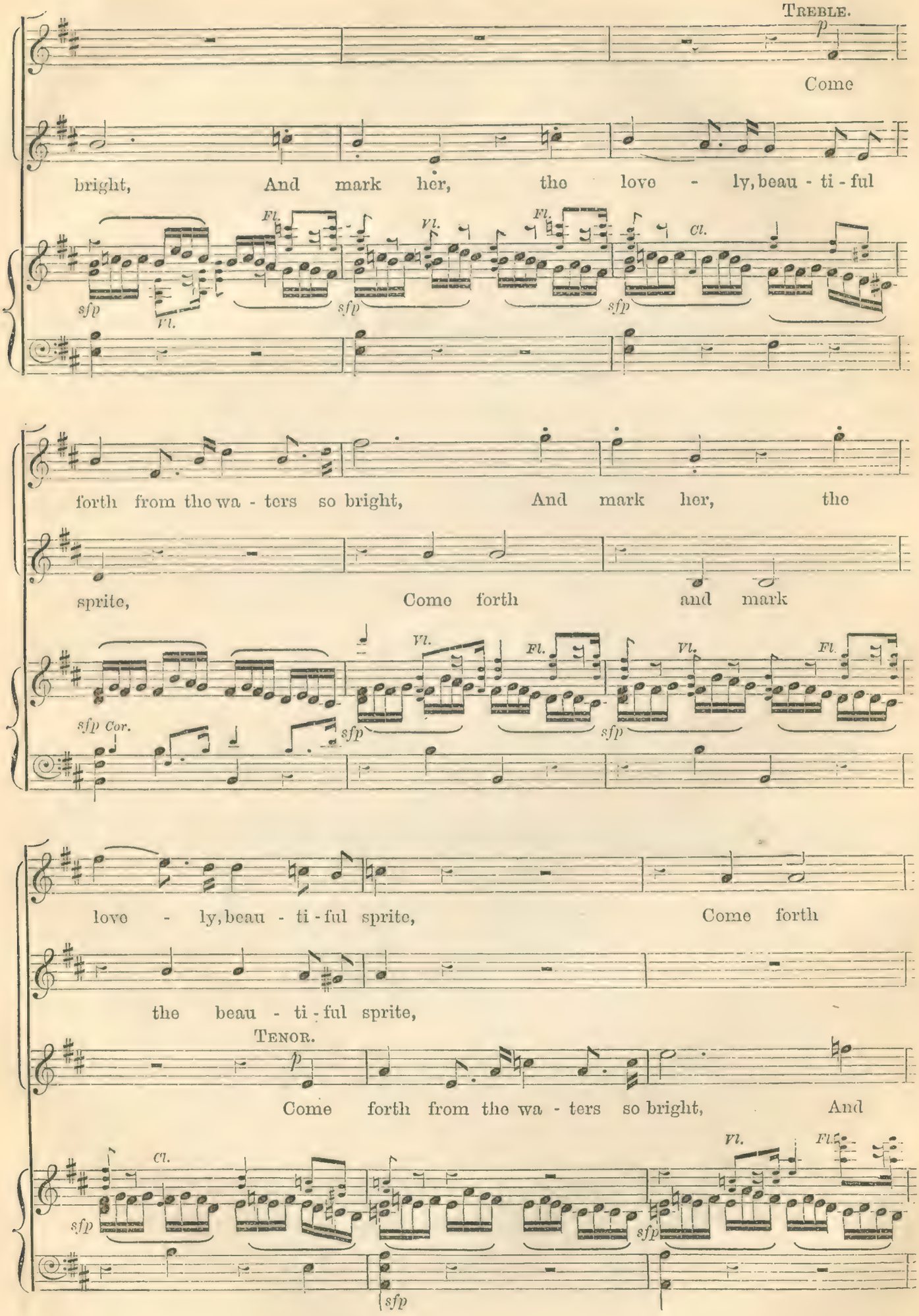
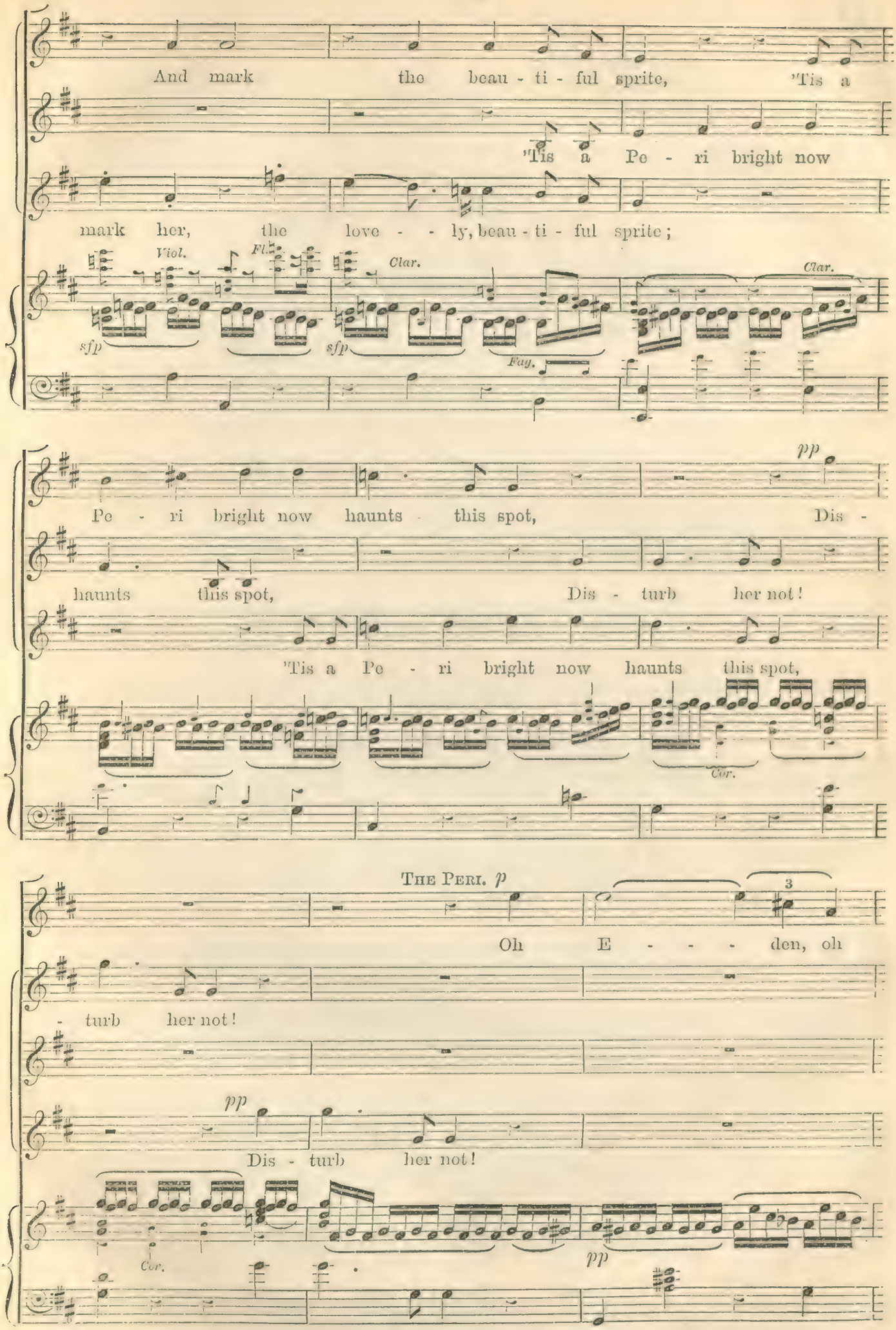
PART II.

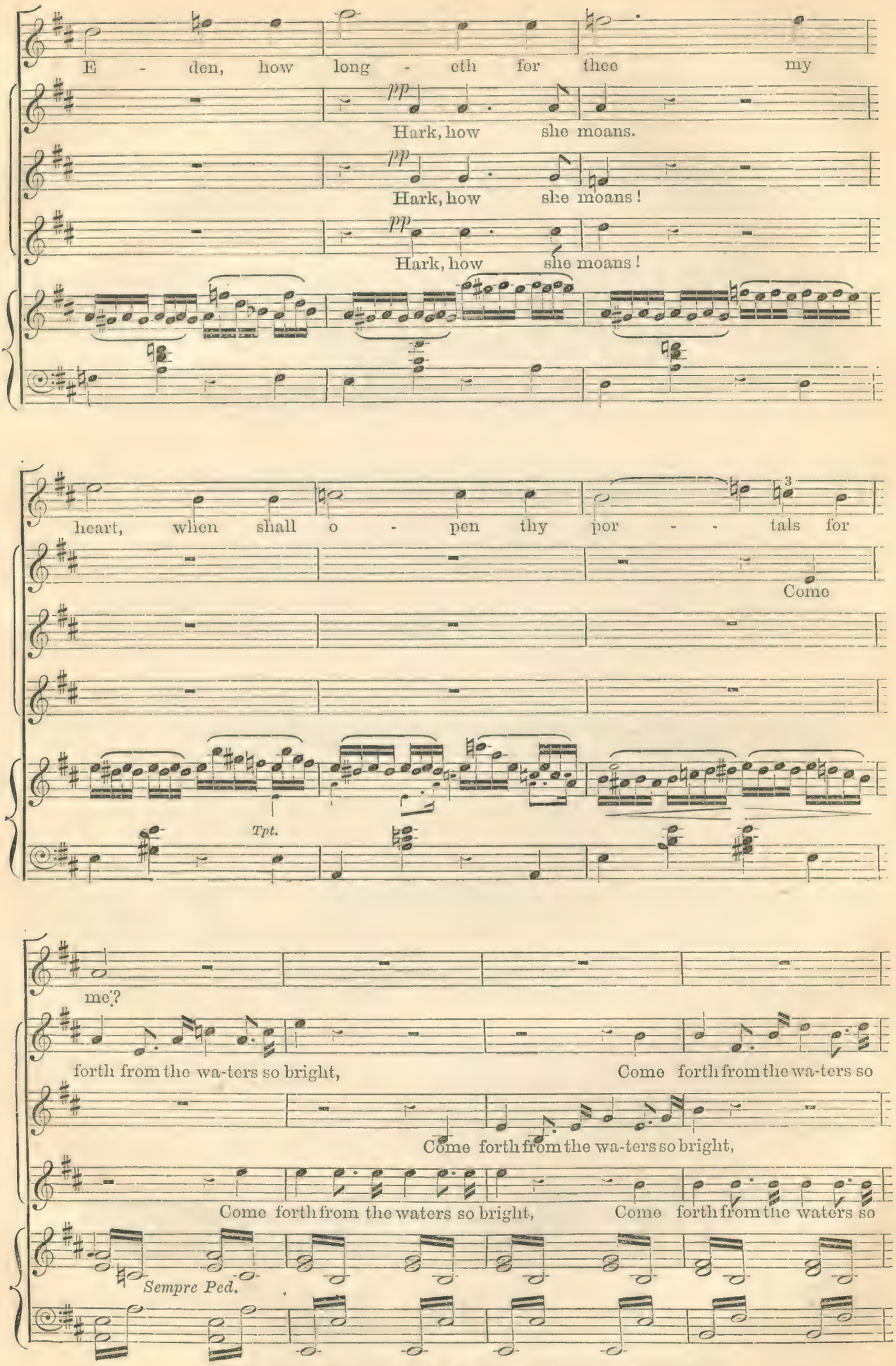
No. 10.

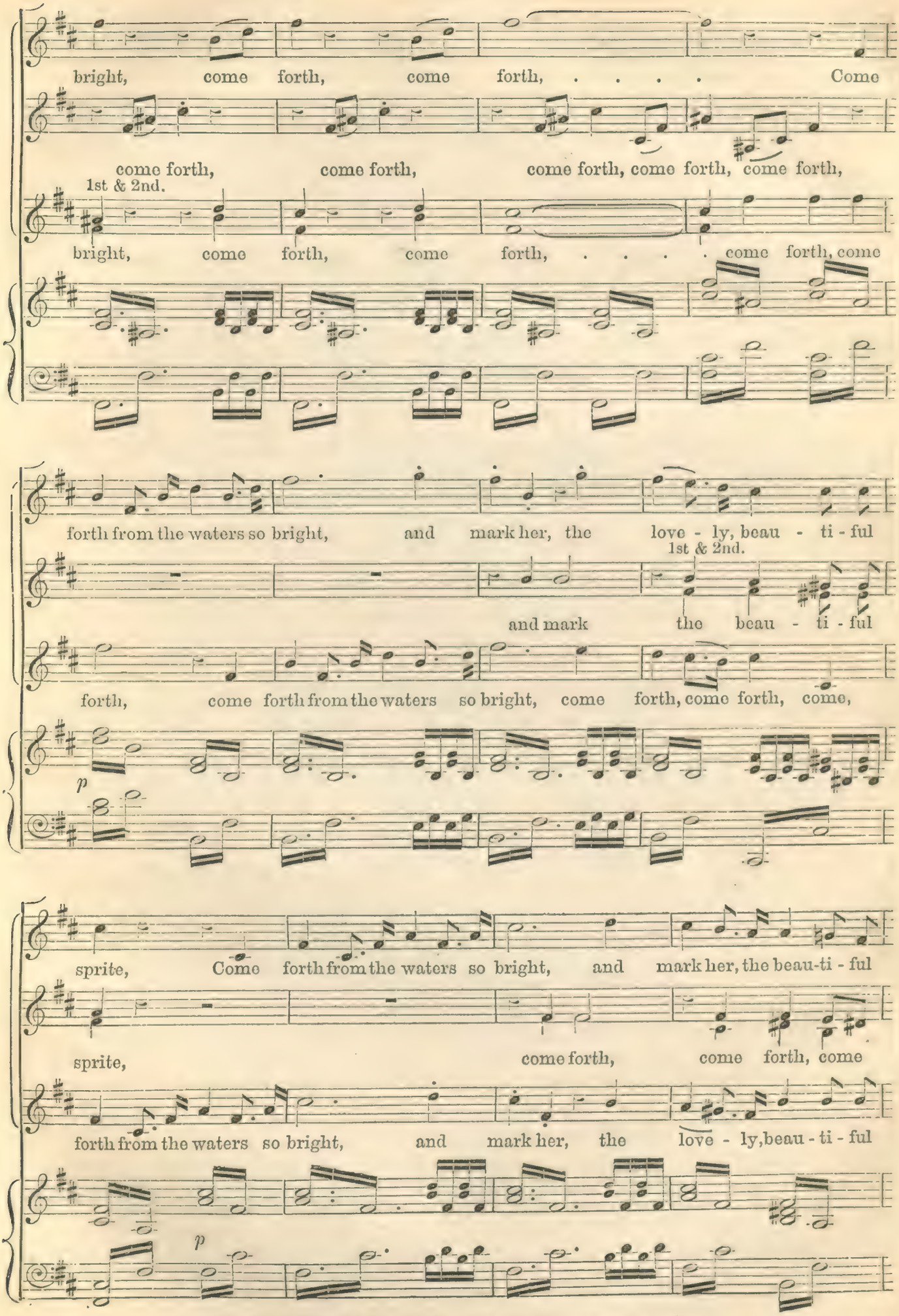
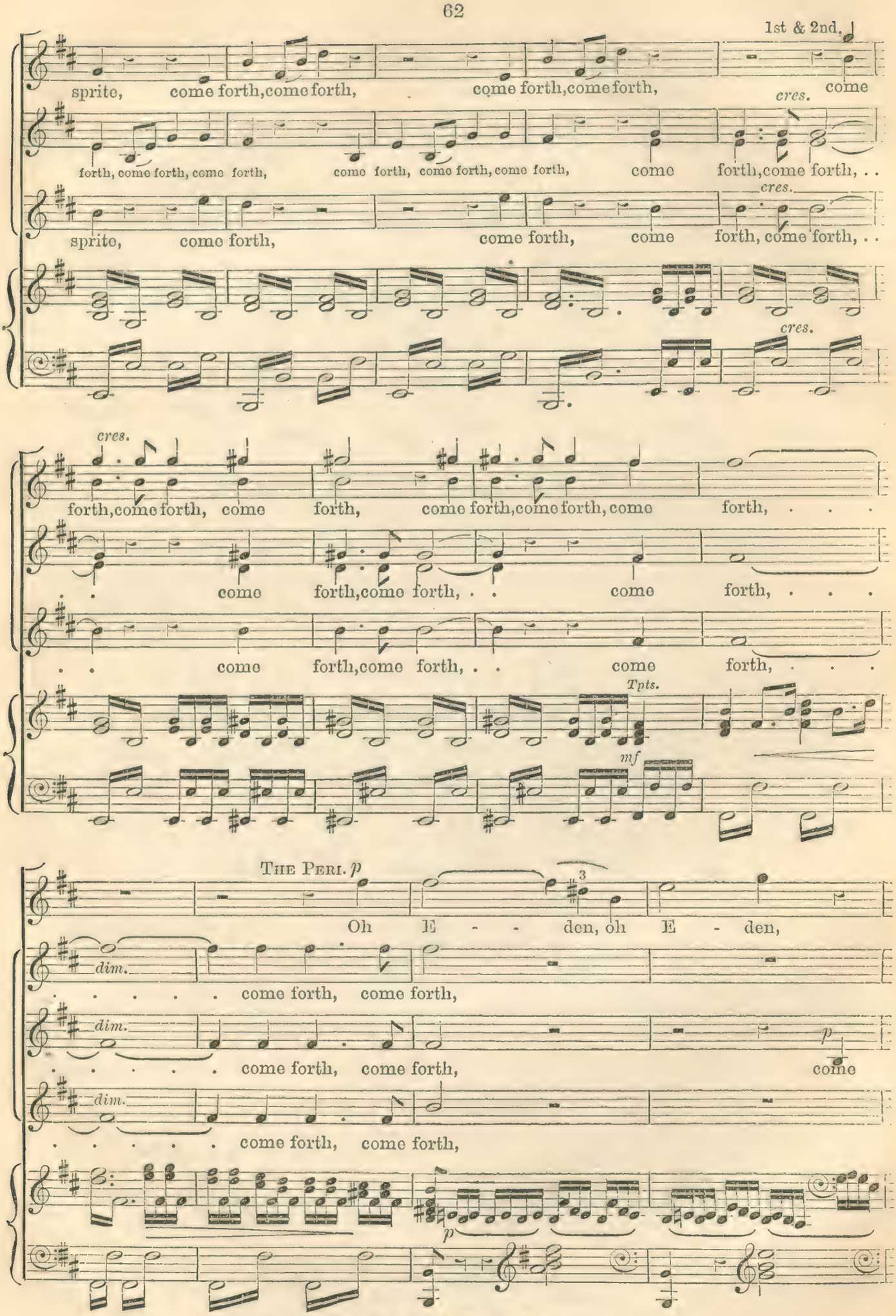

Largo. ♩ = 54.
Ob.
Piano.
p
sfp
Tenor Solo. p
Now with her gift the hopeful Pe - ri
dim.
sfp
hasten'd
On ai-ry wings a-loft to radiant realms a - bove;
3
If now the gates may be un - fas-ten'd,
She asks with suppliant looks of
Ob.
fp
sfp
Ped.
*
The Angel. Alto Solo.
love.
Sweet is our welcome of the brave ones,
Who thus have died for na - tive
Tromb.
p

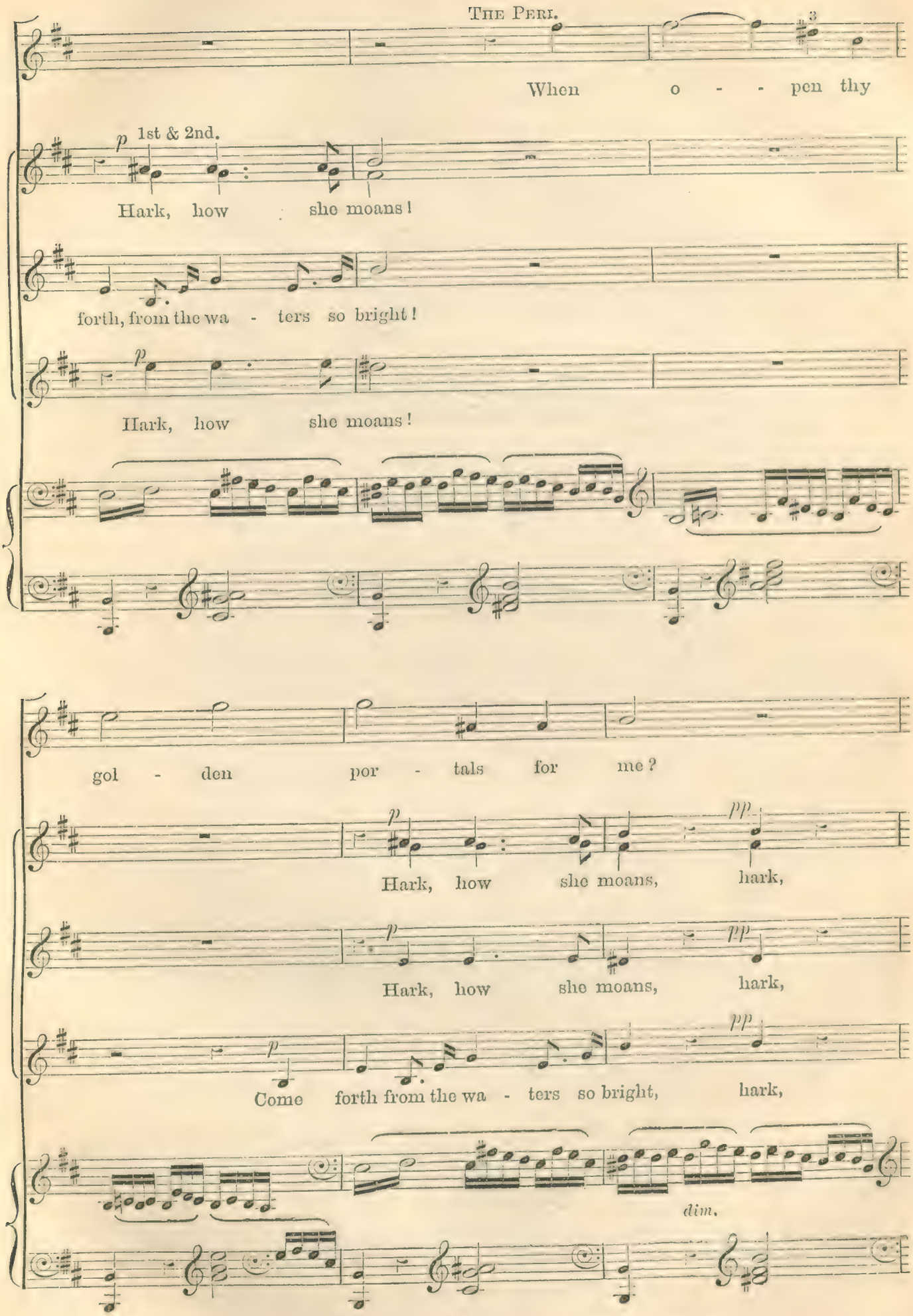
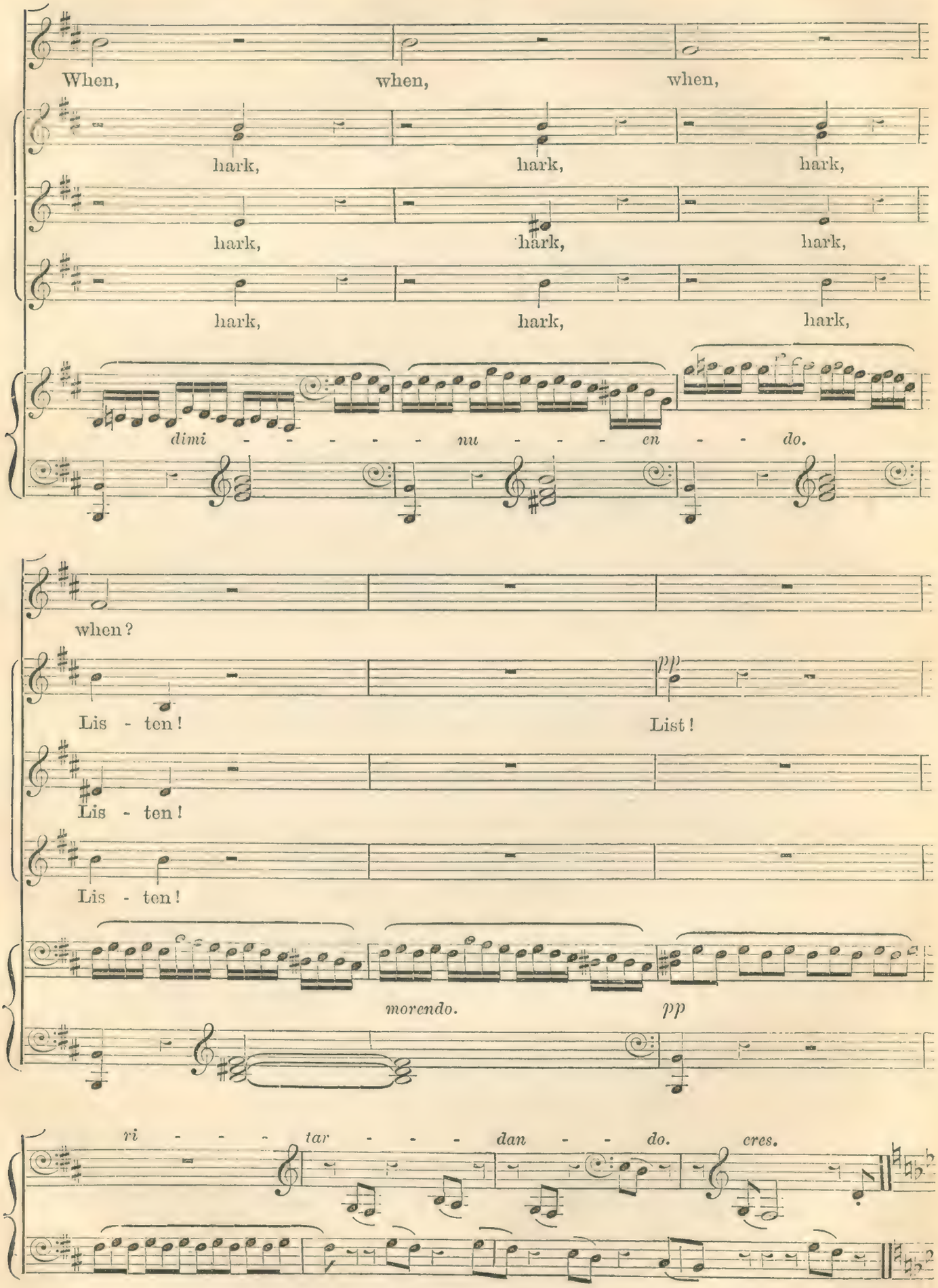

land.
But see, the crys - tal bar doth not yet
tr
Ped.
cres.
fp
move;
Far ho-lier yet the boon must be, That opes the gates of heav'n for
f p
thee.
Four 1st Trebles.
pp
Far ho-lier yet the boon must be, That opes the gates of heav'n for thee.
Four 2nd Trebles.
pp
Far ho-lier yet the boon must be, That opes the gates of heav'n for thee.
Four 1st Altos.
pp
Far ho-lier yet the boon must be, That opes the gates of heav'n for thee.
Four 2nd Altos.
pp
Far ho-lier yet the boon must be, That opes, that opes the gates of heav'n for thee.
Chorus of Angels.
Ped.
Ob.
p
p
pp
Piccolo
pausa.

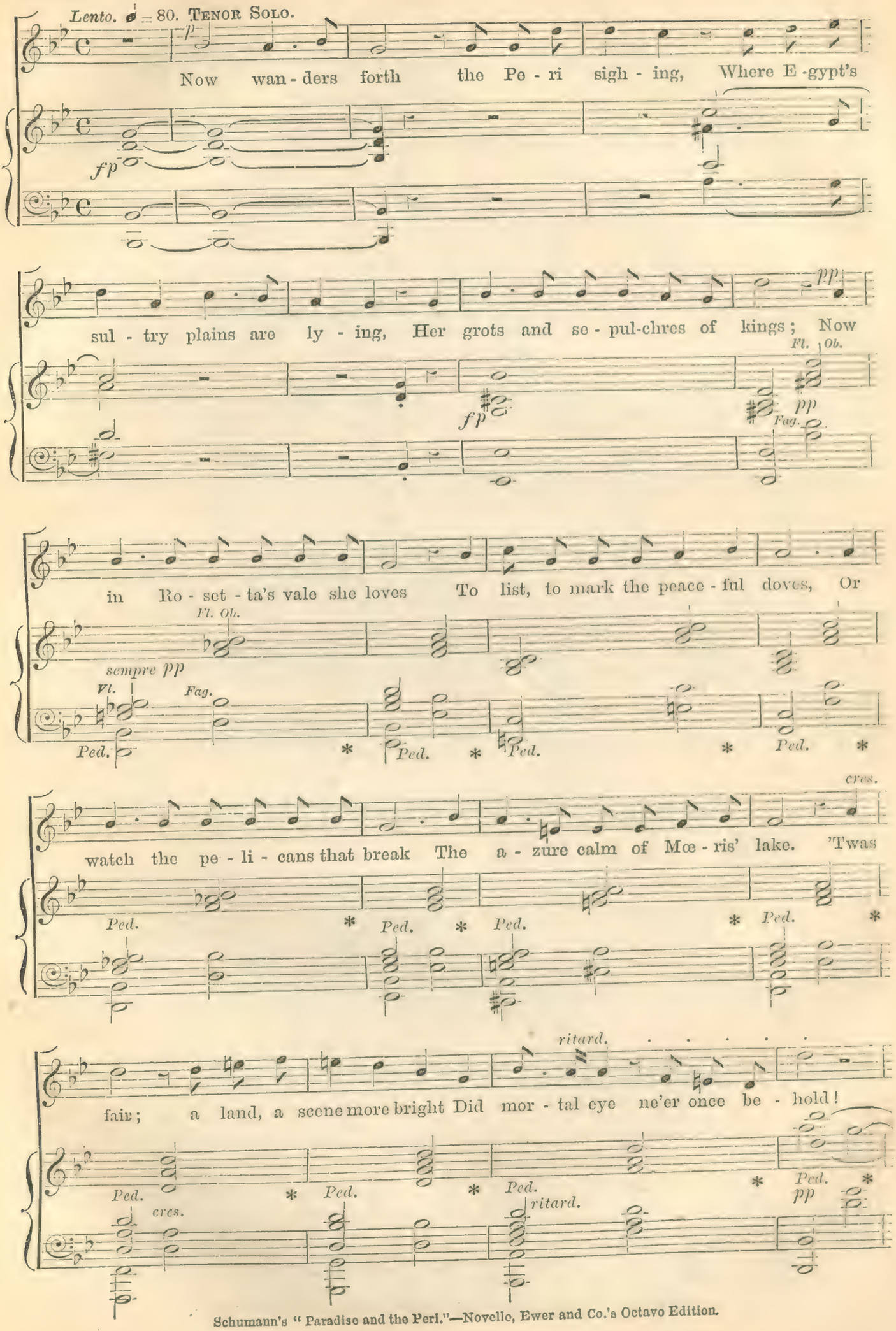

Tenor Solo. *Tempo* 1mo.
Her first fond hope of E-den lost,
Now to the south the Peri passed,
And,'mid far Afric's lunar
mountains
She sleek'd her plumes now at the fountains Whence flows the
stream,
Whose secret birth
is hidden from the sons of
Chorus of the Genii of the Nile.
Vivace. ♩= 138.
earth.
Fl., Ob. & Cl.
sfp Celli.
sfp
sfp

Treble. pp
Come forth from the wa - ters so bright, And
Vl. Fl. Ob.
sfp
sfp
sfp
mark ye the love - - ly, beau - ti - ful sprite,
Tenor.
pp
Come forth from the wa - ters so
Vl. Fl. Vl.
sfp
sfp
sfp
Come forth and mark the beau - ti - ful
Alto.
p
Come
bright, And mark ye the love - - ly, beau - ti - ful
Vl. Fl. Vl. Fl. Cl.
sfp
sfp
sfp

sprite,
forth from the wa - ters so bright, And mark ye the
sprite, Come forth, and mark
Vl.
Fl.
sfp
sfp
sfp
'Tis a Pe - ri bright now haunts the spot,
love - - ly, beau - ti - ful sprite, 'Tis a Pe - ri bright now
the beau - ti - ful sprite, 'Tis a
Cl.
sfp
Fag.
pp
Dis -
pp
haunts the spot, Dis - turb her not
pp
Pe - ri bright now haunts the spot, Dis -
Cor.

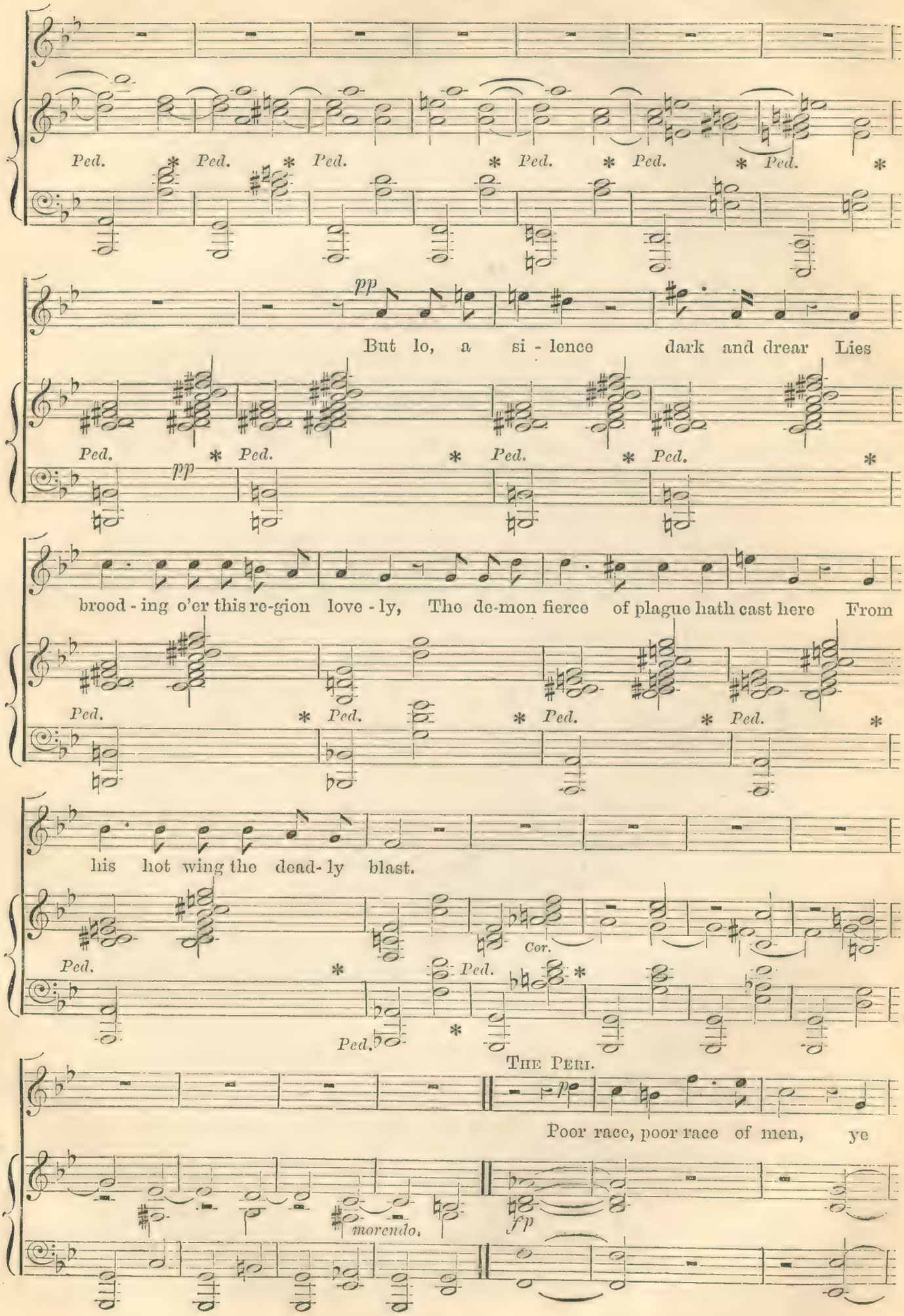

THE PERI.
p
3
Oh E - - - den, oh E - - den, how
- turb her not!
- turb her not!
pp
long - - eth for thee my heart, when shall
pp
Hark, how she moans!
pp
Hark, how she moans!
pp
Hark, how she moans!
Tpt.
3
o - - pen thy por - - - tals for me?
CHORUS. ALTO.
p
Come forth from the wa - ters so
sf p

Treble.
p
Come
bright, And mark her, the love - ly, beau - ti - ful
Fl.
Vl.
Fl.
Cl.
sfp
sfp
sfp
Vl.
forth from the wa - ters so bright, And mark her, the
sprite, Come forth and mark
Vl.
Fl.
Vl.
Fl.
sfp Cor.
sfp
sfp
love - ly, beau - ti - ful sprite, Come forth
the beau - ti - ful sprite,
Tenor.
p
Come forth from the wa - ters so bright, And
Cl.
Vl.
Fl.
sfp
sfp
sfp

And mark the beau - ti - ful sprite, 'Tis a
'Tis a Pe - ri bright now
mark her, the love - - ly, beau - ti - ful sprite;
Viol.
Fl.
Clar.
Clar.
sfp
sfp
Fag.
pp
Pe - ri bright now haunts this spot, Dis -
haunts this spot, Dis - turb her not!
'Tis a Pe - ri bright now haunts this spot,
Cor.
The Peri. p
3
Oh E - - - den, oh
- turb her not!
pp
Dis - turb her not!
Cor.
pp


E - den, how long - eth for thee my
pp
Hark, how she moans.
pp
Hark, how she moans!
pp
Hark, how she moans!
heart, when shall o - pen thy por - - tals for
3
Come
Tpt.
me?
forth from the wa-ters so bright,
Come forth from the wa-ters so
Come forth from the wa-ters so bright,
Come forth from the waters so bright,
Come forth from the waters so
Sempre Ped.


bright, come forth, come forth, ... Come
come forth, come forth, come forth, come forth, come forth,
1st & 2nd.
bright, come forth, come forth, ... come forth, come
forth from the waters so bright, and mark her, the love - ly, beau - ti - ful
1st & 2nd.
and mark the beau - ti - ful
forth, come forth from the waters so bright, come forth, come forth, come,
p
sprite, Come forth from the waters so bright, and mark her, the beau-ti - ful
sprite, come forth, come forth, come
forth from the waters so bright, and mark her, the love - ly, beau - ti - ful
p

1st & 2nd.
sprite, come forth, come forth, come forth, come forth, come
cres.
forth, come forth, come forth, come forth, come forth, come forth, come forth, come forth, come forth, . .
cres.
sprite, come forth, come forth, come forth, come forth, come forth, . .
cres.
cres.
forth, come forth, come forth, come forth, come forth, come forth, come forth, . . .
come forth, come forth, come forth, come forth, . . .
come forth, come forth, come forth, come forth, . . .
Tpts.
mf
The Peri. p
Oh E - - den, oh E - den,
dim.
come forth, come forth,
dim.
come forth, come forth, p come
dim.
come forth, come forth,
p


The Peri.
When o - - pen thy
p 1st & 2nd.
Hark, how she moans!
forth, from the wa - ters so bright!
p
Hark, how she moans!
gol - den por - tals for me?
p
pp
Hark, how she moans, hark,
p
pp
Hark, how she moans, hark,
p
pp
Come forth from the wa - ters so bright, hark,
dim.

When, when, when,
hark, hark, hark,
hark, hark, hark,
hark, hark, hark,
dimi - - - - - - nu - - - - en - - do.
when?
Lis - ten!
pp
List!
Lis - ten!
Lis - ten!
morendo.
pp
ri - - - - tar - - - - dan - - do.
cres.

No. 12.

Lento. ♩ = 80. TENOR SOLO.
Now wan - ders forth the Pe - ri sigh - ing, Where E - gypt's
sul - try plains are ly - ing, Her grots and se - pul-chres of kings; Now
in Ro - set - ta's vale she loves To list, to mark the peace - ful doves, Or
watch the pe - li - cans that break The a - zure calm of Mœ - ris' lake. 'Twas
fair; a land, a scene more bright Did mor - tal eye ne'er once be - hold!
ritard.


Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
pp
But lo, a si - lence dark and drear Lies
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
pp
brood - ing o'er this re-gion love - ly, The de-mon fierce of plague hath cast here From
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
his hot wing the dead- ly blast.
Cor.
Ped. * Ped. *
Ped.
The Peri.
p
Poor race, poor race of men, ye
morendo.
fp

dear - ly pay for primal fall— Some flow'rets of E - den are yours e - ven now, The

trail of the ser - pent o'er all!"

accel - le - ran - - do.

cres.

No. 13.

Più animato. ♩ = 58.

Ped. p

* *Ped.*

* *Ped.*

TENOR SOLO.

p

The Pe - - - ri wept—the air grew

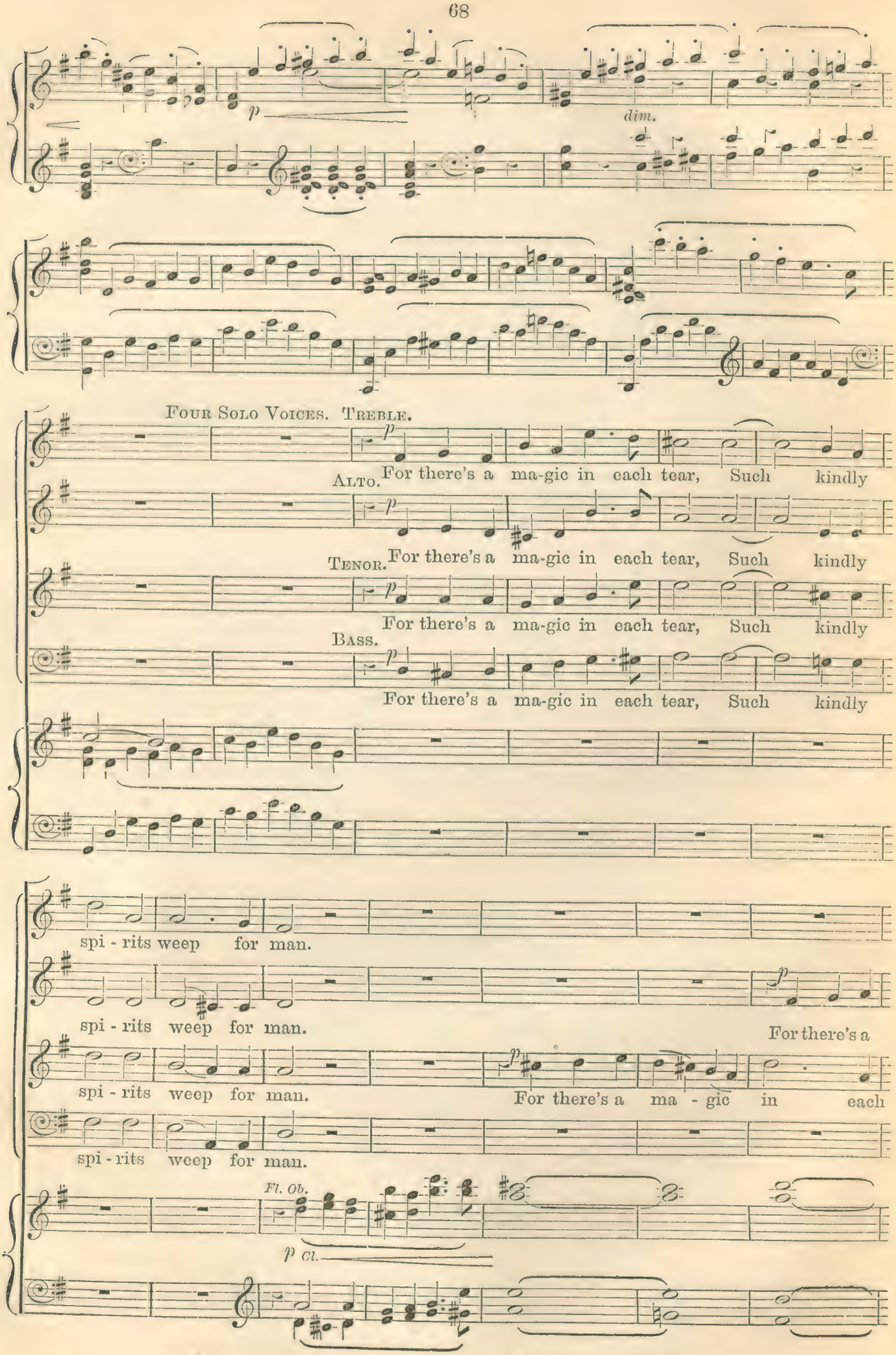
*

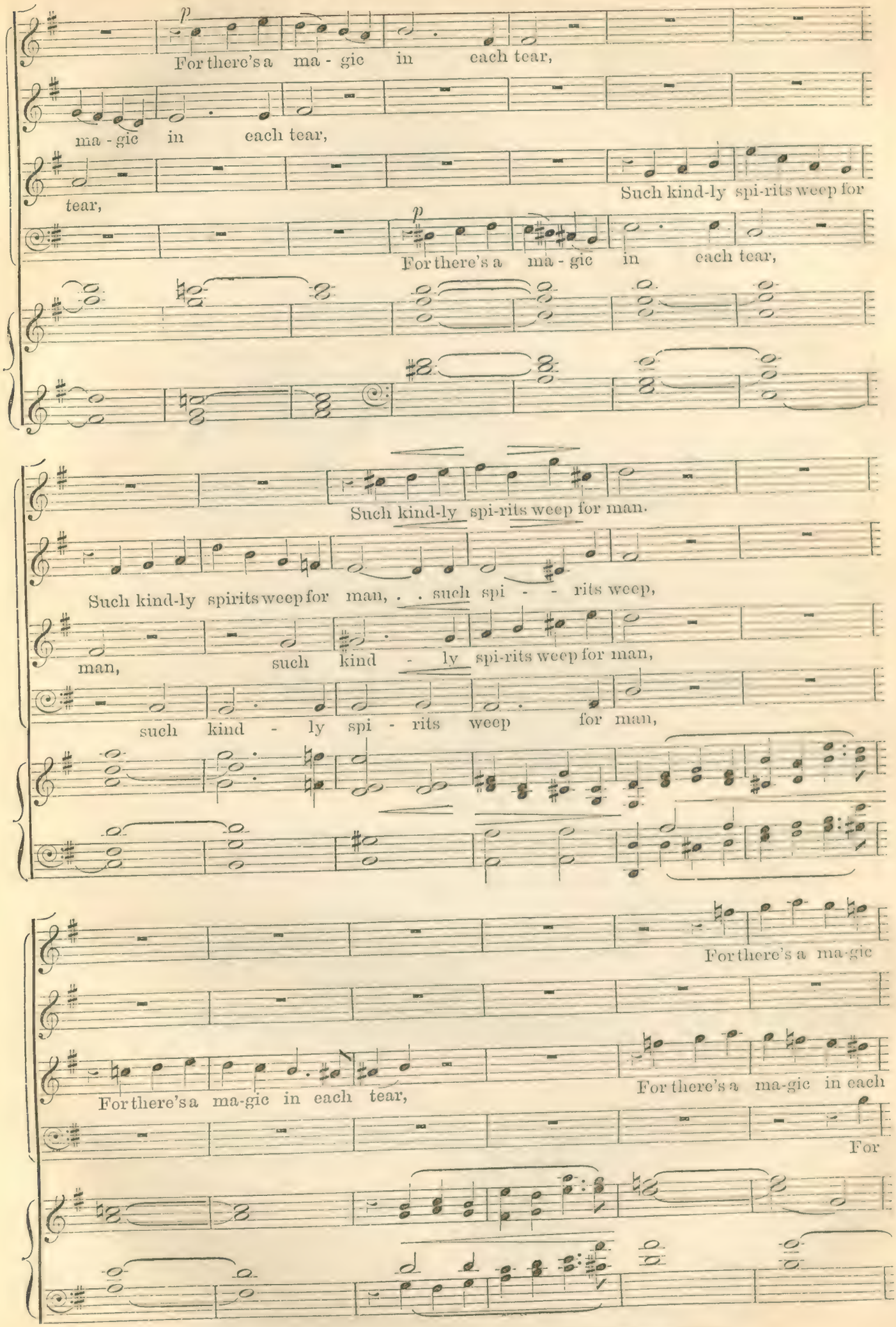
Sempre Pedale.

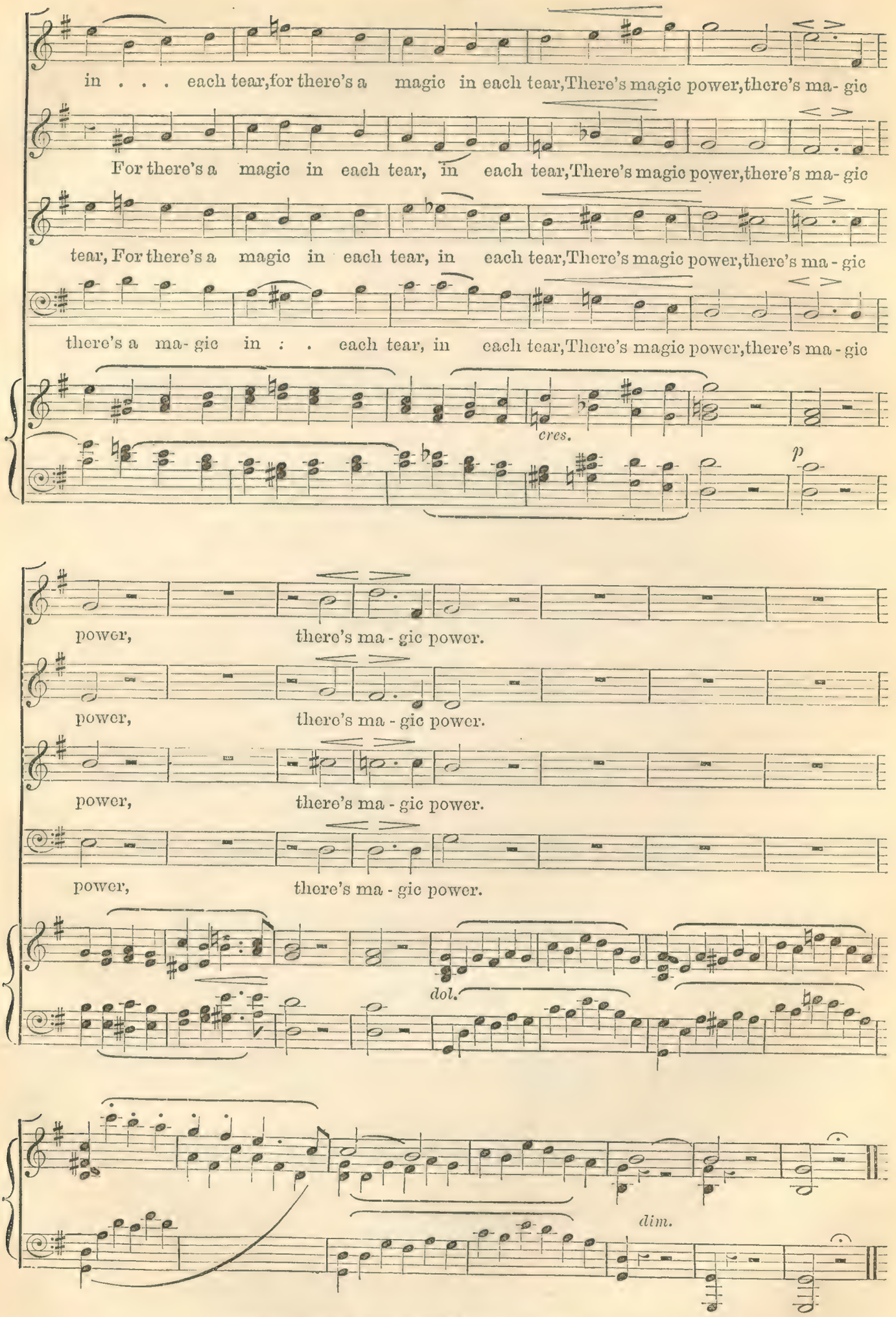
bright and clear A - round . . . her, as the bright drops ran;

Ob.

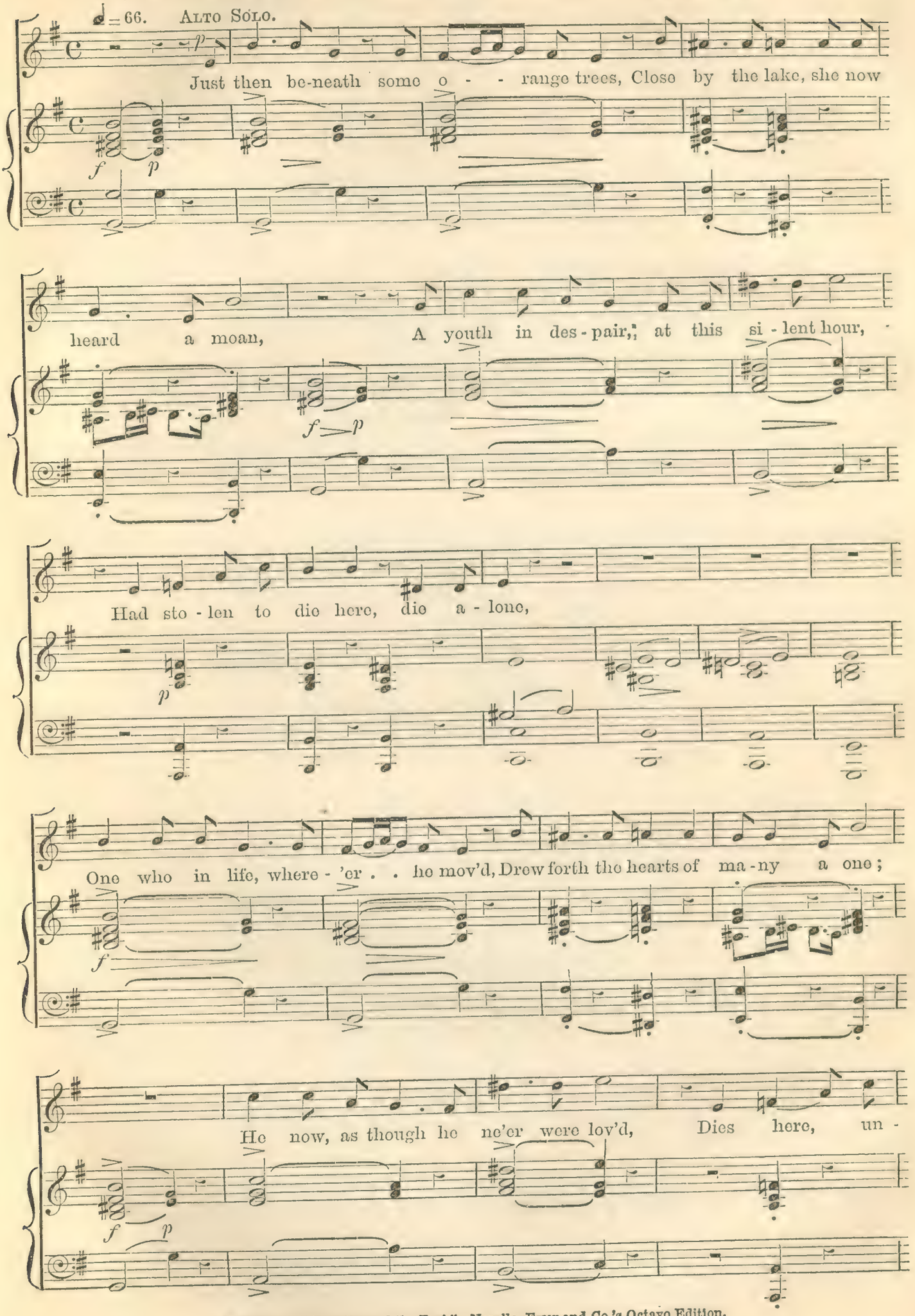
p

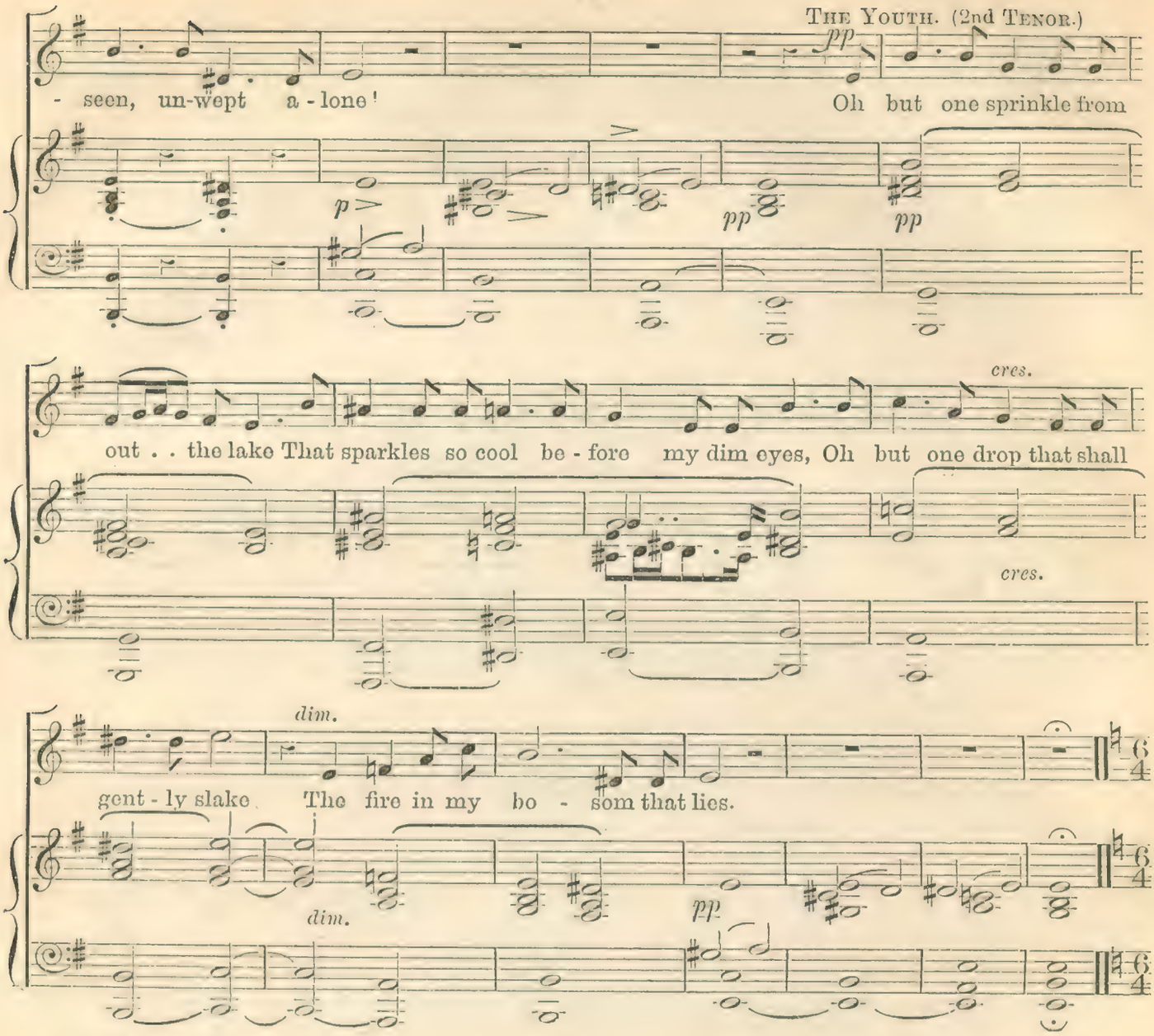

p
dim.
Four Solo Voices. Treble.
p
Alto.
For there's a ma-gic in each tear, Such kindly
p
Tenor.
For there's a ma-gic in each tear, Such kindly
p
For there's a ma-gic in each tear, Such kindly
Bass.
p
For there's a ma-gic in each tear, Such kindly
spi - rits weep for man.
spi - rits weep for man.
p
For there's a
spi - rits weep for man.
p
For there's a ma - gic in each
spi - rits weep for man.
Fl. Ob.
p Cl.


p
For there's a ma - gic in each tear,
ma - gic in each tear,
tear,
Such kind-ly spi-rits weep for
p
For there's a ma - gic in each tear,
Such kind-ly spi-rits weep for man.
Such kind-ly spirits weep for man, . . such spi - - rits weep,
man, such kind - ly spi-rits weep for man,
such kind - ly spi - rits weep for man,
For there's a ma-gic
For there's a ma-gic in each tear,
For there's a ma-gic in each
For


in . . . each tear, for there's a magic in each tear, There's magic power, there's ma - gic
For there's a magic in each tear, in each tear, There's magic power, there's ma - gic
tear, For there's a magic in each tear, in each tear, There's magic power, there's ma - gic
there's a ma - gic in : . each tear, in each tear, There's magic power, there's ma - gic
cres.
p
power, there's ma - gic power.
power, there's ma - gic power.
power, there's ma - gic power.
power, there's ma - gic power.
dol.
dim.

(The crotchets should be a trifle quicker than the minims of the previous movement.)

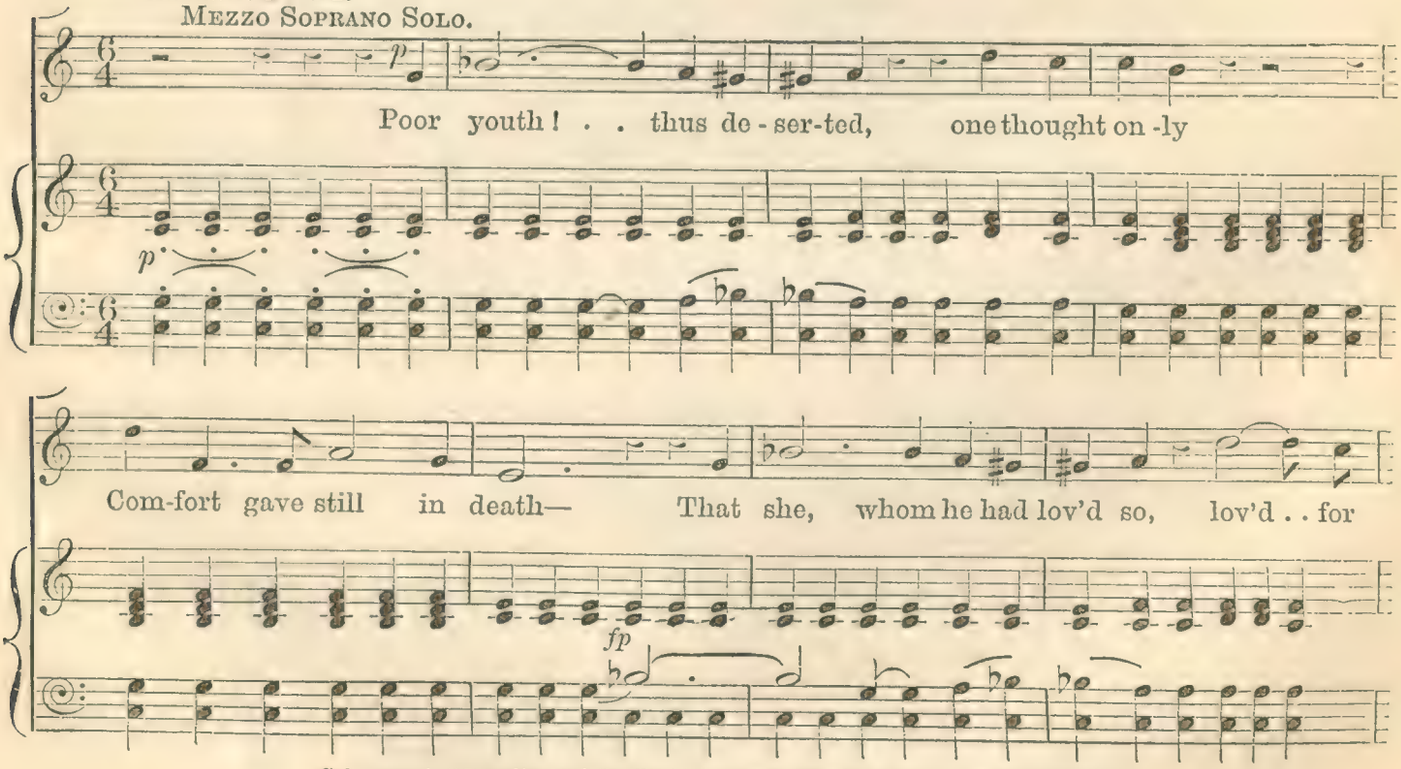

♩= 66. Alto Solo.
Just then be-neath some o - - range trees, Close by the lake, she now
heard a moan, A youth in des-pair,; at this si-lent hour,
Had sto-len to die here, die a-lone,
One who in life, where-'er . . he mov'd, Drew forth the hearts of ma-ny a one;
He now, as though he ne'er were lov'd, Dies here, un-

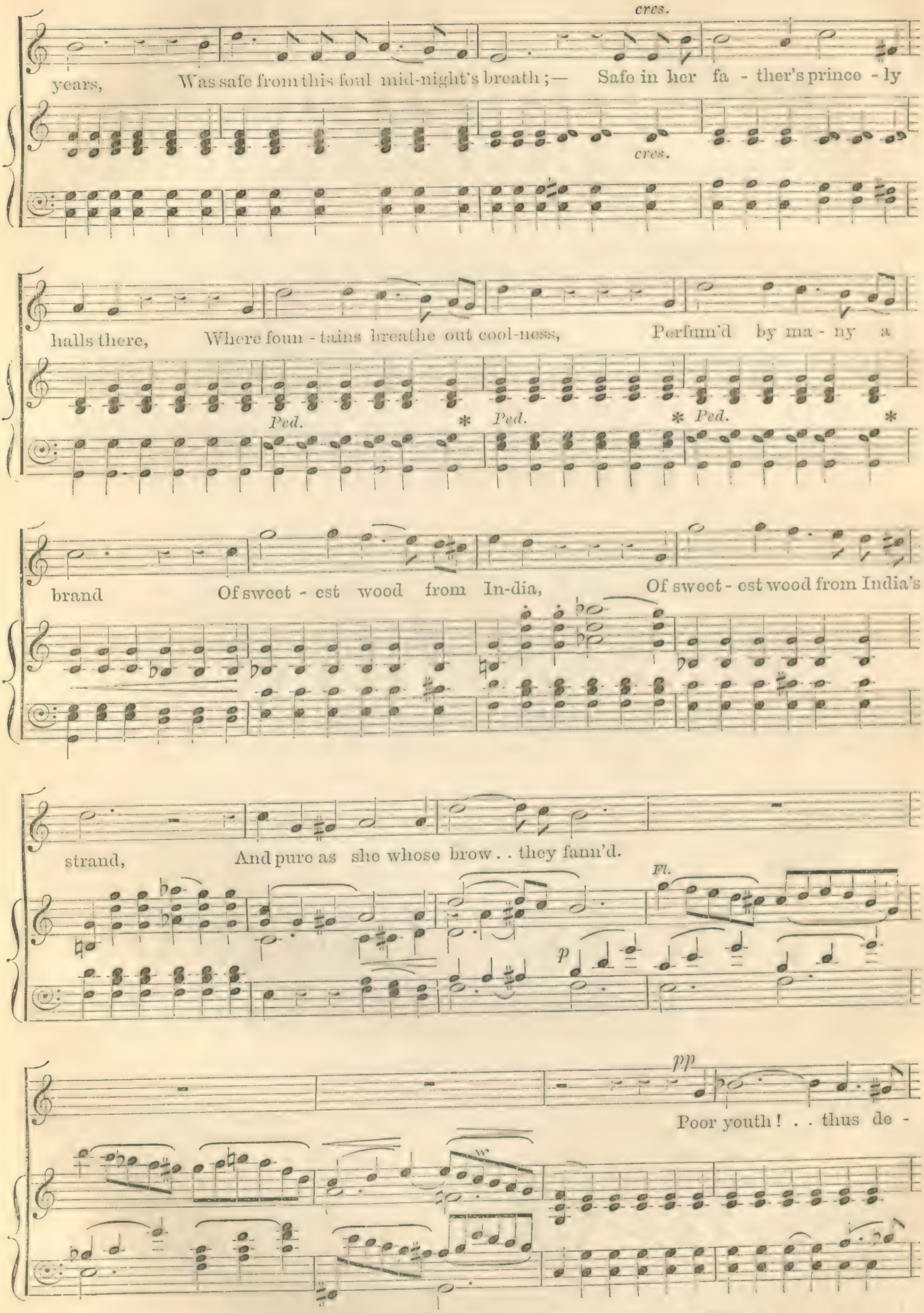
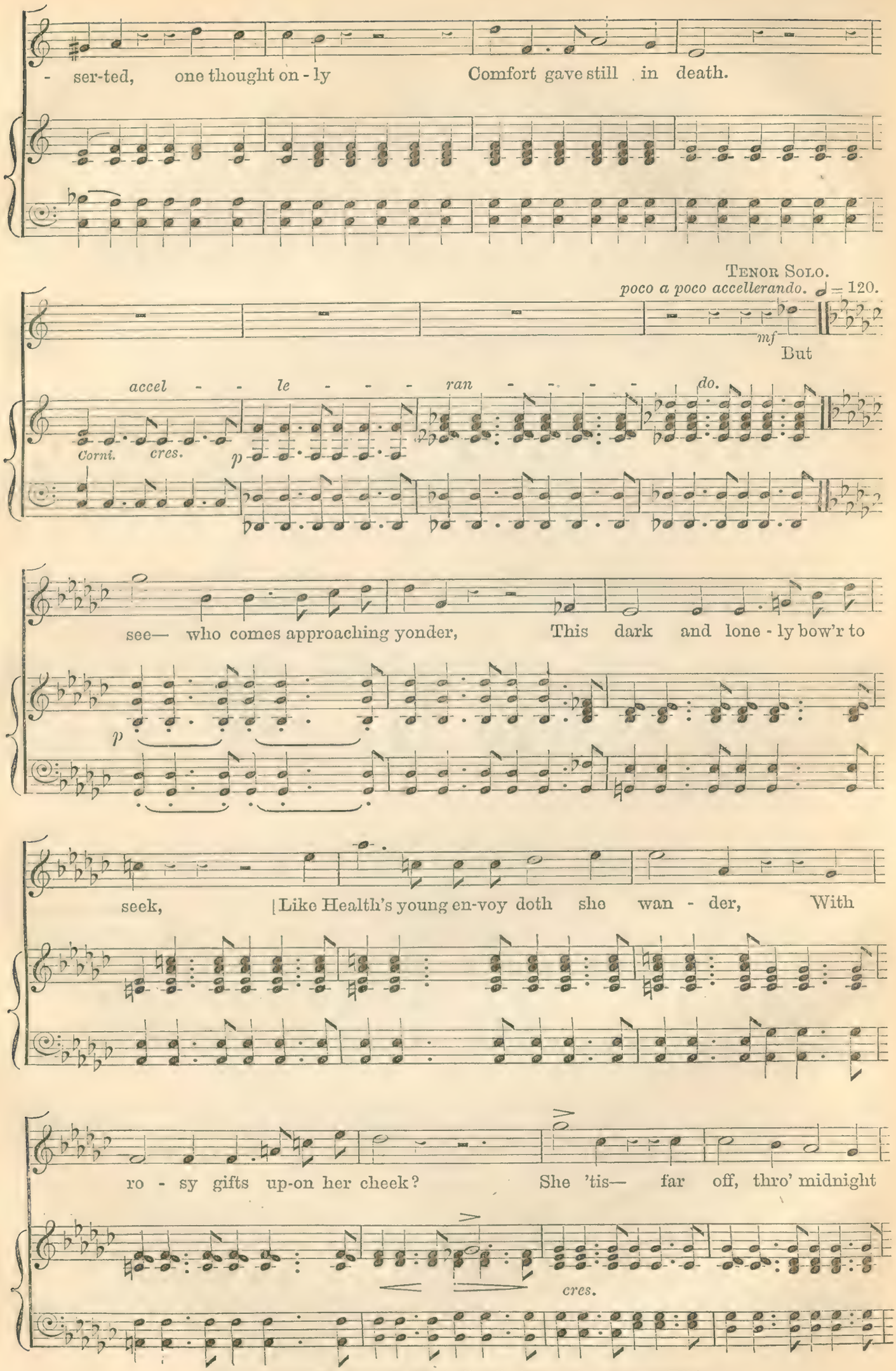

The Youth. (2nd Tenor.)
pp
- seen, un-wept a - lone!
Oh but one sprinkle from
p
pp
pp
cres.
out . . the lake That sparkles so cool be - fore my dim eyes, Oh but one drop that shall
cres.
dim.
gent - ly slake The fire in my bo - som that lies.
dim.
pp

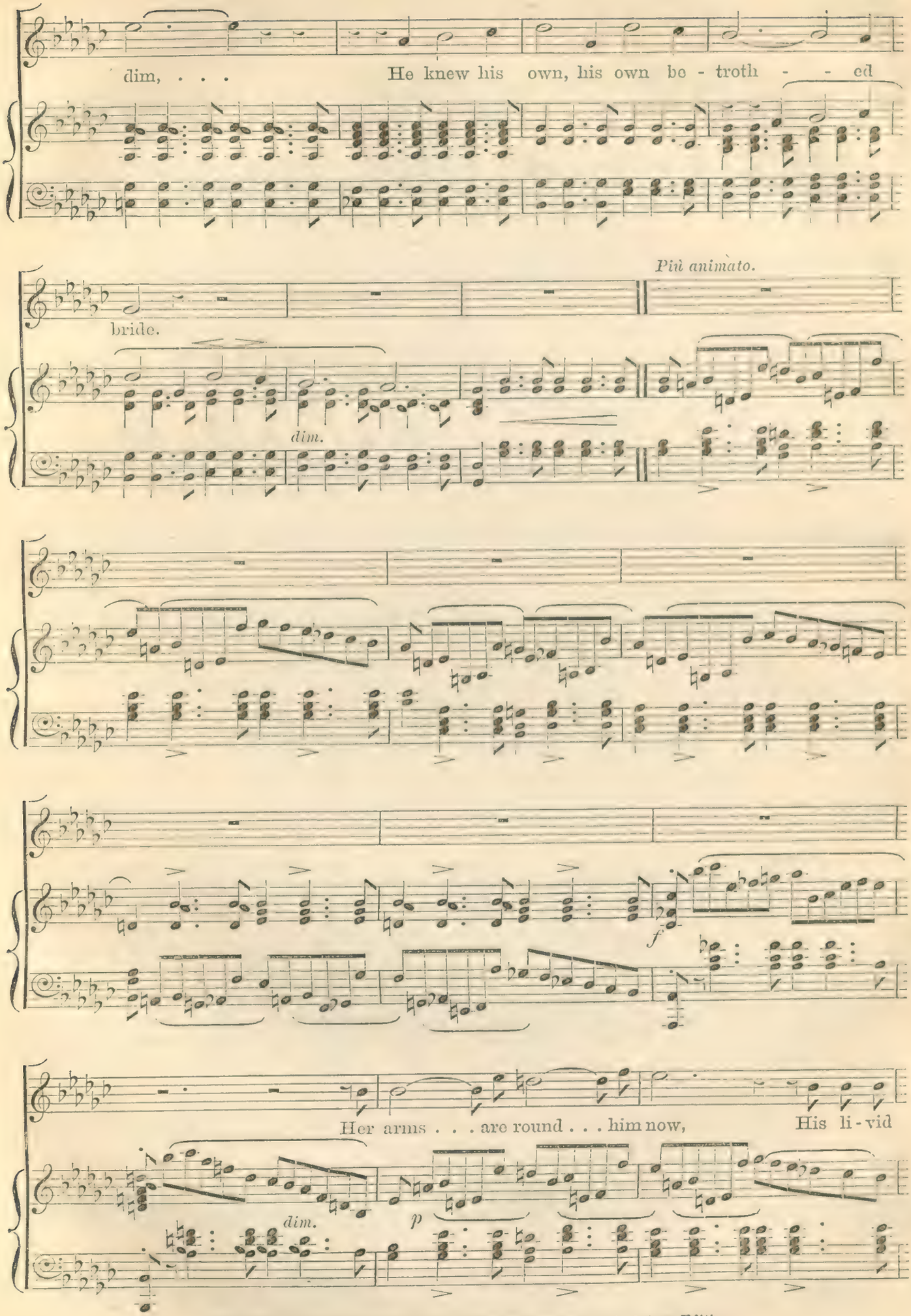
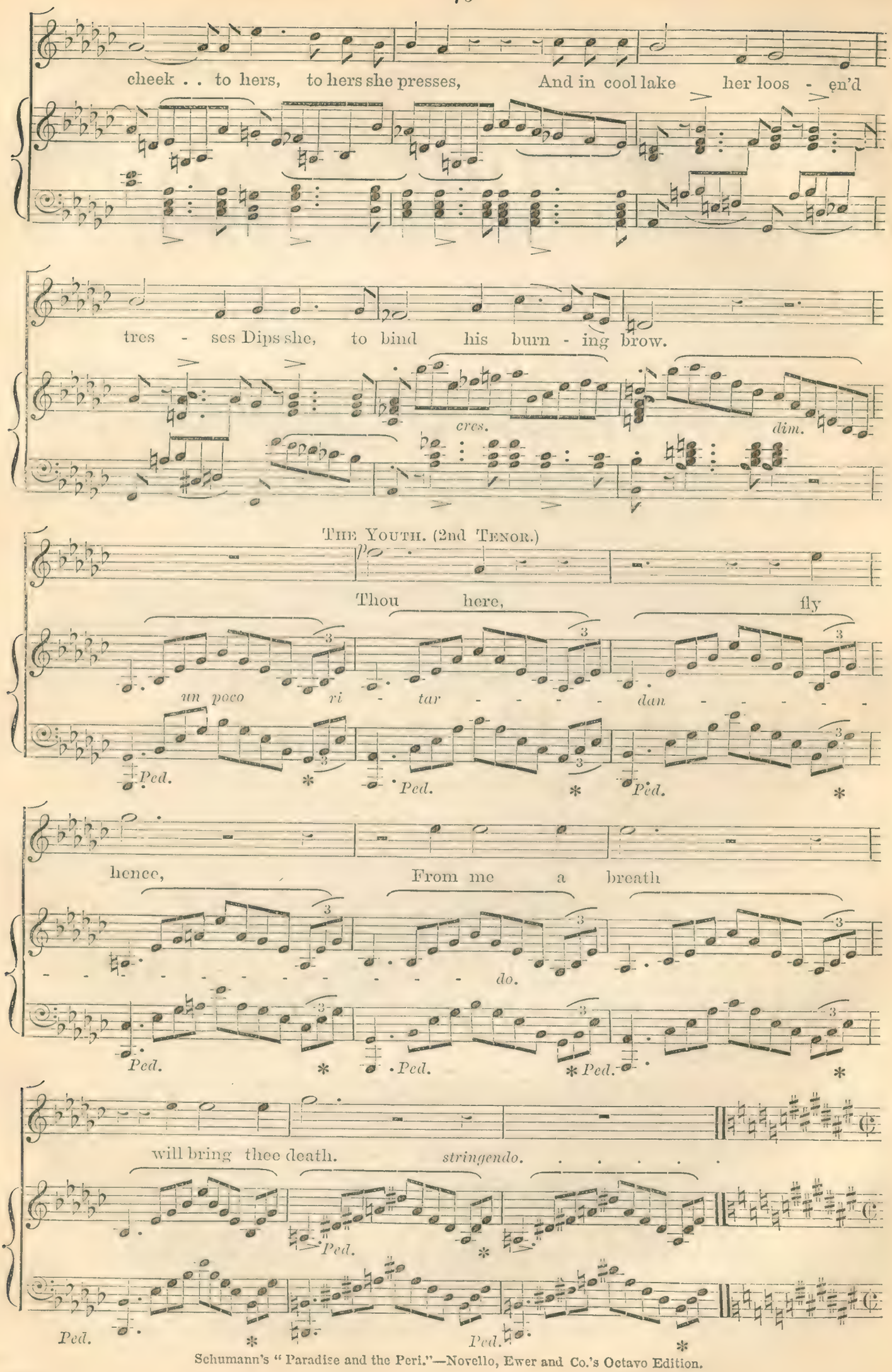
No. 15.

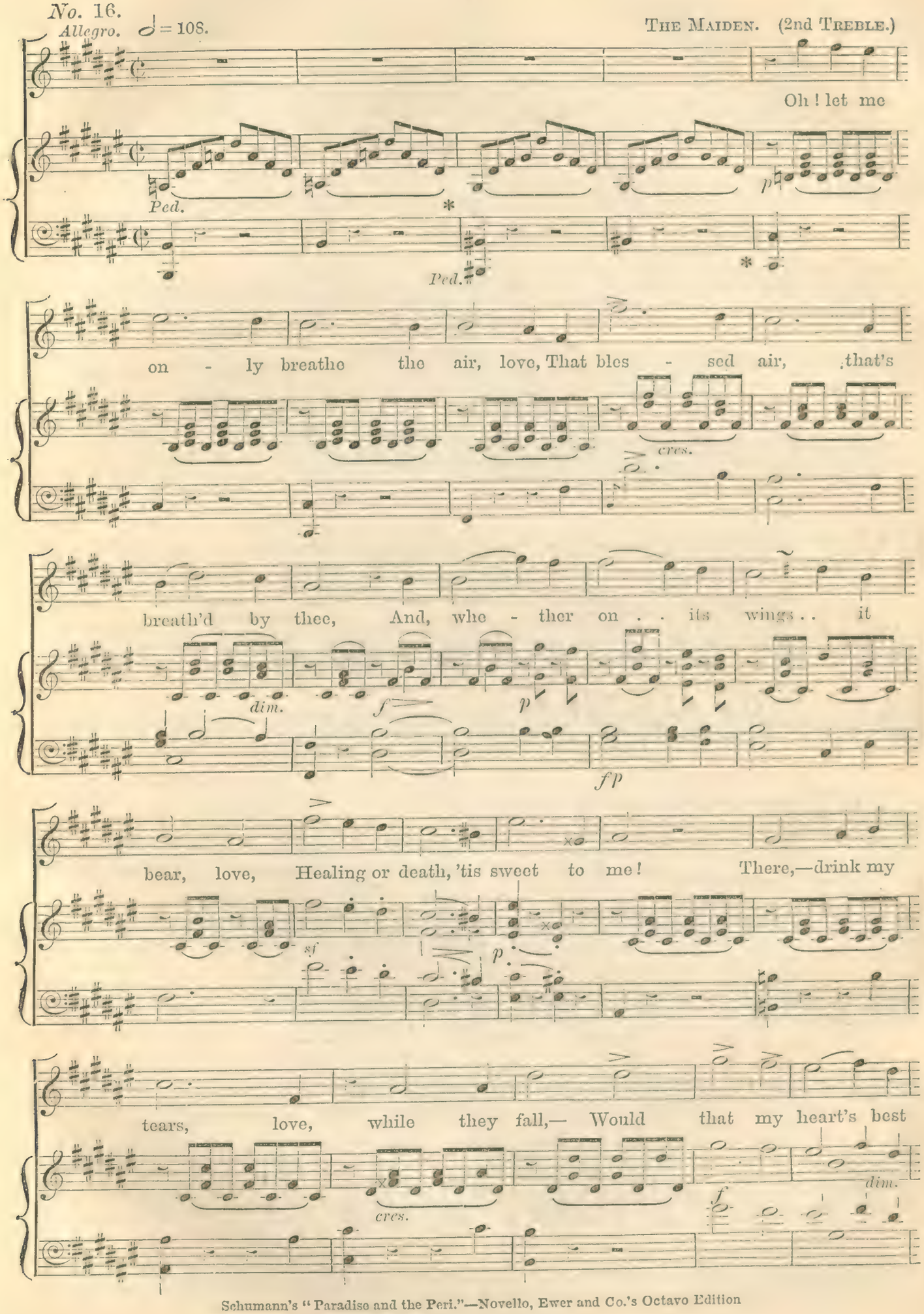
Andante. ♩ = 92.

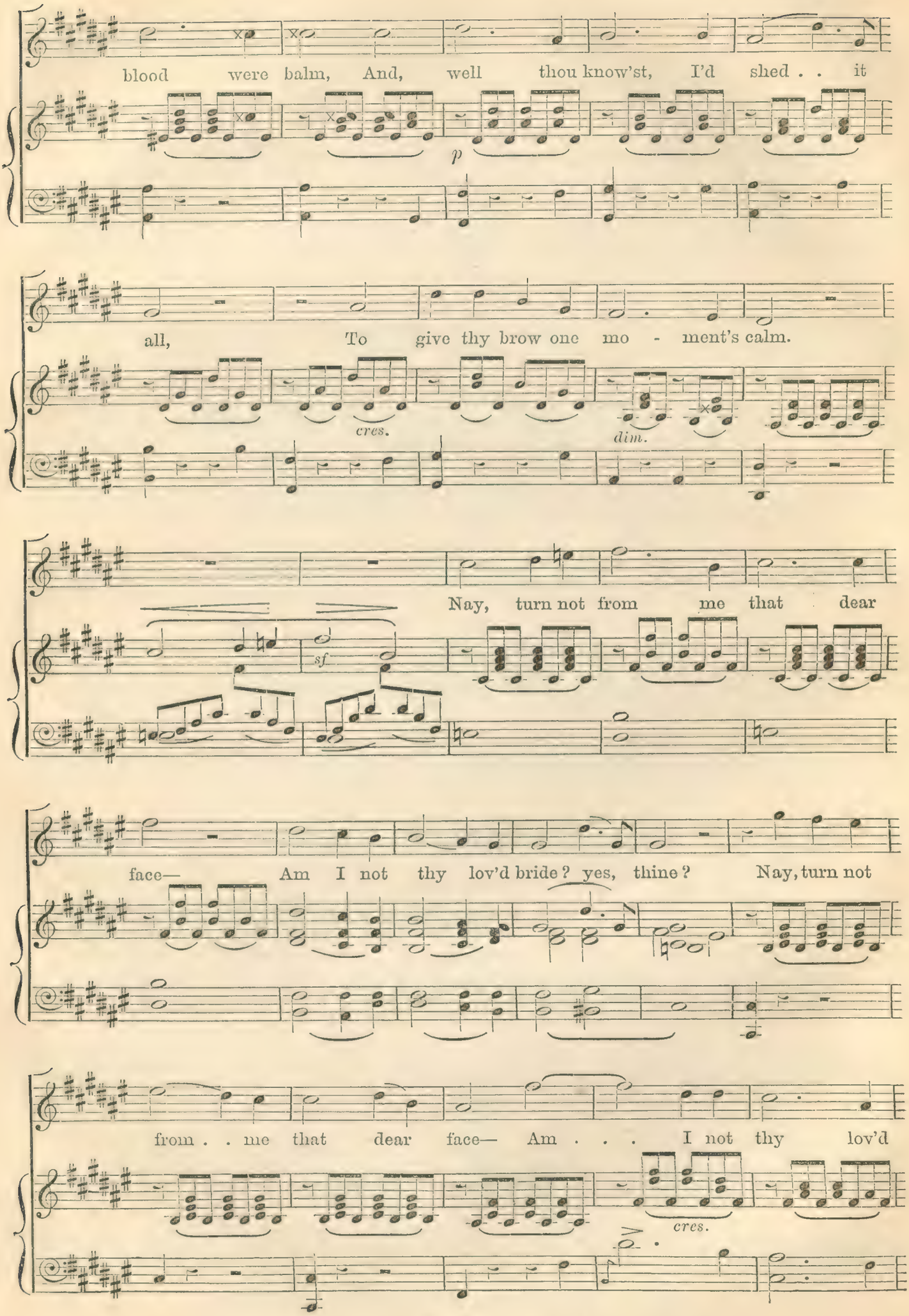
Mezzo Soprano Solo.

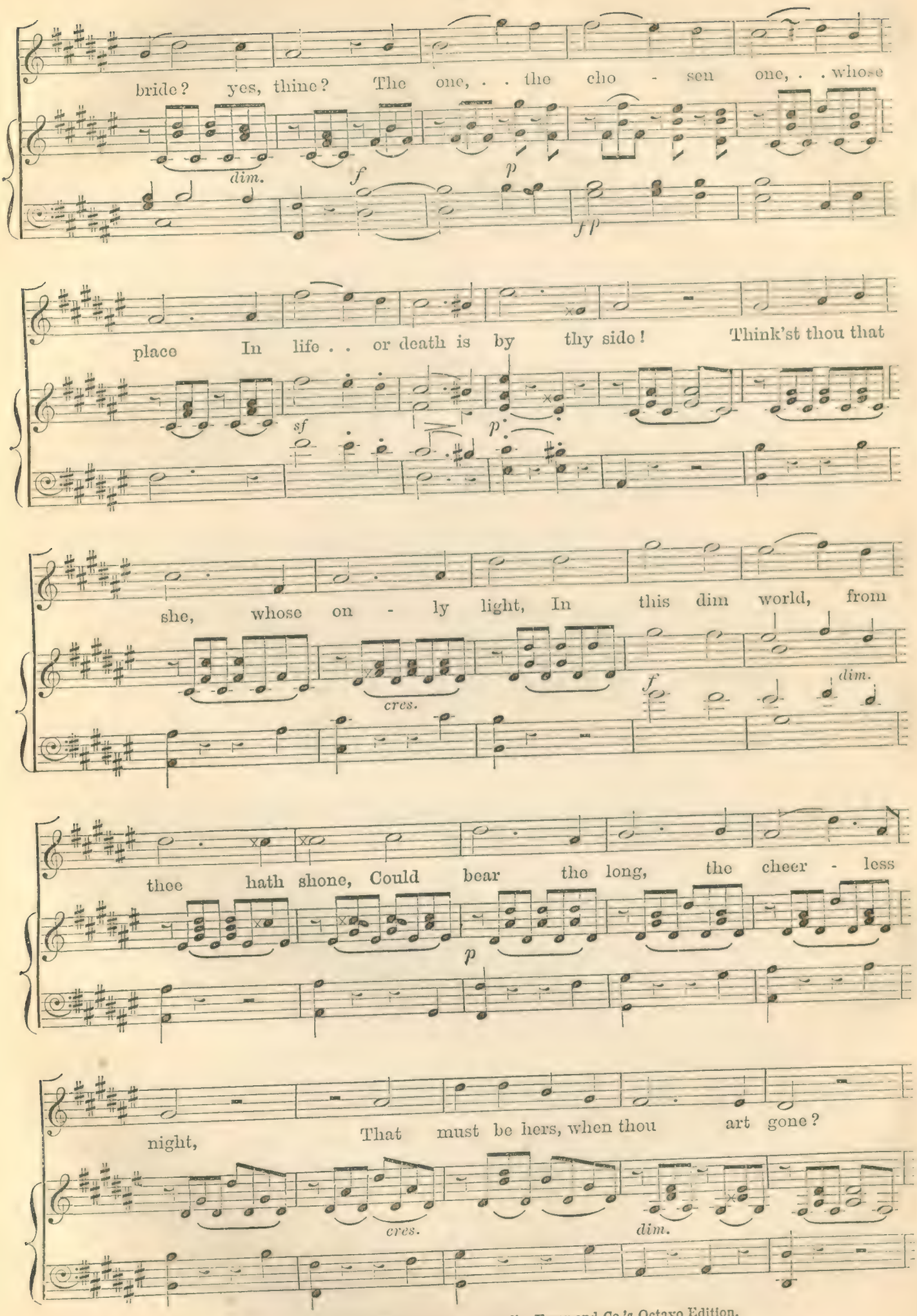


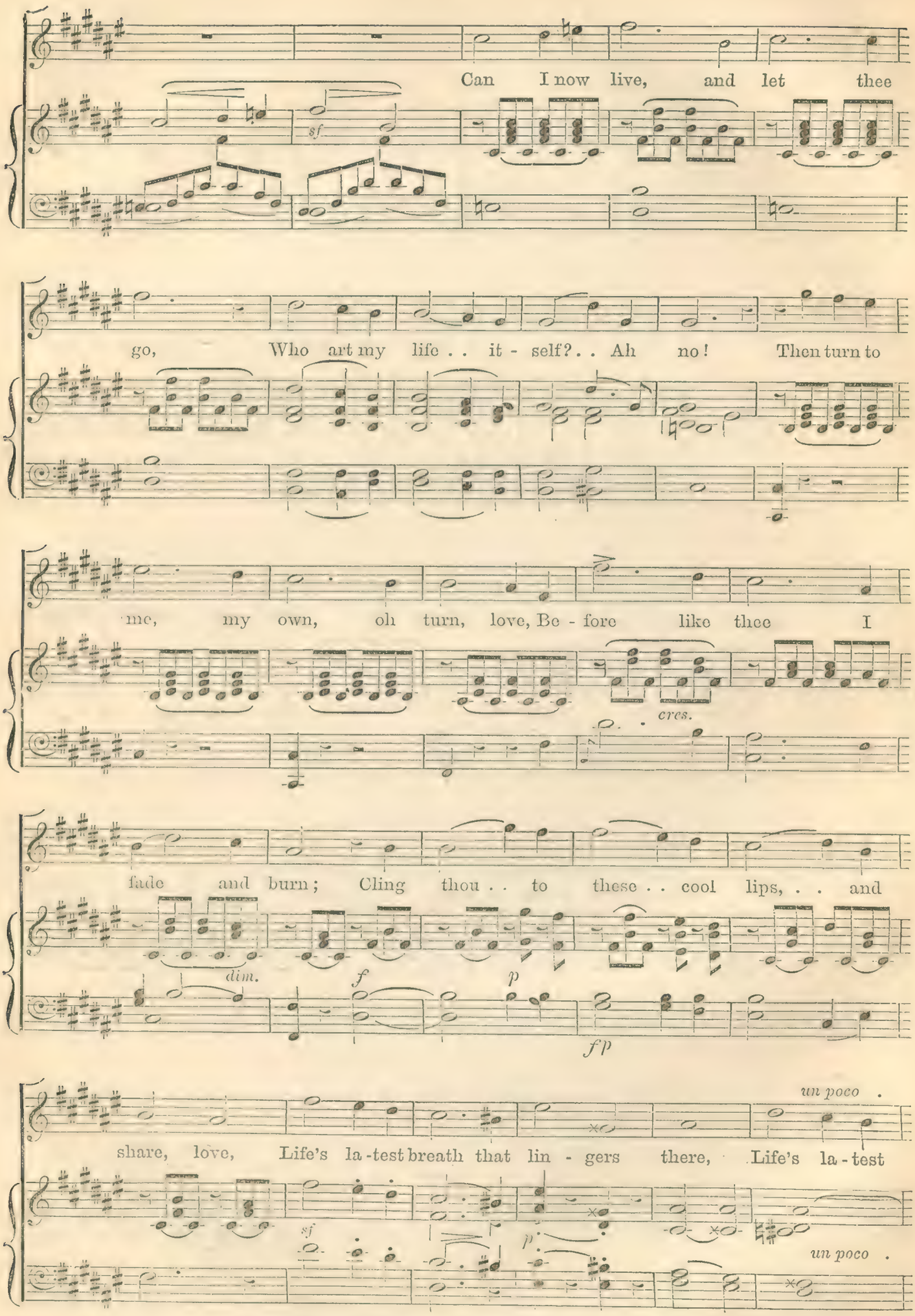

cres.
years, Was safe from this foul mid-night's breath;— Safe in her fa - ther's prince - ly
cres.
halls there, Where foun - tains breathe out cool-ness, Perfum'd by ma - ny a
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
brand Of sweet - est wood from In-dia, Of sweet - est wood from India's
strand, And pure as she whose brow . . they fann'd.
Fl.
p
pp
Poor youth! . . thus de -

- ser-ted, one thought on - ly Comfort gave still in death.
Tenor Solo.
poco a poco accellerando. ♩ = 120.
mf
But
accel - - le - - - - ran - - - - - do.
Corni.
cres.
p
see— who comes approaching yonder, This dark and lone - ly bow'r to
p
seek, Like Health's young en-voy doth she wan - der, With
ro - sy gifts up-on her cheek? She 'tis— far off, thro' midnight
cres.

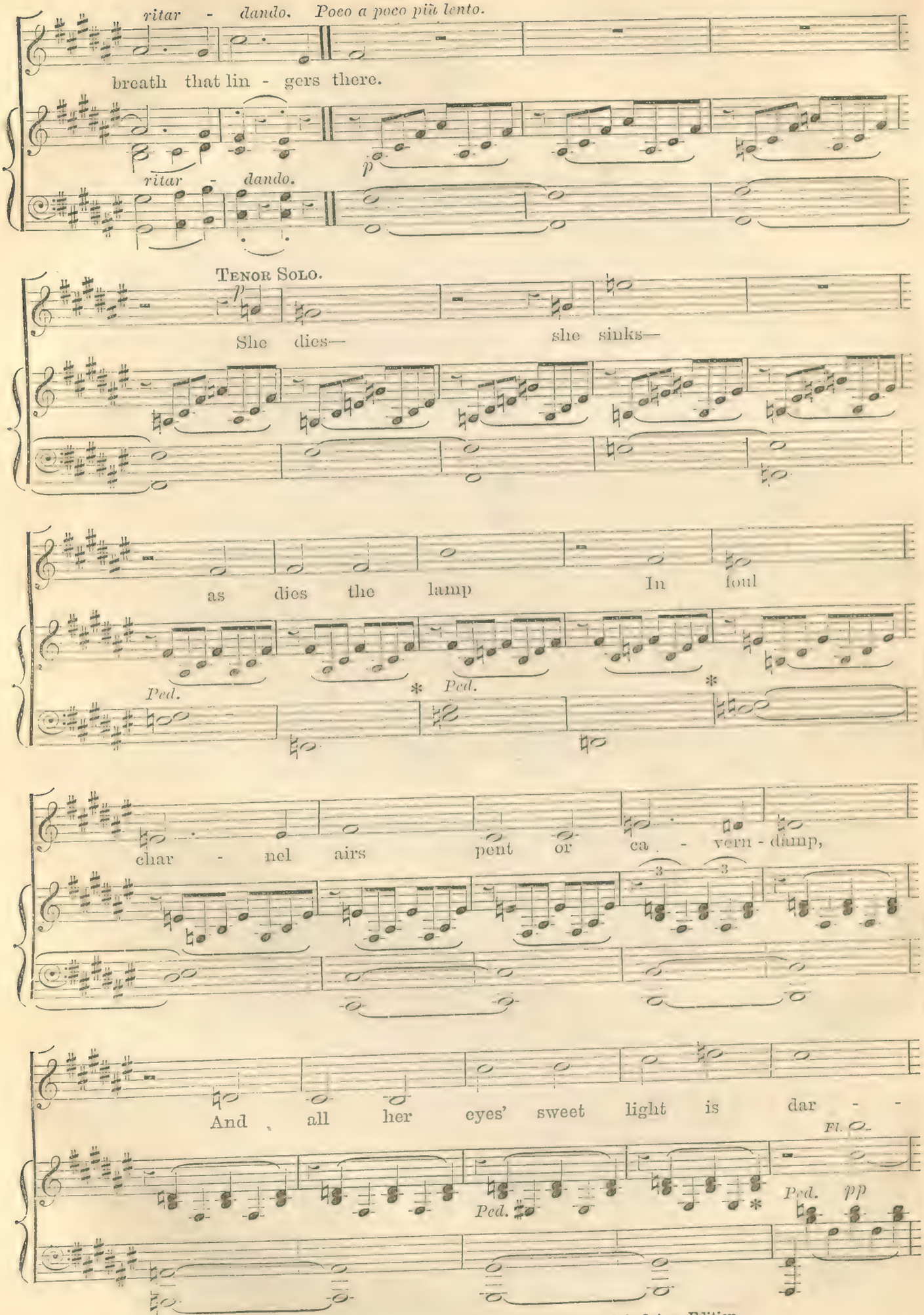

dim, . . .
He knew his own, his own be - troth - - ed
bride.
Più animato.
dim.
f
Her arms . . . are round . . . him now,
His li - vid
dim.
p

cheek . . to hers, to hers she presses, And in cool lake her loos - en'd
tres - ses Dips she, to bind his burn - ing brow.
cres.
dim.
THE YOUTH. (2nd TENOR.)
Thou here, fly
un poco ri - tar - - - - - dan - - - - - -
Ped.
hence, From me a breath
do.
will bring thee death. stringendo.

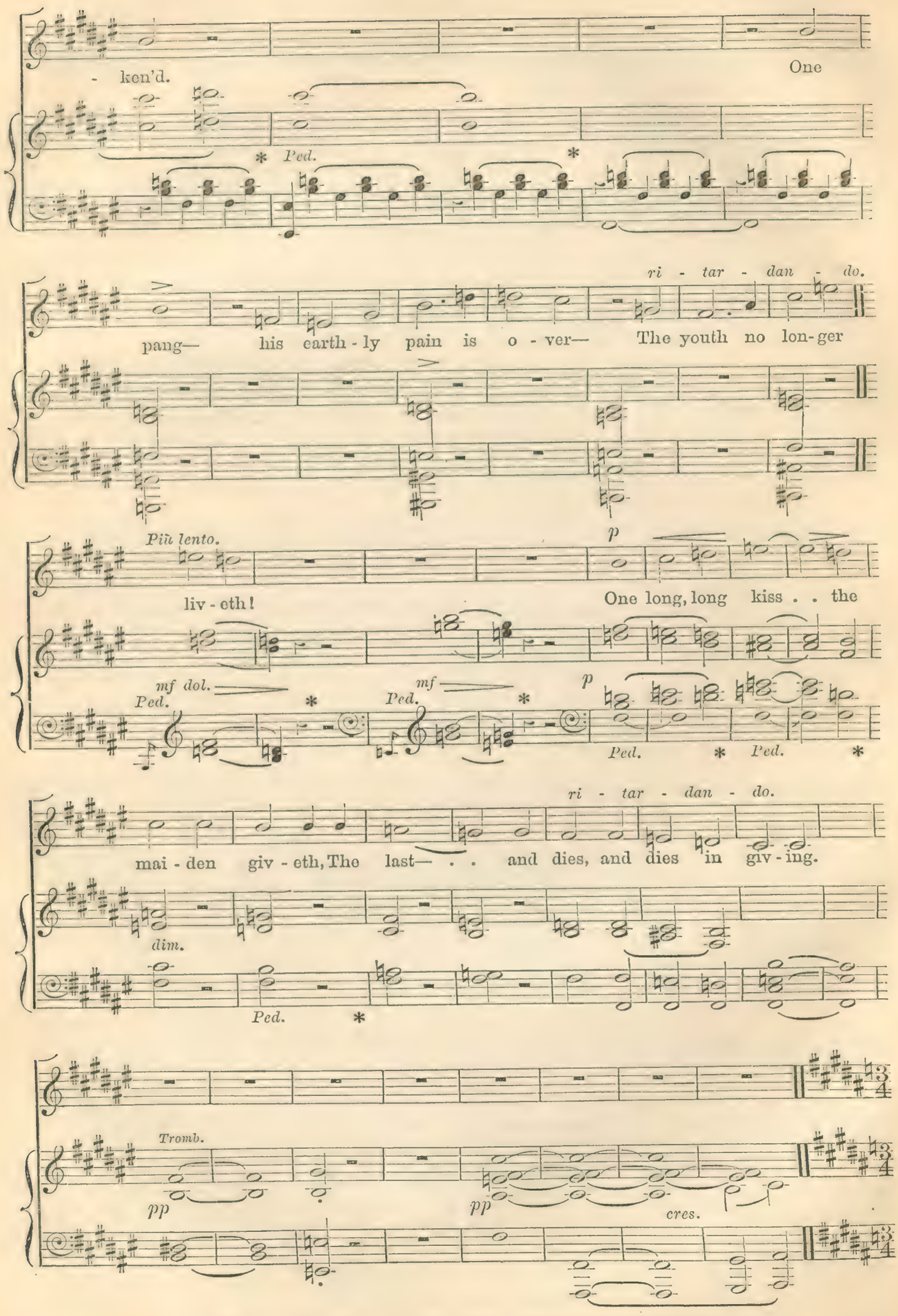

No. 16.
Allegro. ♩ = 108.
THE MAIDEN. (2nd TREBLE.)
Oh! let me
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
on - ly breathe the air, love, That bles - sed air, that's
cres.
breath'd by thee, And, whe - ther on . . its wings . . it
dim.
f
p
fp
bear, love, Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me! There,—drink my
sf
p
tears, love, while they fall,— Would that my heart's best
cres.
f
dim.

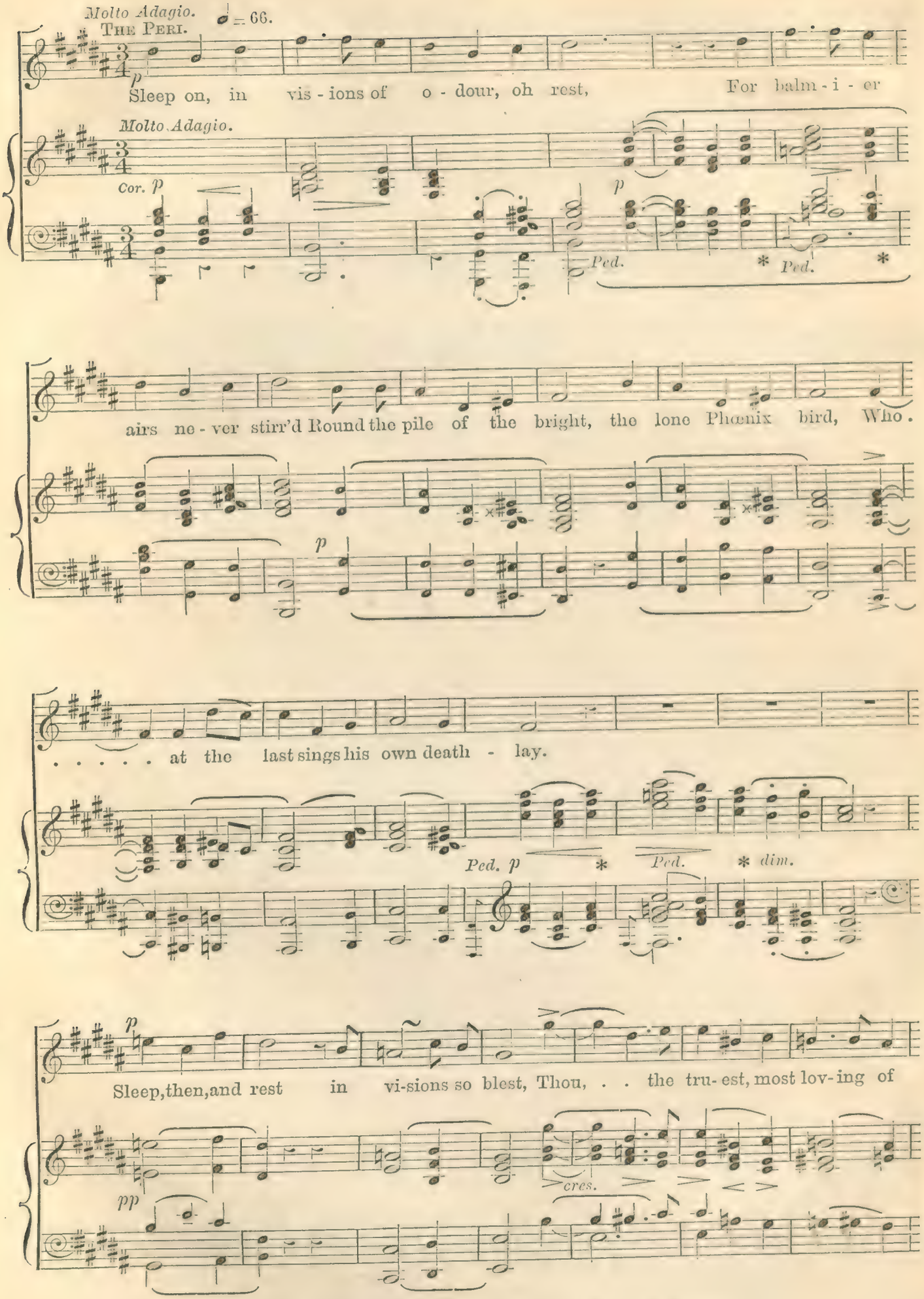

blood were balm, And, well thou know'st, I'd shed . . it
p
all, To give thy brow one mo - ment's calm.
cres.
dim.
Nay, turn not from me that dear
sf
face— Am I not thy lov'd bride? yes, thine? Nay, turn not
from . . me that dear face— Am . . . I not thy lov'd
cres.

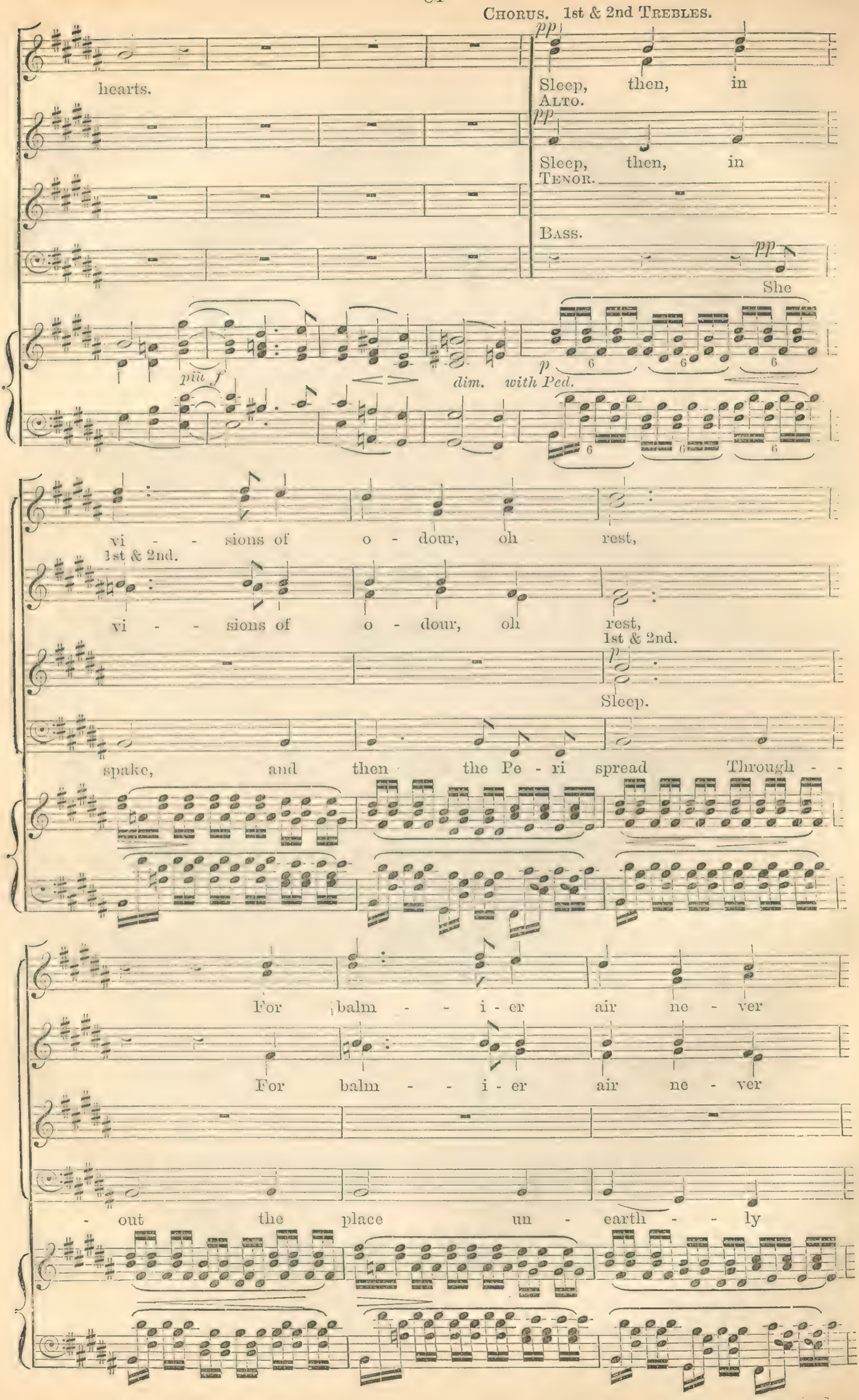

bride? yes, thine? The one, . . the cho - sen one, . . whose
dim.
f
p
fp
place In life . . or death is by thy side! Think'st thou that
sf
p
she, whose on - ly light, In this dim world, from
cres.
f
dim.
thee hath shone, Could bear the long, the cheer - less
p
night, That must be hers, when thou art gone?
cres.
dim.

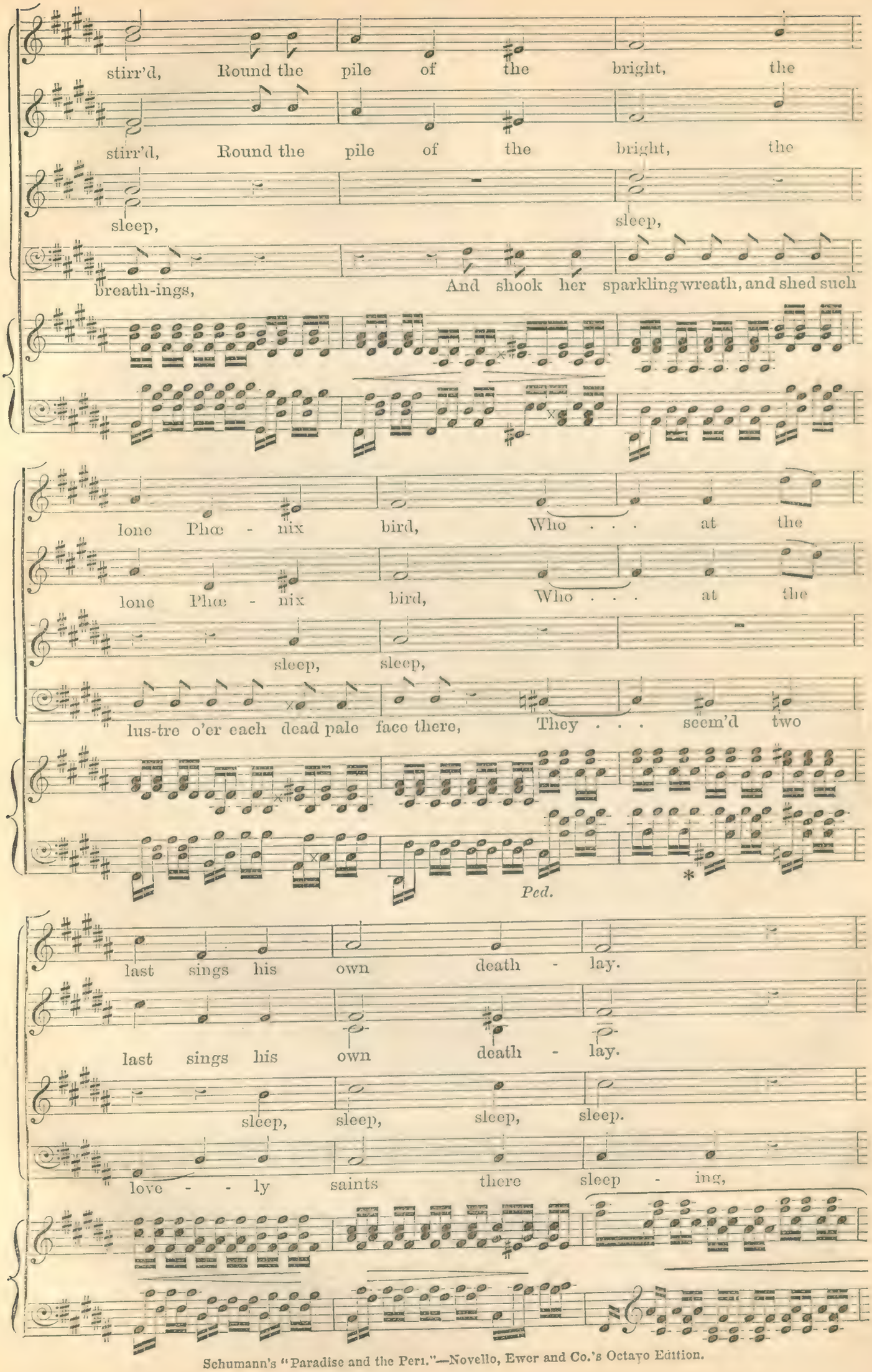

Can I now live, and let thee
sf
go, Who art my life . . it - self? . . Ah no! Then turn to
me, my own, oh turn, love, Be - fore like thee I
cres.
fade and burn; Cling thou . . to these . . cool lips, . . and
dim.
f
p
fp
un poco
share, love, Life's la - test breath that lin - gers there, Life's la - test
sf
p
un poco

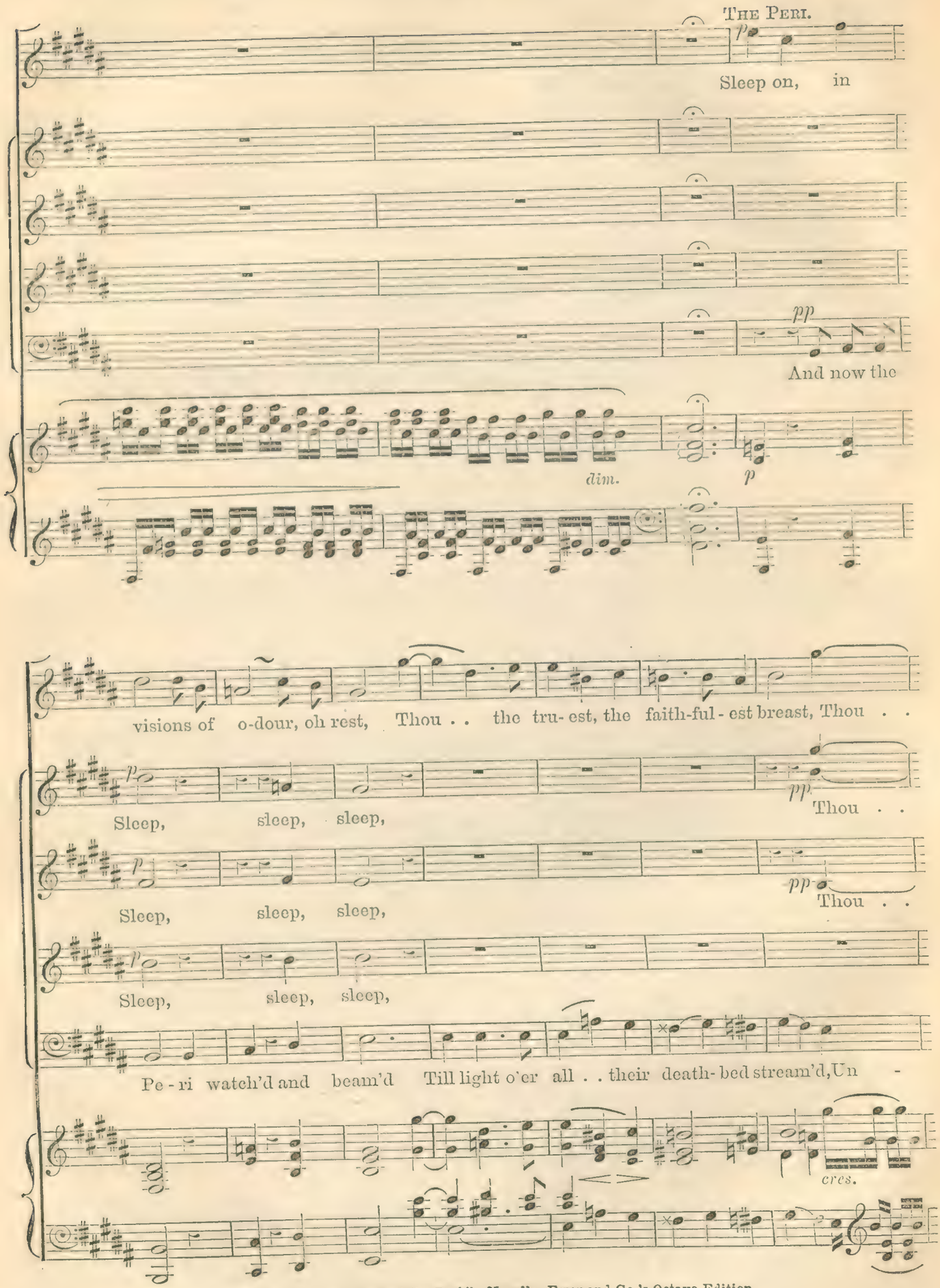

ritar - dando. Poco a poco più lento.
breath that lin - gers there.
ritar - dando.
p
Tenor Solo.
p
She dies— she sinks—
as dies the lamp In foul
Ped. * Ped. *
char - nel airs pent or ca - vern - damp,
3 3
And all her eyes' sweet light is dar - -
Fl.
Ped. Ped. pp

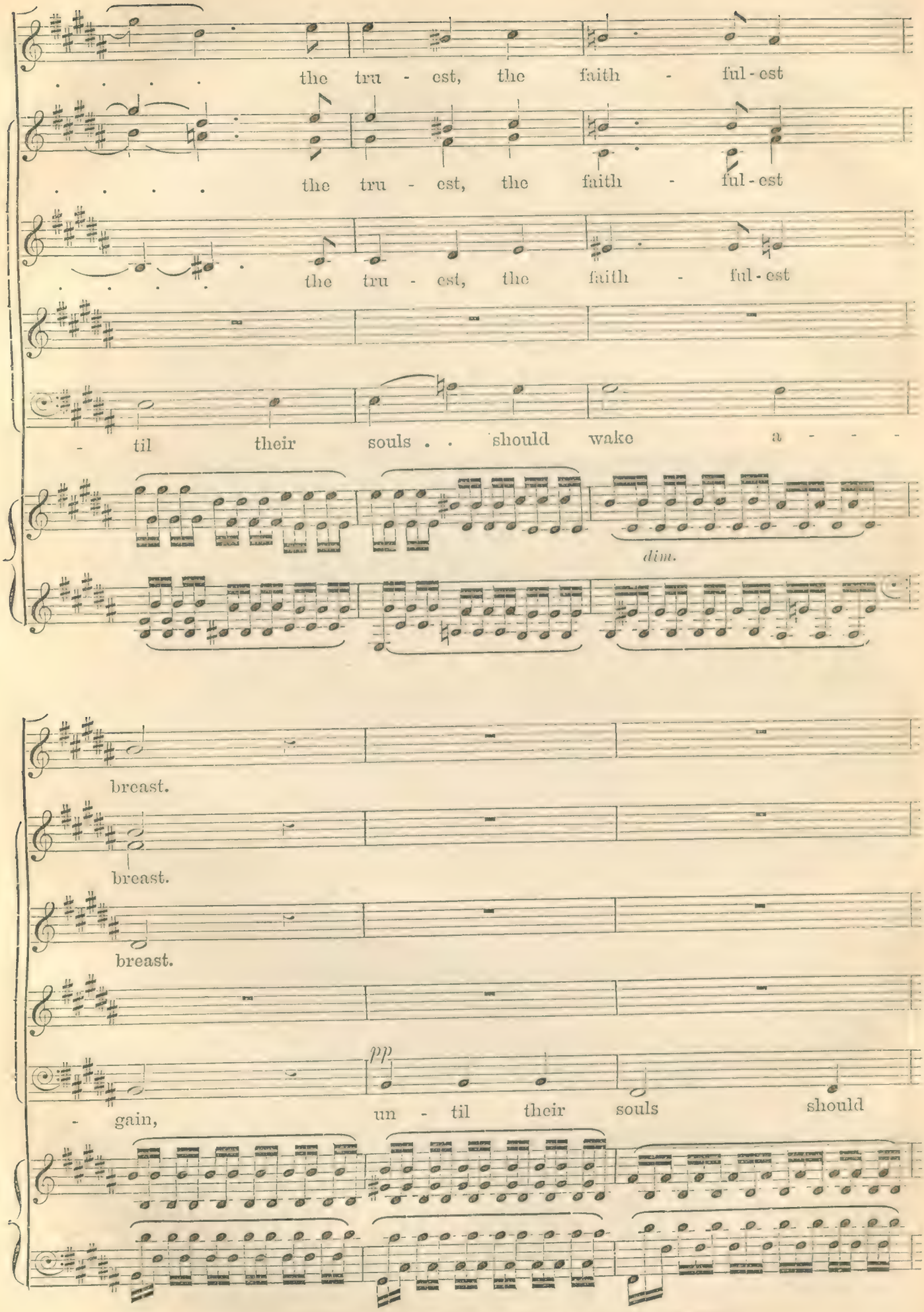

- ken'd.
One
Ped.
ri - tar - dan - do.
pang— his earth - ly pain is o - ver— The youth no lon-ger
Più lento.
liv - eth!
p
One long, long kiss . . the
mf dol.
Ped.
mf
Ped.
p
Ped.
Ped.
ri - tar - dan - do.
mai - den giv - eth, The last— . . and dies, and dies in giv - ing.
dim.
Ped.
Tromb.
pp
pp
cres.

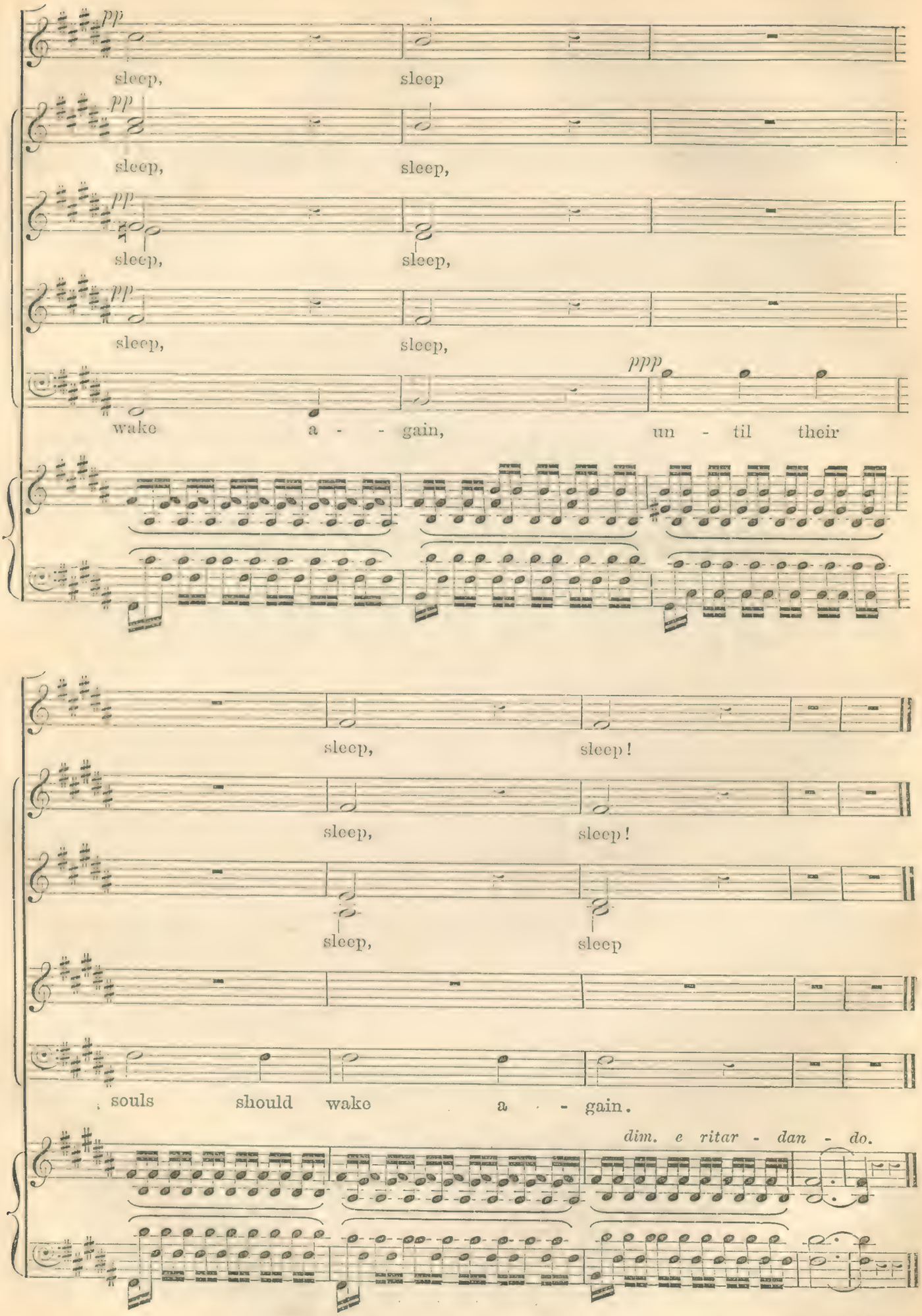

Molto Adagio. ♩ = 66.
THE PERI.
Sleep on, in vis - ions of o - dour, oh rest, For balm - i - er
Molto Adagio.
Cor. p
Ped. * Ped. *
airs ne - ver stirr'd Round the pile of the bright, the lone Phœnix bird, Who.
. . . . . at the last sings his own death - lay.
Ped. p * Ped. * dim.
Sleep, then, and rest in vi-sions so blest, Thou, . . the tru - est, most lov - ing of
cres.
pp


Chorus. 1st & 2nd Trebles.
pp
hearts.
Sleep, then, in
Alto.
pp
Sleep, then, in
Tenor.
Bass.
pp
She
più f
dim. with Ped.
p
vi - - sions of o - dour, oh rest,
1st & 2nd.
vi - - - sions of o - dour, oh rest,
1st & 2nd.
p
Sleep.
spake, and then the Pe - ri spread Through - -
For balm - - i - er air ne - ver
For balm - - i - er air ne - ver
- out the place un - earth - - ly


stirr'd, Round the pile of the bright, the
stirr'd, Round the pile of the bright, the
sleep,
sleep,
breath-ings,
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed such
lone Phœ - nix bird, Who . . . at the
lone Phœ - nix bird, Who . . . at the
sleep, sleep,
lus-tre o'er each dead pale face there, They . . . seem'd two
Ped.
last sings his own death - lay.
last sings his own death - lay.
sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep.
love - - ly saints there sleep - ing,


The Peri.
p
Sleep on, in
pp
And now the
dim.
p
visions of o-dour, oh rest, Thou . . the tru-est, the faith-ful-est breast, Thou . .
p
Sleep, sleep, sleep,
pp
Thou . .
p
Sleep, sleep, sleep,
pp
Thou . .
p
Sleep, sleep, sleep,
Pe-ri watch'd and beam'd Till light o'er all . . their death-bed stream'd, Un -
cres.


the tru - est, the faith - ful - est
the tru - est, the faith - ful - est
the tru - est, the faith - ful - est
- til their souls . . should wake a - - -
dim.
breast.
breast.
breast.
pp
- gain, un - til their souls should

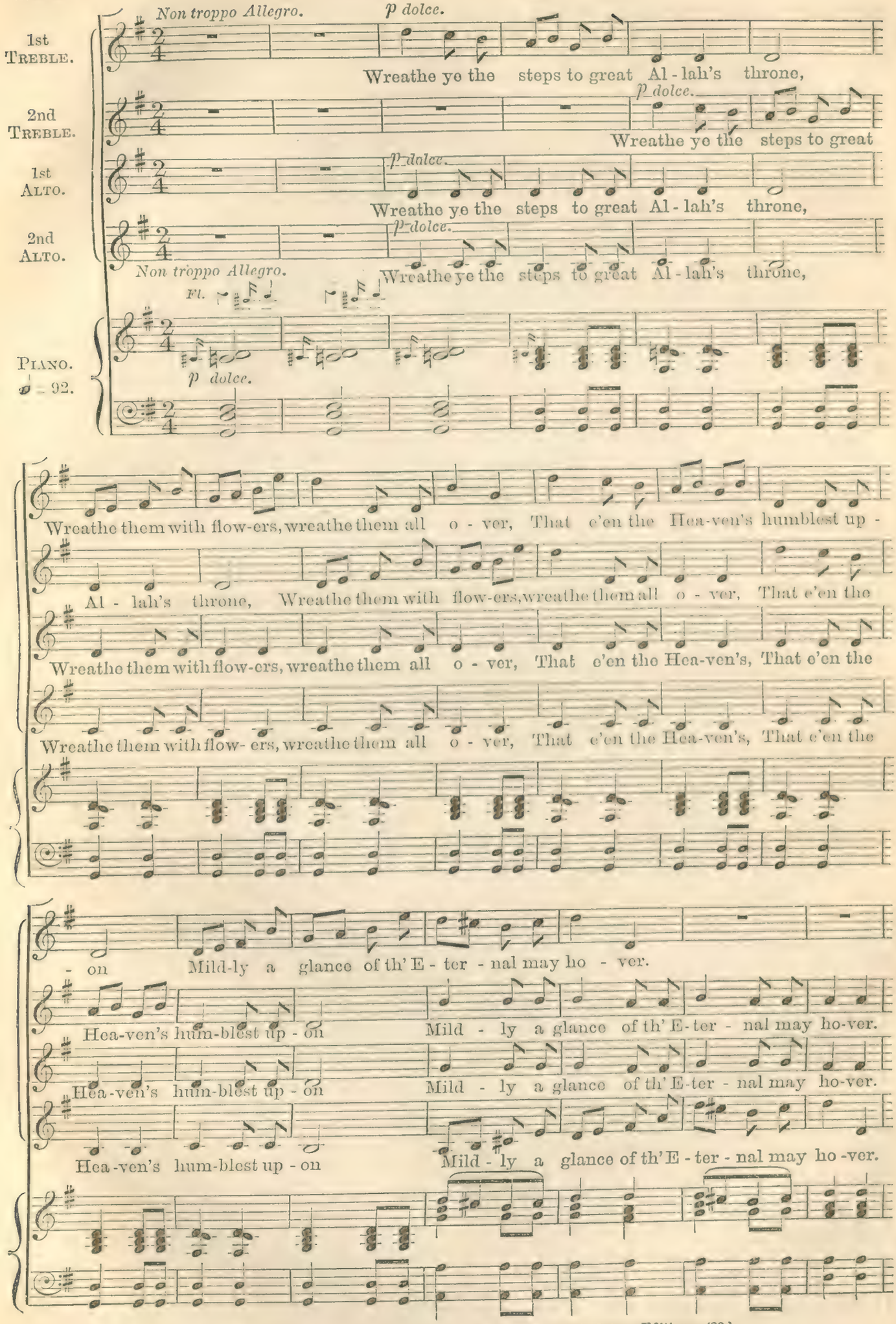


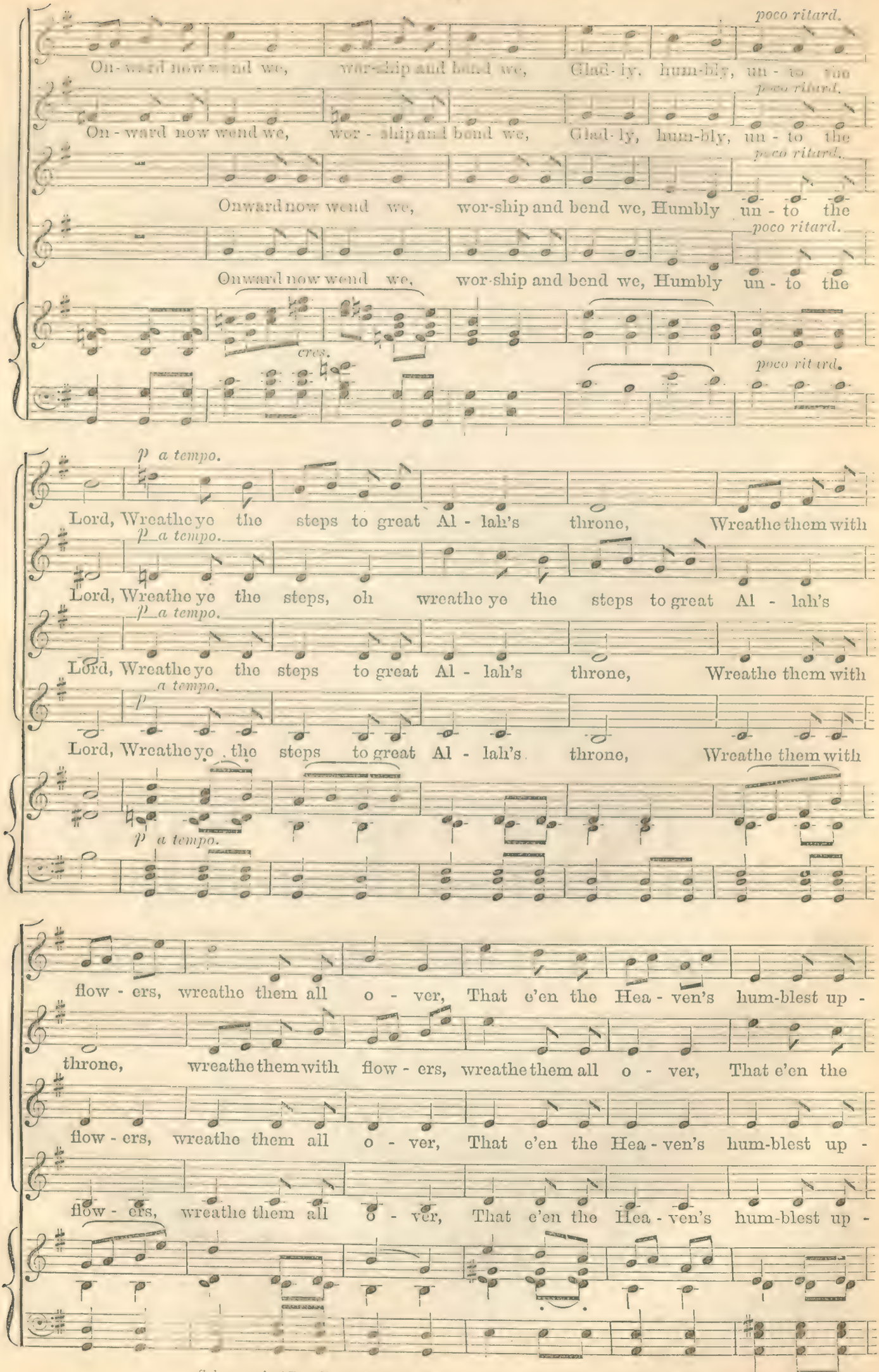
END OF PART II.

PART III.

CHORUS OF HOURIS.

No. 18.


Non troppo Allegro.
p dolce.
1st Treble.
2nd Treble.
1st Alto.
2nd Alto.
Piano.
♩ = 92.
Wreathe ye the steps to great Al - lah's throne,
Wreathe ye the steps to great
Wreathe ye the steps to great Al - lah's throne,
Wreathe ye the steps to great Al - lah's throne,
Non troppo Allegro.
Fl.
p dolce.
Wreathe them with flow-ers, wreathe them all o - ver, That e'en the Hea-ven's humblest up -
Al - lah's throne, Wreathe them with flow-ers, wreathe them all o - ver, That e'en the
Wreathe them with flow-ers, wreathe them all o - ver, That e'en the Hea-ven's, That e'en the
Wreathe them with flow- ers, wreathe them all o - ver, That e'en the Hea-ven's, That e'en the
- on Mild-ly a glance of th' E - ter - nal may ho - ver.
Hea-ven's hum-blest up - on Mild - ly a glance of th' E-ter - nal may ho-ver.
Hea-ven's hum-blest up - on Mild - ly a glance of th' E-ter - nal may ho-ver.
Hea-ven's hum-blest up - on Mild - ly a glance of th' E - ter - nal may ho -ver.


poco ritard.
On-ward now wend we, wor-ship and bend we, Glad-ly, hum-bly, un-to the
On-ward now wend we, wor-ship and bend we, Glad-ly, hum-bly, un-to the
Onward now wend we, wor-ship and bend we, Humbly un-to the
Onward now wend we, wor-ship and bend we, Humbly un-to the
cres.
poco ritard.
p a tempo.
Lord, Wreathe ye the steps to great Al-lah's throne, Wreathe them with
Lord, Wreathe ye the steps, oh wreathe ye the steps to great Al-lah's
Lord, Wreathe ye the steps to great Al-lah's throne, Wreathe them with
Lord, Wreathe ye the steps to great Al-lah's throne, Wreathe them with
flow-ers, wreathe them all o-ver, That e'en the Hea-ven's hum-blest up-
throne, wreathe them with flow-ers, wreathe them all o-ver, That e'en the
flow-ers, wreathe them all o-ver, That e'en the Hea-ven's hum-blest up-
flow-ers, wreathe them all o-ver, That e'en the Hea-ven's hum-blest up-

- on Mild-ly a glance of th'E - ter - nal may ho - ver!

hum - ble Mild-ly a glance of th'E - ter - nal may ho - ver!

- on Mild - ly a glance of th'E - ter - nal may ho - ver!

- on Mild - ly a glance of th'E - ter - nal may ho - ver!

dim.

Solo.

Like - wise the lov'd ones re - mem - ber right, Who on the earth still are toil - some

Solo.

Like - wise the lov'd ones re - mem - ber right, Who on the earth still are toil - some

Solo.

Like - wise the lov'd ones re - mem - ber right, Who on the earth still are toil - some

Solo.

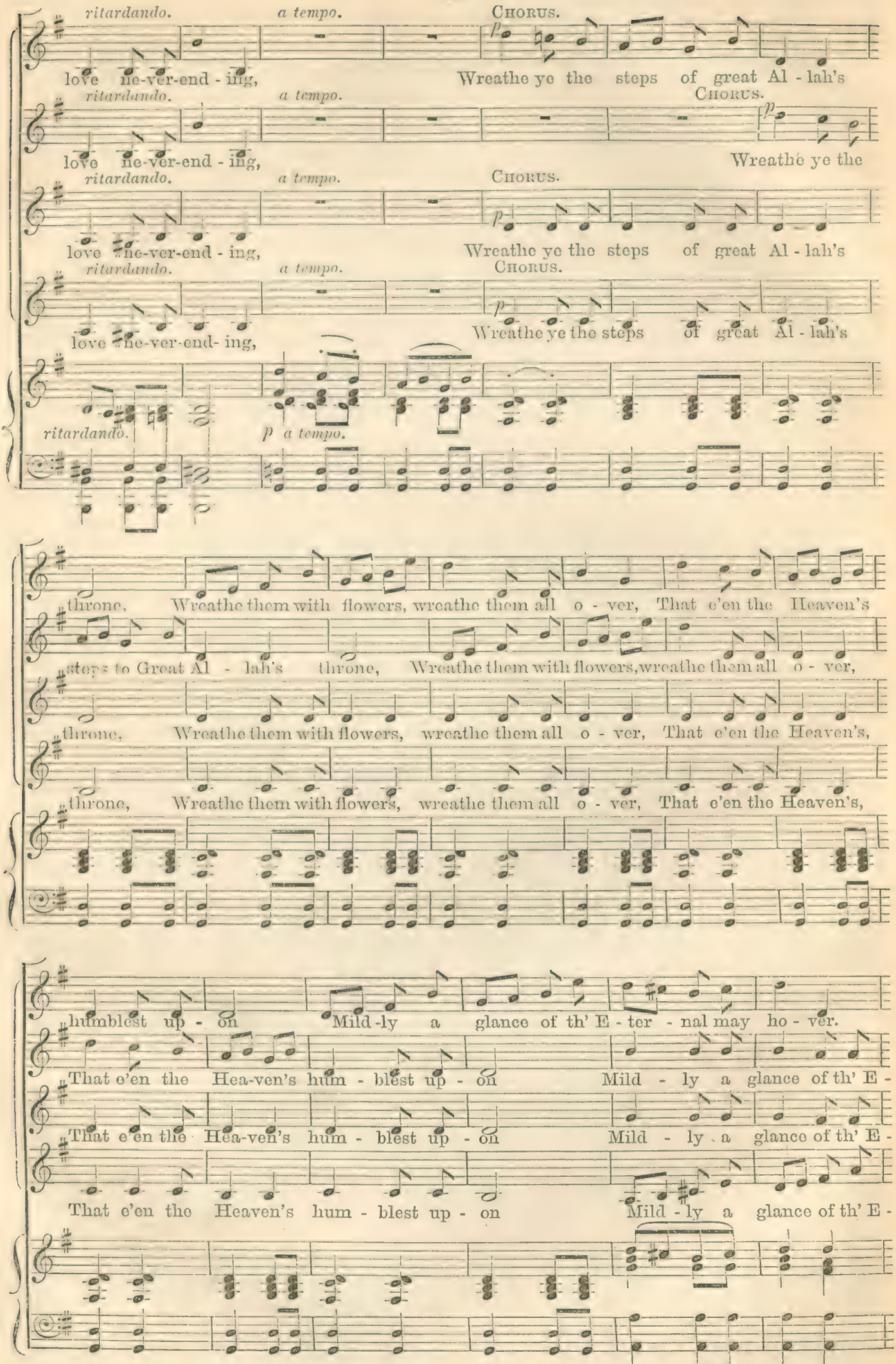
Like - wise the lov'd ones re - mem - ber right, Who on the earth still are toil - some

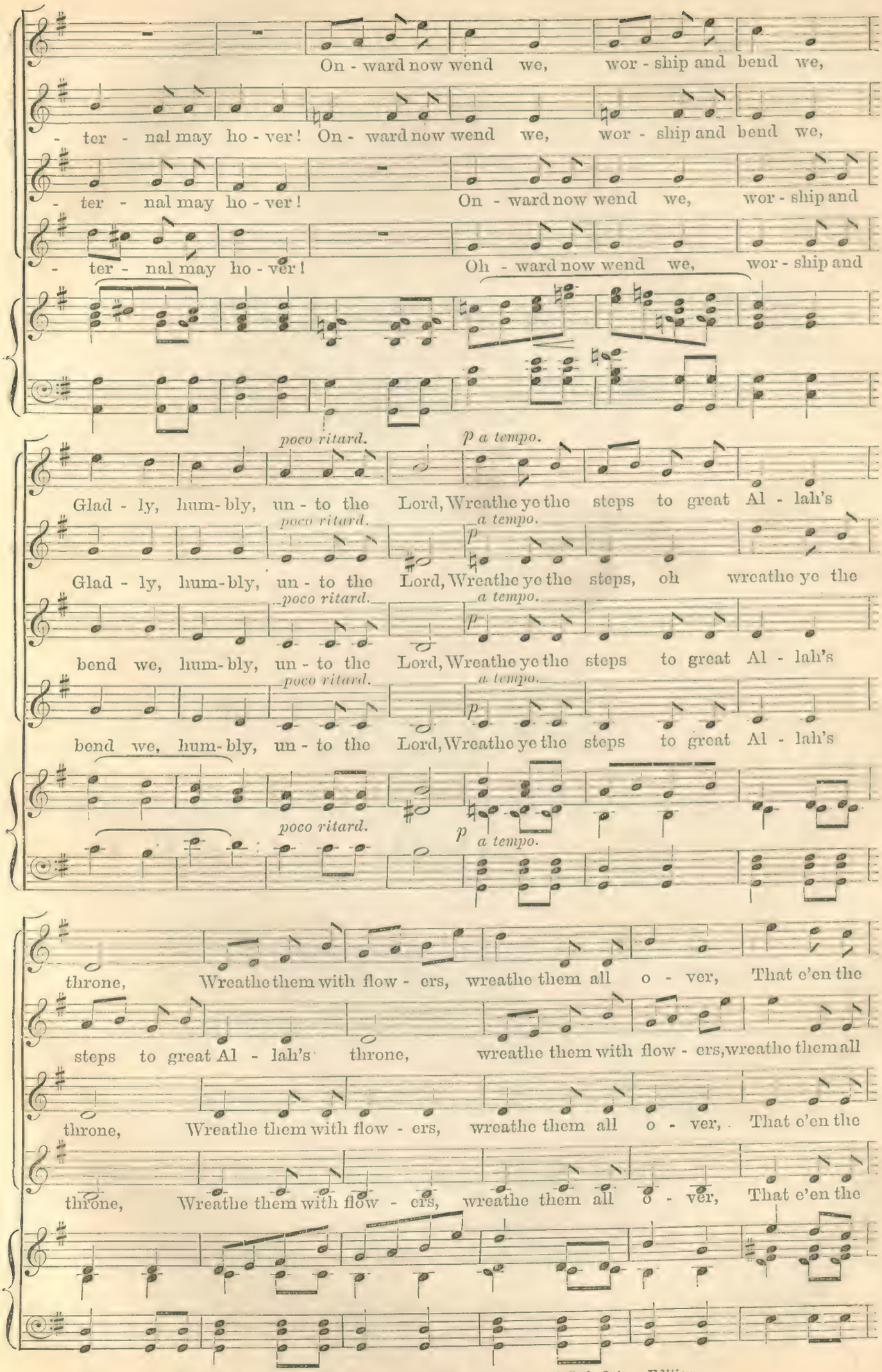
più f

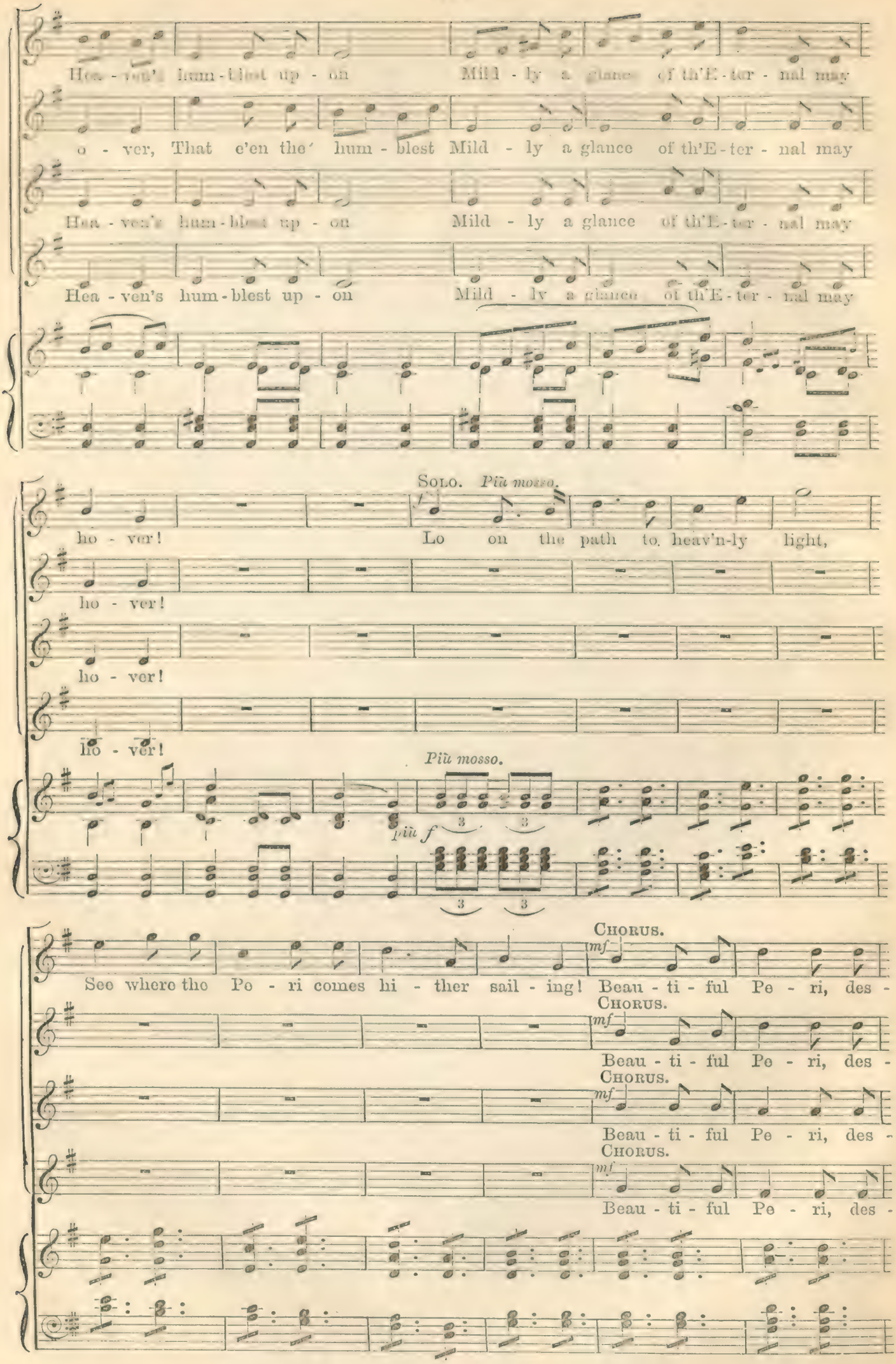
wen - ding. Down-ward is dark - ness, up - ward is light, Ha - tred there, here

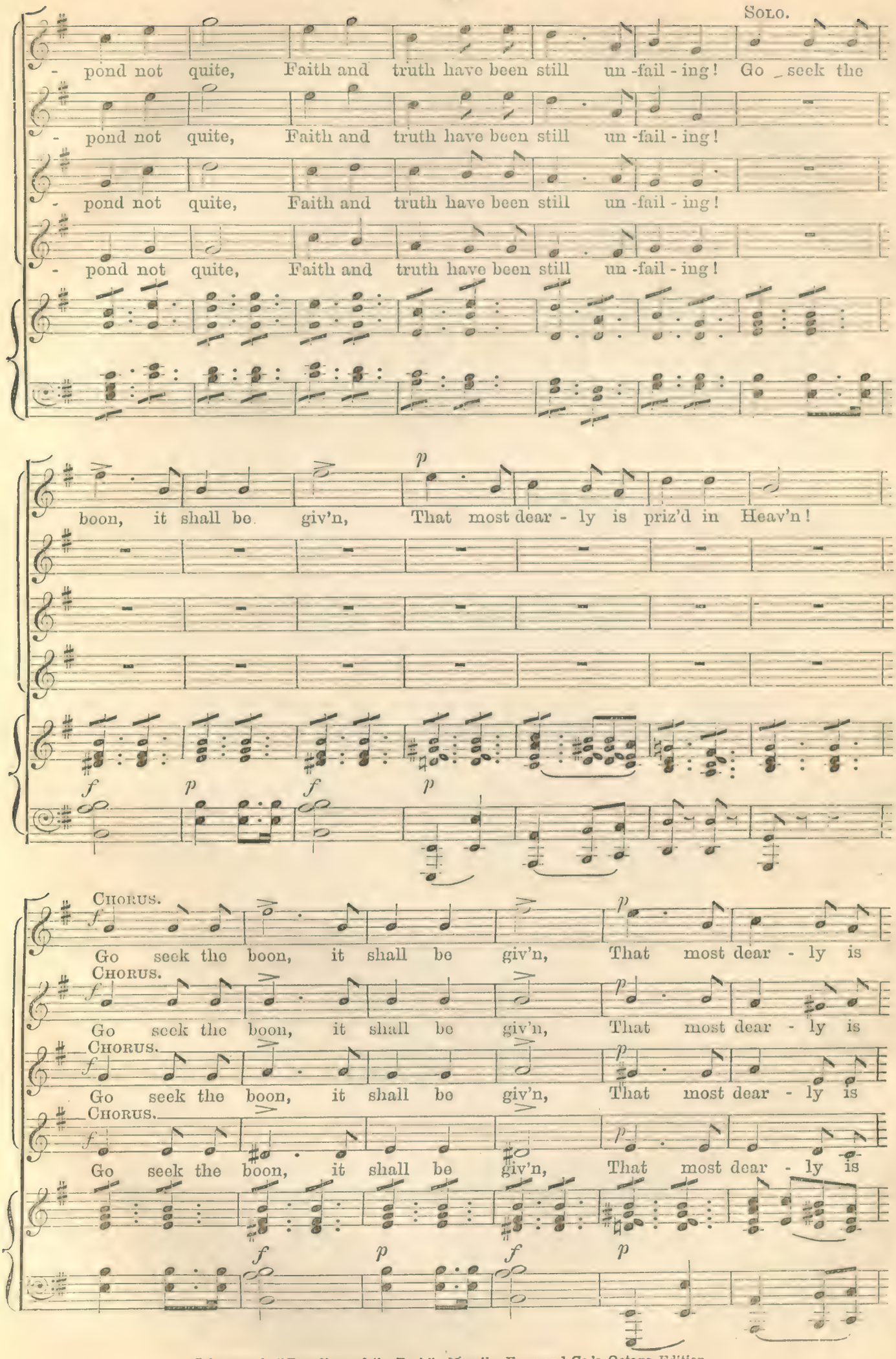
wen - ding. Down-ward is dark - ness, up - ward is light, Ha - tred there, here

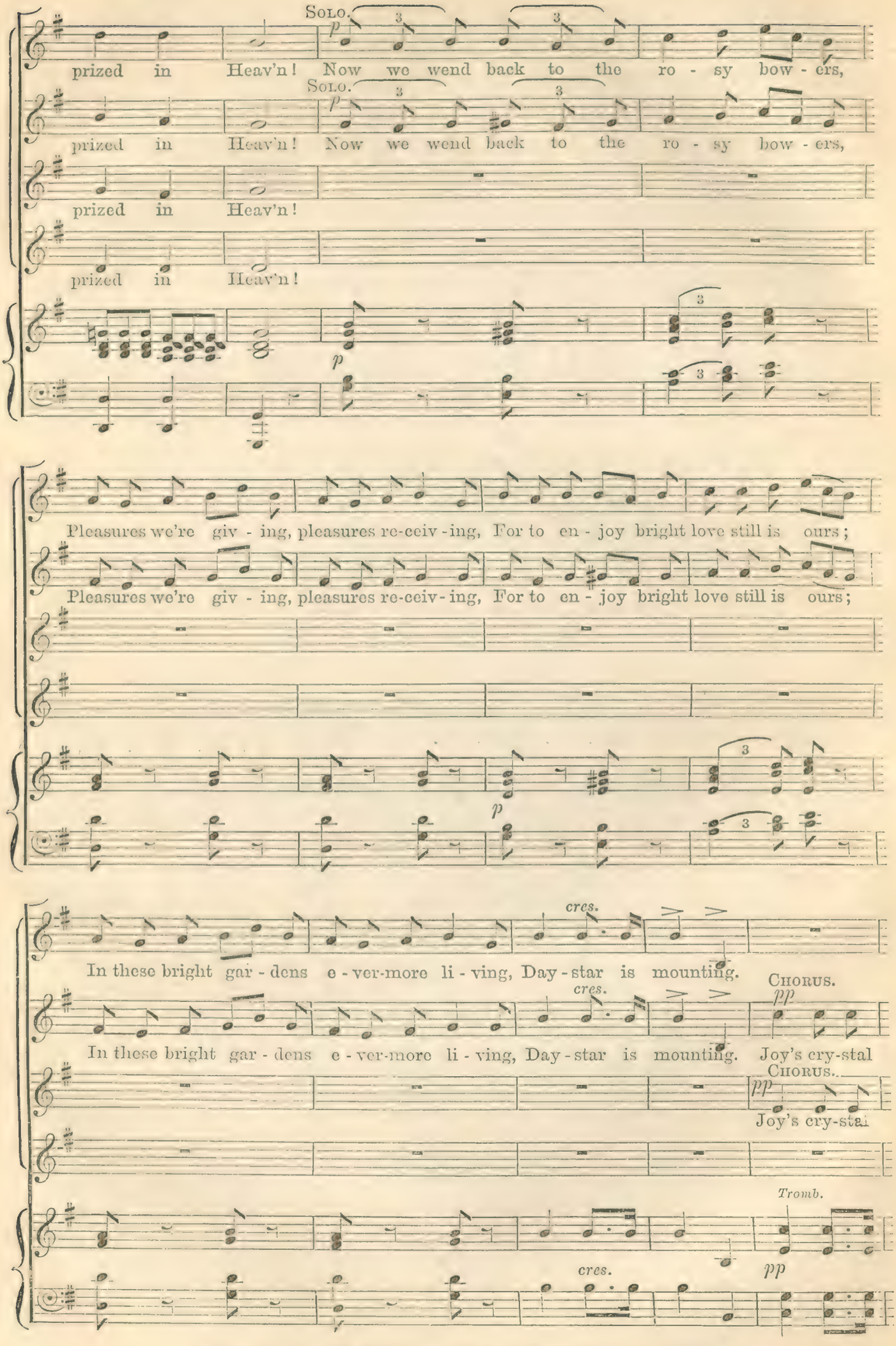
wen - ding. Down-ward is dark - ness, up - ward is light, Ha - tred there, here

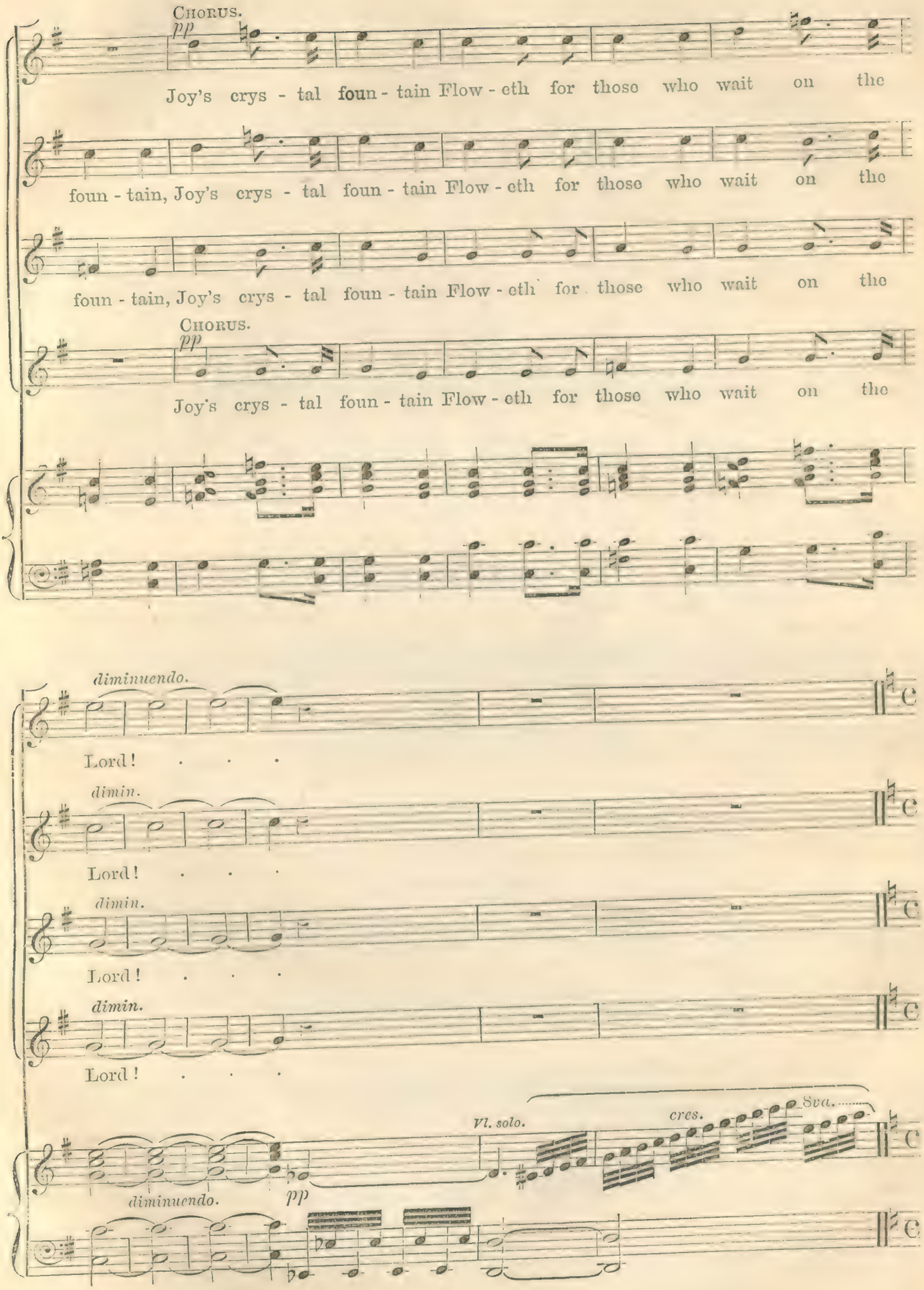
wen - ding. Down-ward is dark - ness, up - ward is light, Ha - tred there, here

ritardando.
a tempo.
CHORUS.
love ne-ver-end - ing,
Wreathe ye the steps of great Al - lah's
Wreathe ye the
Wreathe ye the steps of great Al - lah's
Wreathe ye the steps of great Al - lah's
throne, Wreathe them with flowers, wreathe them all o - ver, That e'en the Heaven's
steps to Great Al - lah's throne, Wreathe them with flowers, wreathe them all o - ver,
throne, Wreathe them with flowers, wreathe them all o - ver, That e'en the Heaven's,
humblest up - on Mild - ly a glance of th' E - ter - nal may ho - ver.
That e'en the Hea-ven's hum - blest up - on Mild - ly a glance of th' E -
That e'en the Hea-ven's hum - blest up - on Mild - ly a glance of th' E -
That e'en the Heaven's hum - blest up - on Mild - ly a glance of th' E -

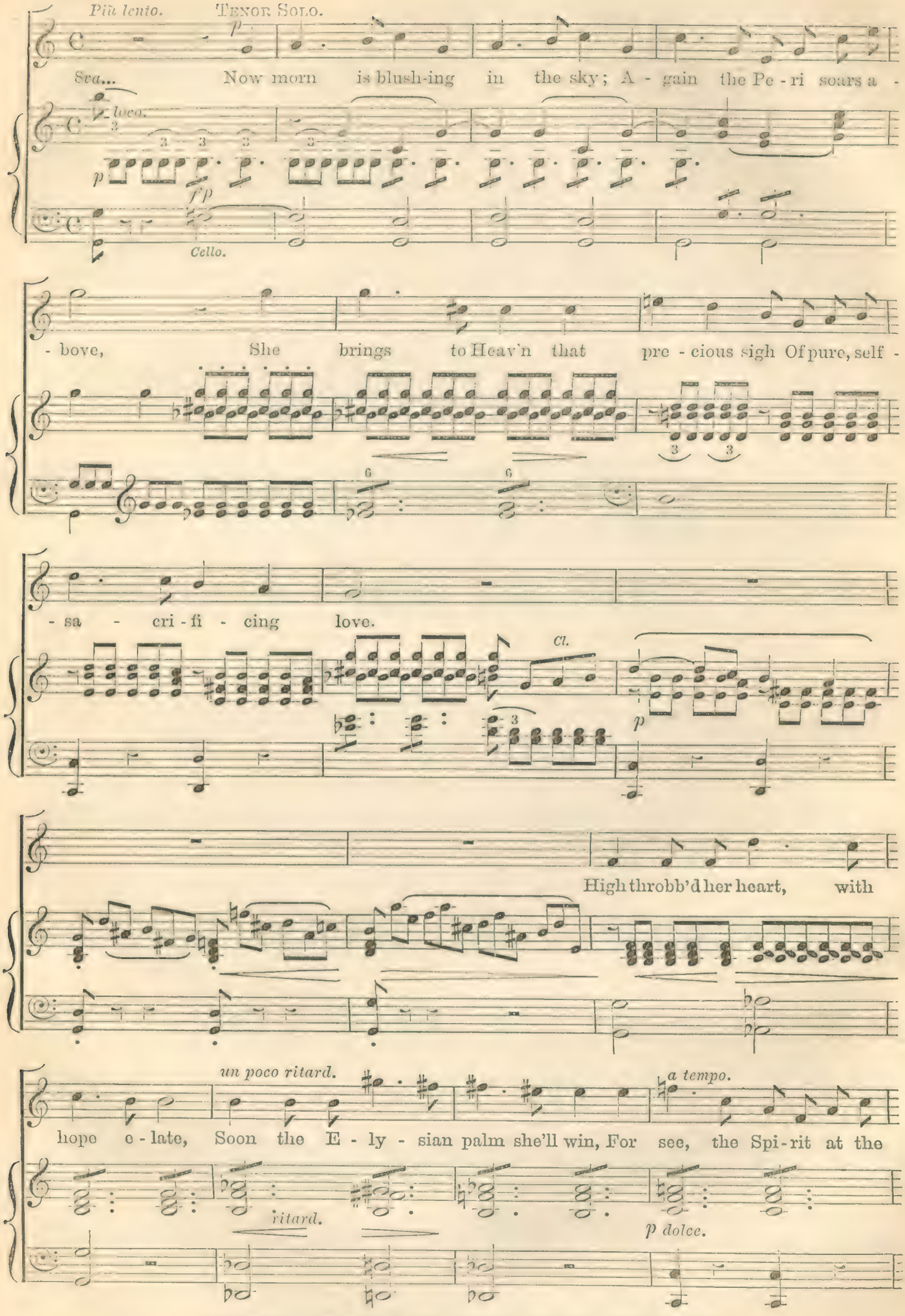

On - ward now wend we, wor - ship and bend we,
- ter - nal may ho - ver! On - ward now wend we, wor - ship and bend we,
- ter - nal may ho - ver! On - ward now wend we, wor - ship and
- ter - nal may ho - ver! Oh - ward now wend we, wor - ship and
poco ritard.
p a tempo.
Glad - ly, hum - bly, un - to the Lord, Wreathe ye the steps to great Al - lah's
poco ritard.
a tempo.
Glad - ly, hum - bly, un - to the Lord, Wreathe ye the steps, oh wreathe ye the
poco ritard.
a tempo.
bend we, hum - bly, un - to the Lord, Wreathe ye the steps to great Al - lah's
poco ritard.
a tempo.
bend we, hum - bly, un - to the Lord, Wreathe ye the steps to great Al - lah's
poco ritard.
p
a tempo.
throne, Wreathe them with flow - ers, wreathe them all o - ver, That e'en the
steps to great Al - lah's throne, wreathe them with flow - ers, wreathe them all
throne, Wreathe them with flow - ers, wreathe them all o - ver, That e'en the
throne, Wreathe them with flow - ers, wreathe them all o - ver, That e'en the

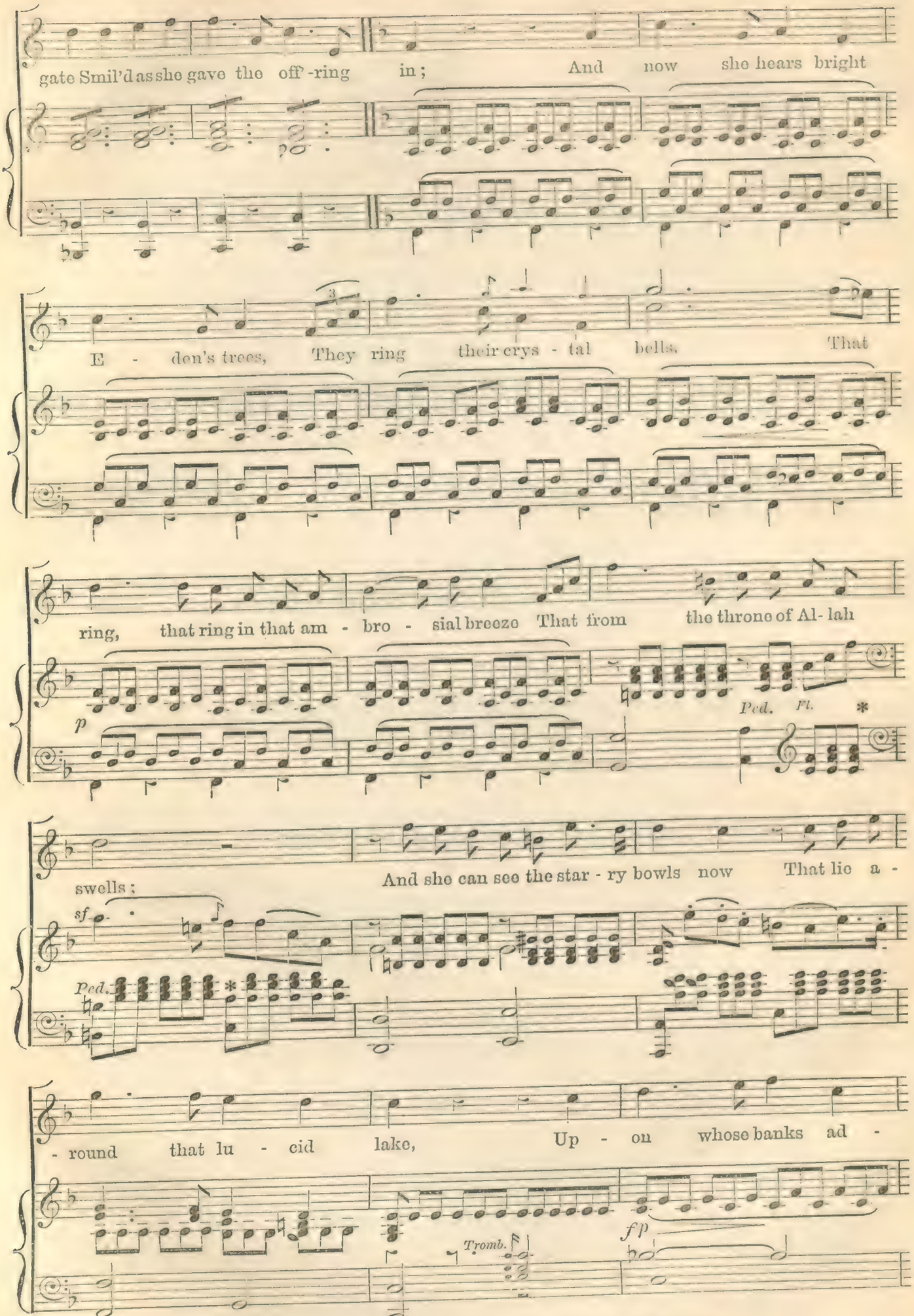
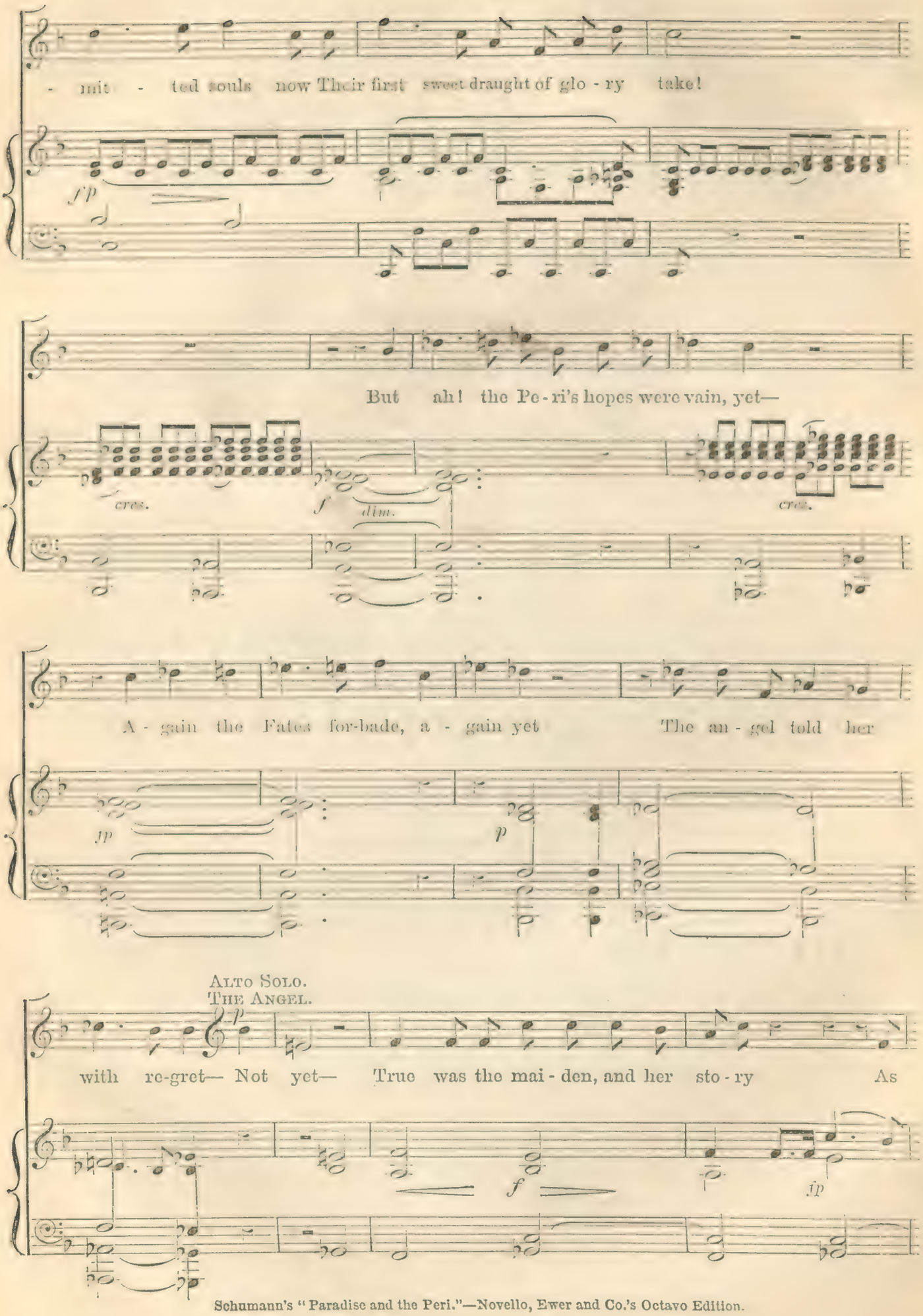
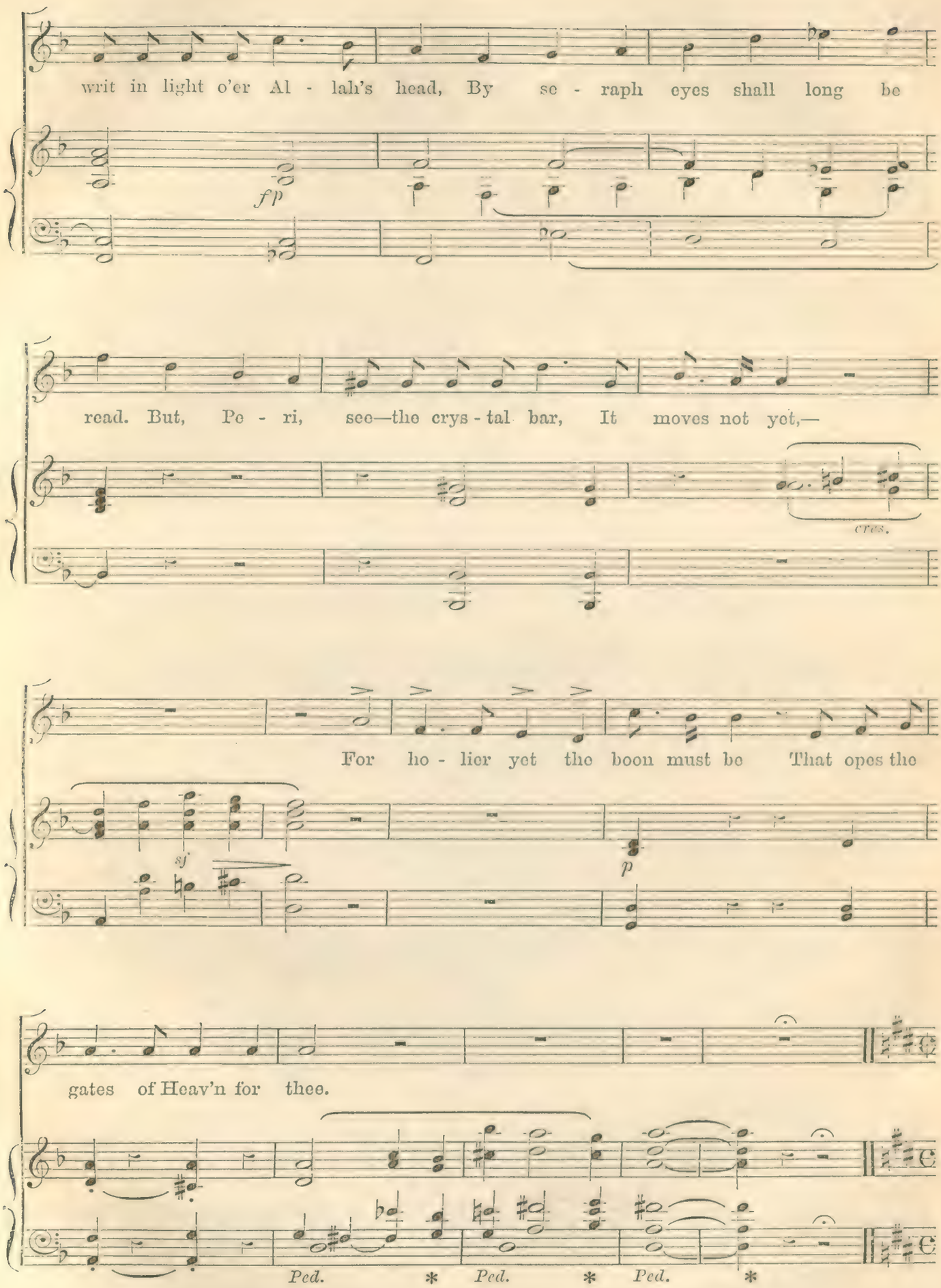

Hea - ven's hum - blest up - on Mild - ly a glance of th'E - ter - nal may
o - ver, That e'en the' hum - blest Mild - ly a glance of th'E - ter - nal may
Hea - ven's hum - blest up - on Mild - ly a glance of th'E - ter - nal may
Hea - ven's hum - blest up - on Mild - ly a glance of th'E - ter - nal may
Solo. Più mosso.
ho - ver! Lo on the path to heav'n-ly light,
ho - ver!
ho - ver!
ho - ver!
Più mosso.
più f
Chorus.
mf
See where the Pe - ri comes hi - ther sail - ing! Beau - ti - ful Pe - ri, des -
Chorus.
mf
Beau - ti - ful Pe - ri, des -
Chorus.
mf
Beau - ti - ful Pe - ri, des -
Chorus.
mf
Beau - ti - ful Pe - ri, des -


Solo.
- pond not quite, Faith and truth have been still un-fail-ing! Go seek the
- pond not quite, Faith and truth have been still un-fail-ing!
- pond not quite, Faith and truth have been still un-fail-ing!
- pond not quite, Faith and truth have been still un-fail-ing!
boon, it shall be giv'n, That most dear-ly is priz'd in Heav'n!
Chorus.
Go seek the boon, it shall be giv'n, That most dear-ly is
Chorus.
Go seek the boon, it shall be giv'n, That most dear-ly is
Chorus.
Go seek the boon, it shall be giv'n, That most dear-ly is
Chorus.
Go seek the boon, it shall be giv'n, That most dear-ly is

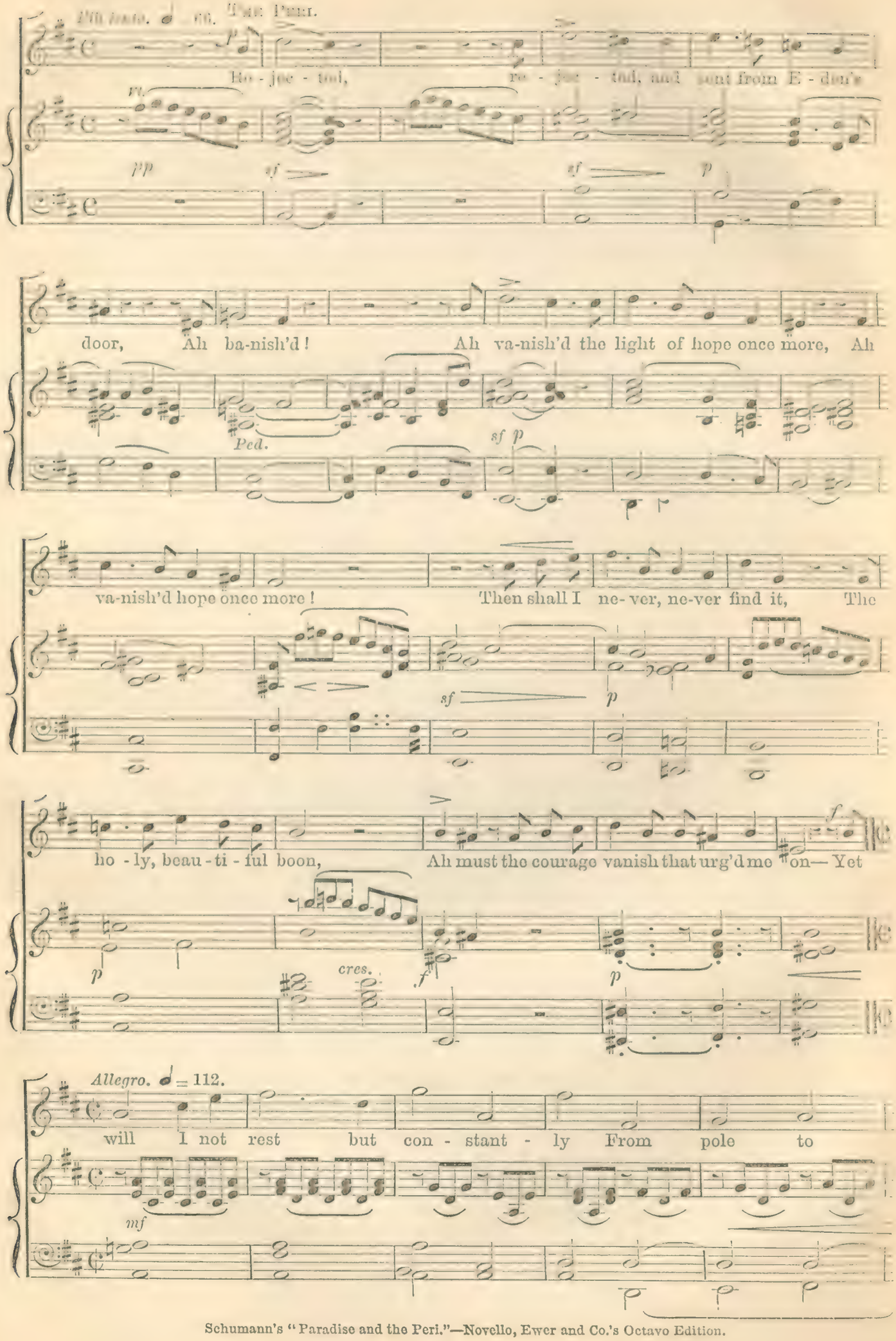

Solo.
prized in Heav'n! Now we wend back to the ro - sy bow - ers,
Solo.
prized in Heav'n! Now we wend back to the ro - sy bow - ers,
prized in Heav'n!
prized in Heav'n!
p
Pleasures we're giv - ing, pleasures re-ceiv-ing, For to en - joy bright love still is ours;
Pleasures we're giv - ing, pleasures re-ceiv-ing, For to en - joy bright love still is ours;
p
cres.
In these bright gar - dens e - ver-more li - ving, Day - star is mounting.
Chorus.
pp
cres.
In these bright gar - dens e - ver-more li - ving, Day - star is mounting. Joy's cry-stal
Chorus.
pp
Joy's cry-stal
Tromb.
cres.
pp

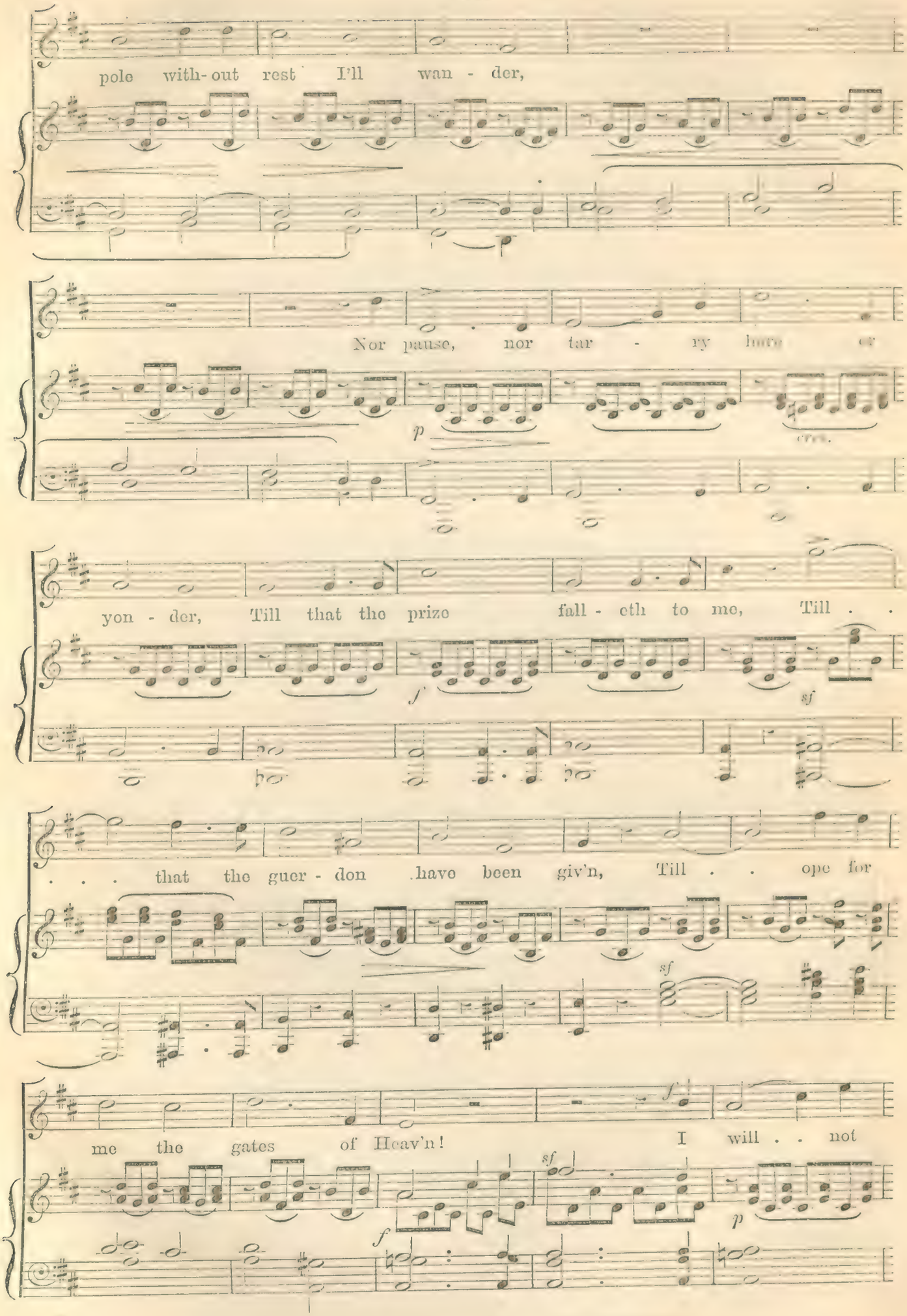

Chorus.
pp
Joy's crys - tal foun - tain Flow - eth for those who wait on the
foun - tain, Joy's crys - tal foun - tain Flow - eth for those who wait on the
foun - tain, Joy's crys - tal foun - tain Flow - eth for those who wait on the
Chorus.
pp
Joy's crys - tal foun - tain Flow - eth for those who wait on the
diminuendo.
Lord! . . .
dimin.
Lord! . . .
dimin.
Lord! . . .
dimin.
Lord! . . .
Vl. solo.
cres.
8va.
diminuendo.
pp

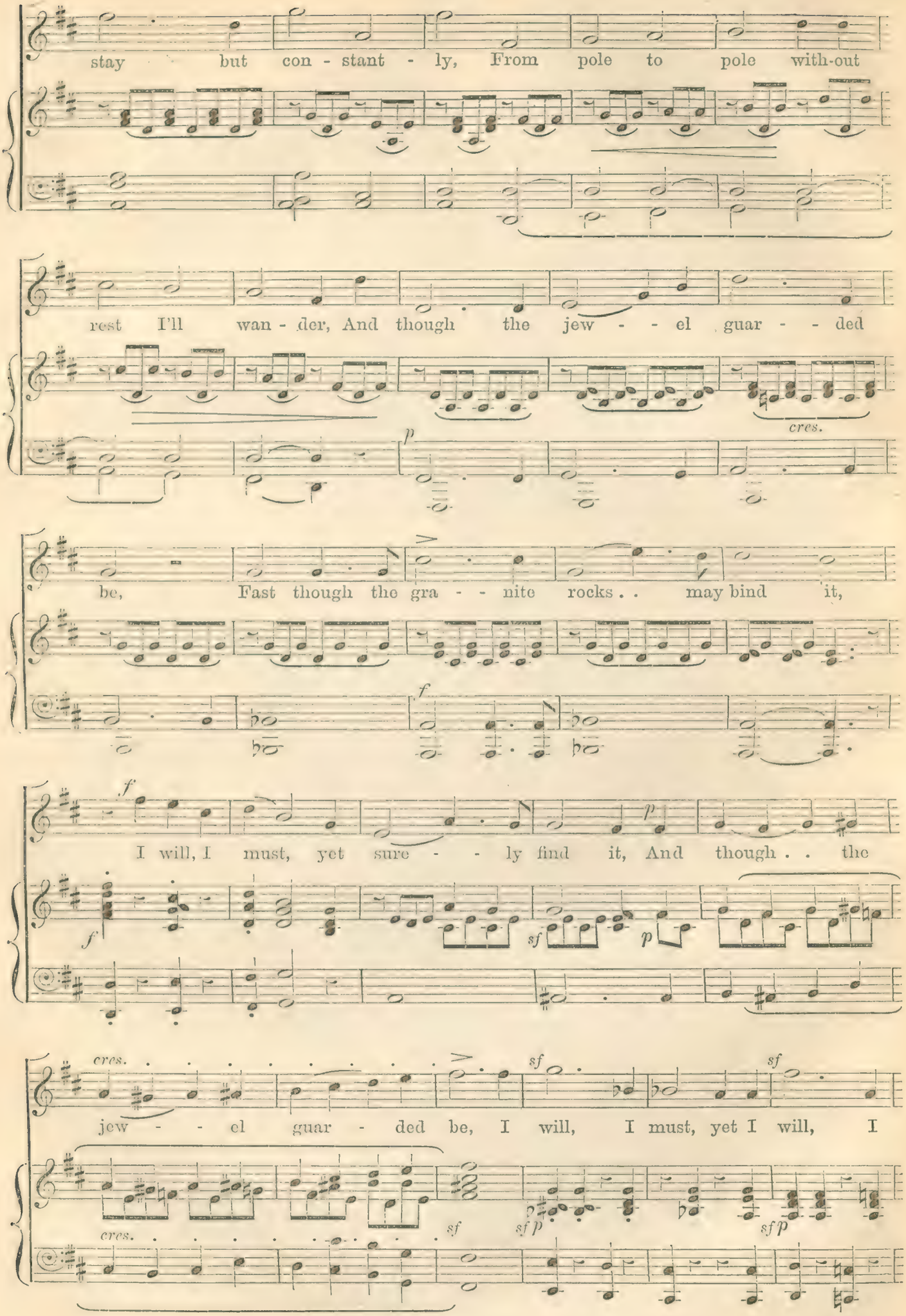

No. 19.
Più lento.
Tenor Solo.
Sva...
loco.
Cello.
Now morn is blush-ing in the sky; A - gain the Pe - ri soars a -
- bove, She brings to Heav'n that pre - cious sigh Of pure, self -
- sa - cri - fi - cing love.
cl.
High throbb'd her heart, with
un poco ritard.
a tempo.
hope e - late, Soon the E - ly - sian palm she'll win, For see, the Spi - rit at the
ritard.
p dolce.

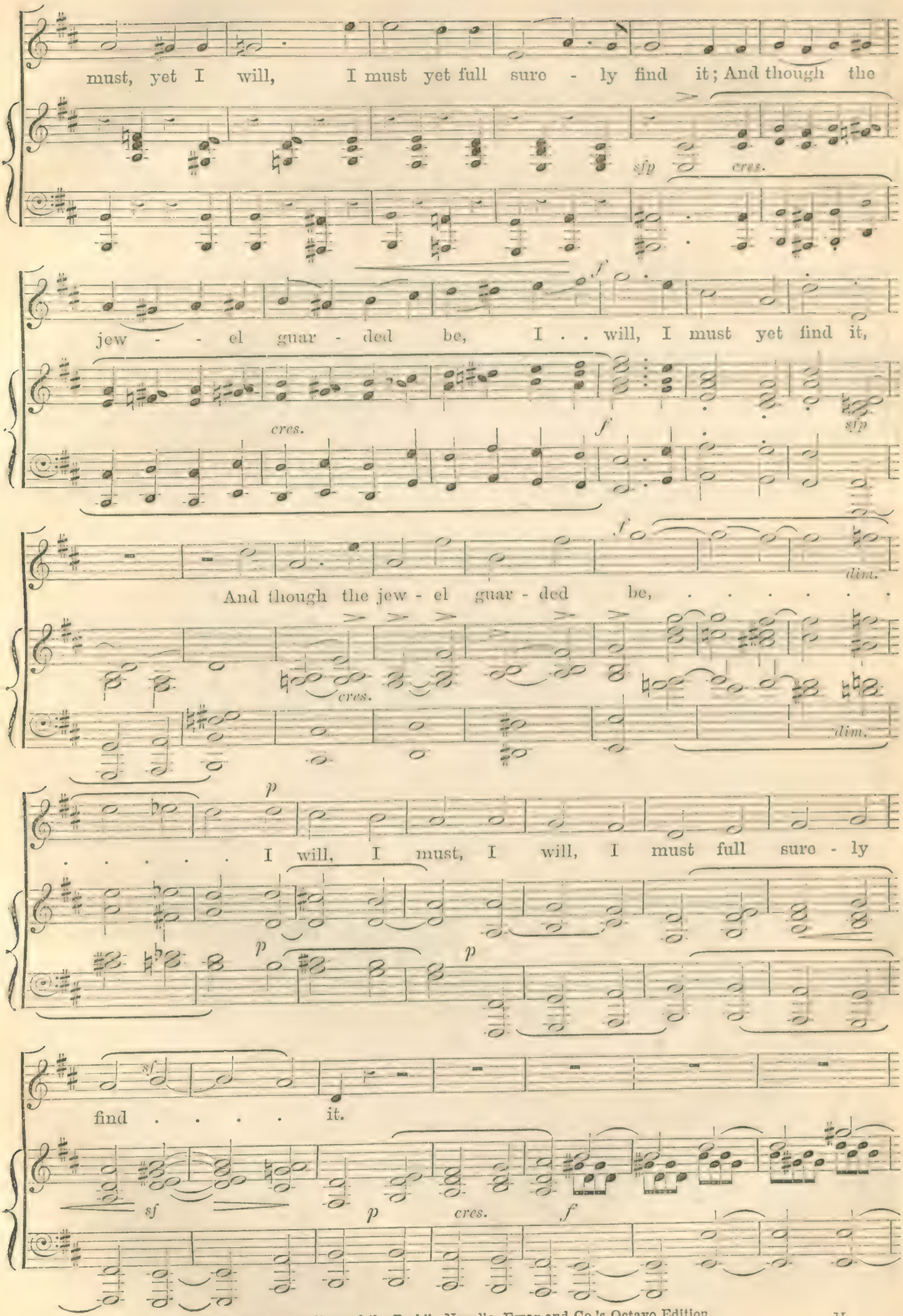
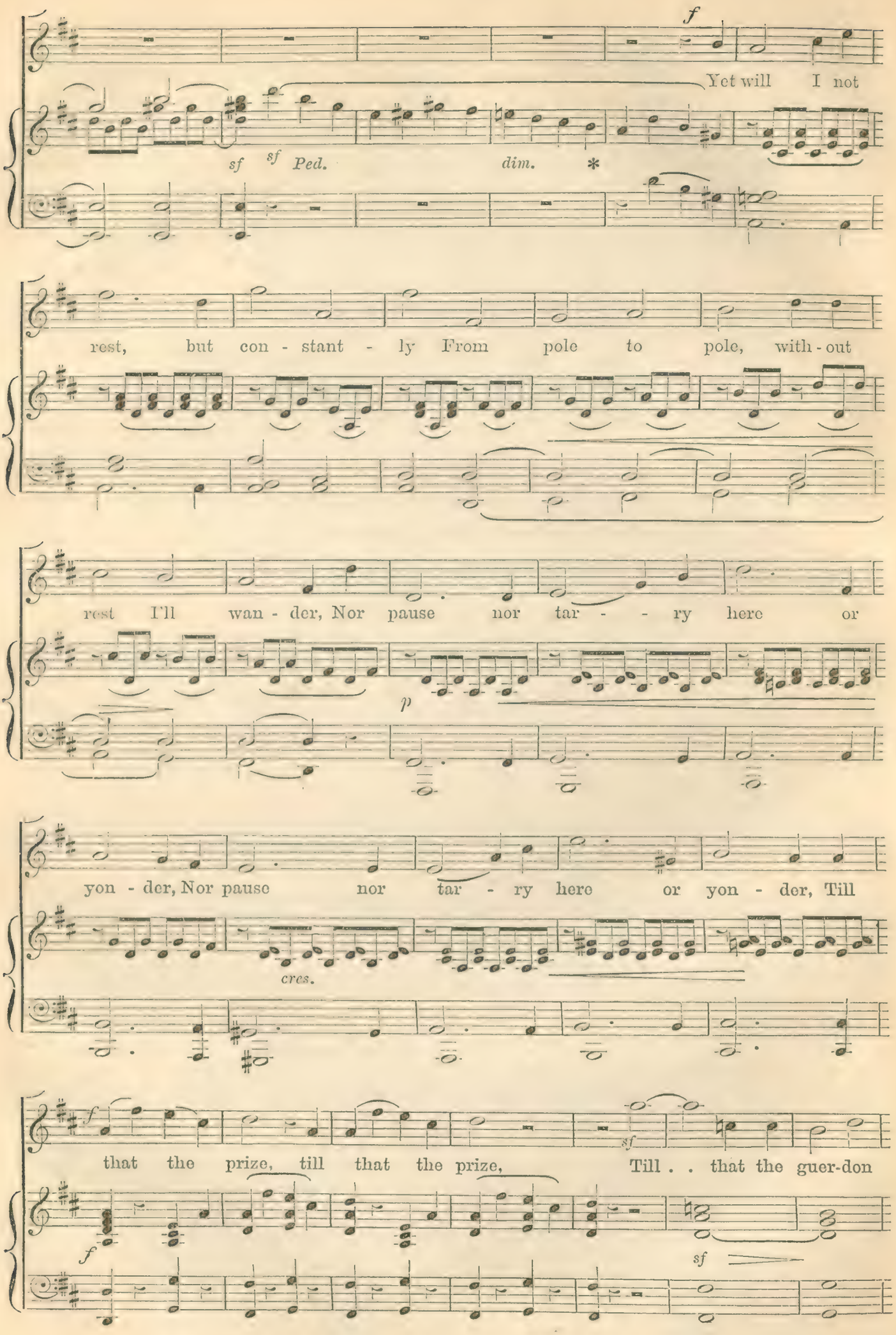

gate Smil'd as she gave the off-ring in; And now she hears bright
E - den's trees, They ring their crys - tal bells, That
ring, that ring in that am - bro - sial breeze That from the throne of Al- lah
p
Ped. Fl. *
swells;
And she can see the star - ry bowls now That lie a -
sf
Ped. * *
- round that lu - cid lake, Up - on whose banks ad -
Tromb.
fp

- mit - ted souls now Their first sweet draught of glo - ry take!
But ah! the Pe - ri's hopes were vain, yet—
A - gain the Fates for-bade, a - gain yet The an - gel told her
Alto Solo.
The Angel.
with re-gret— Not yet— True was the mai - den, and her sto - ry As

writ in light o'er Al - lah's head, By se - raph eyes shall long be
fp
read. But, Pe - ri, see—the crys - tal bar, It moves not yet,—
cres.
For ho - lier yet the boon must be That opes the
sf
p
gates of Heav'n for thee.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

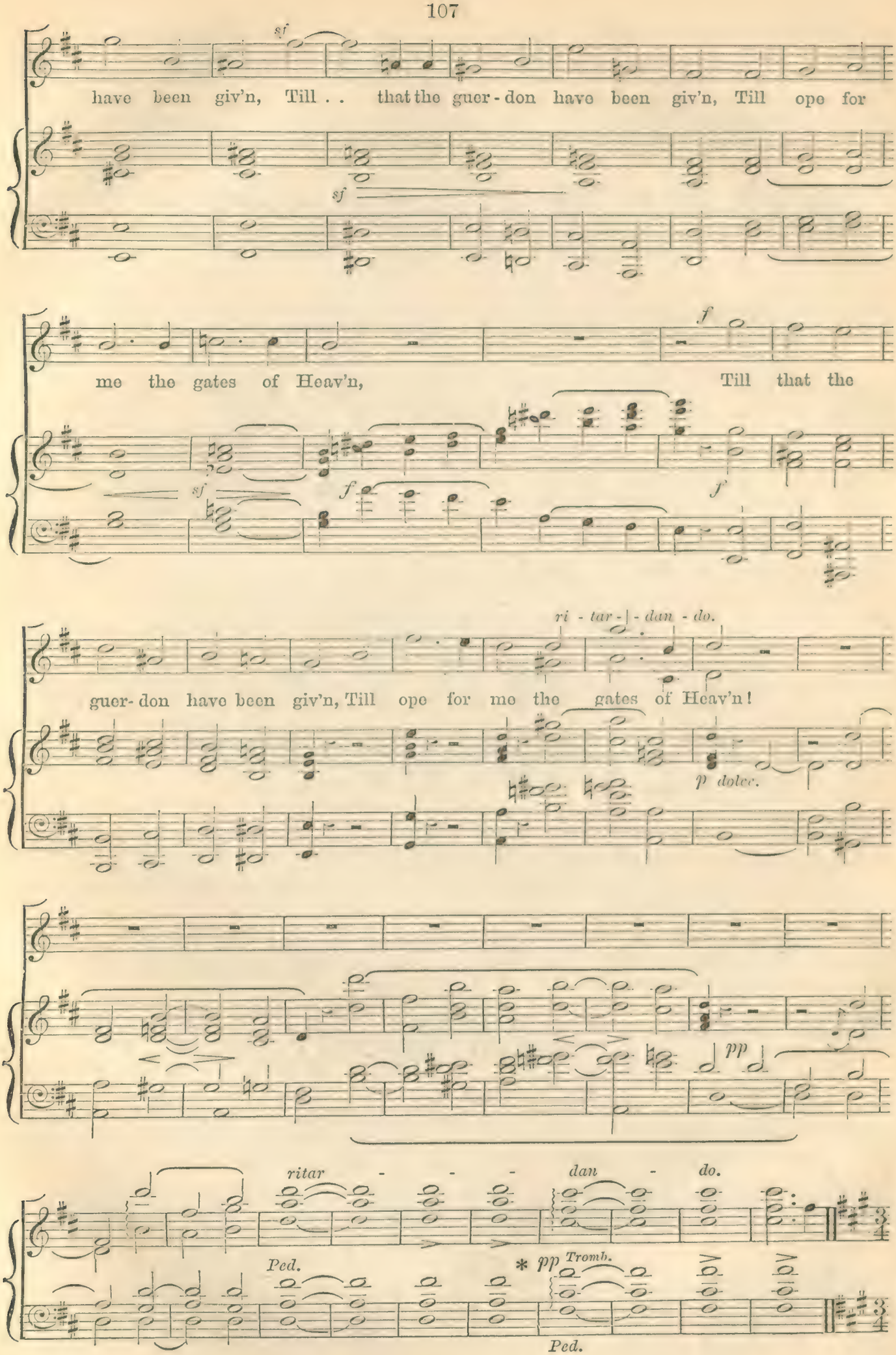
No. 20.


Più lento. ♩ 66. The Peri.
Re - joi - ced, re - joi - ced, and sent from E - den's
pp
sf
sf
p
door, Ah ba-nish'd! Ah va-nish'd the light of hope once more, Ah
Ped.
sf p
va-nish'd hope once more! Then shall I ne- ver, ne-ver find it, The
sf
p
ho - ly, beau - ti - ful boon, Ah must the courage vanish that urg'd me on— Yet
p
cres.
f
p
Allegro. ♩ = 112.
will I not rest but con - stant - ly From pole to
mf


pole with-out rest I'll wan - der,
Nor pause, nor tar - ry here or
yon - der, Till that the prize fall - eth to me, Till . .
. . . that the guer - don have been giv'n, Till . . ope for
me the gates of Heav'n! I will . . not


stay but con - stant - ly, From pole to pole with-out
rest I'll wan - der, And though the jew - - el guar - - ded
cres.
be, Fast though the gra - - nite rocks . . may bind it,
I will, I must, yet sure - - ly find it, And though . . the
jew - - el guar - ded be, I will, I must, yet I will, I

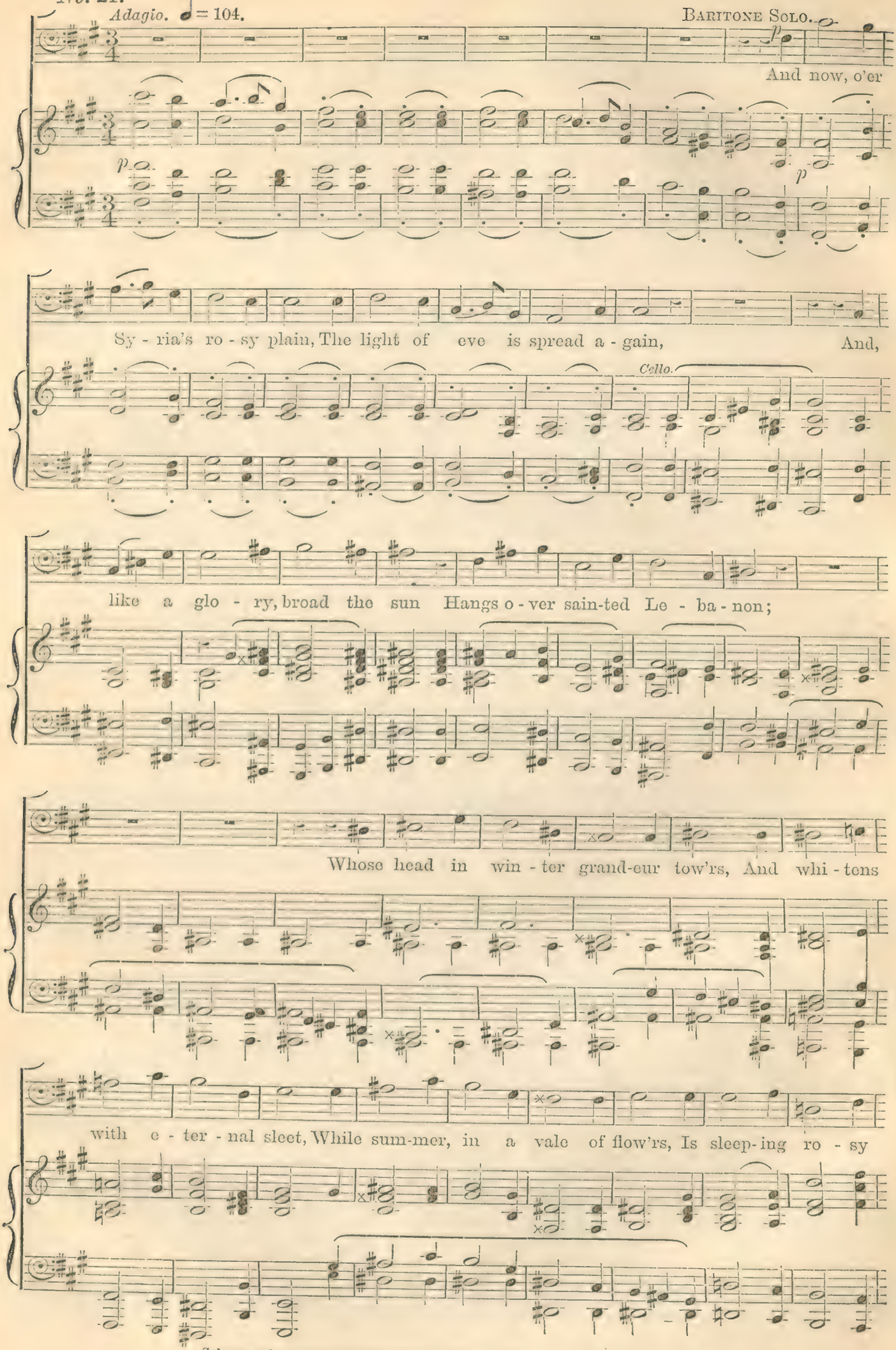

must, yet I will, I must yet full sure - ly find it; And though the
sfp
cres.
f
jew - - el guar - ded be, I . . will, I must yet find it,
cres.
f
sfp
f
dim.
And though the jew - el guar - ded be, ...
cres.
dim.
p
. . . . . I will, I must, I will, I must full sure - ly
p
p
sf
find . . . . it.
sf
p
cres.
f

f
Yet will I not
sf sf Ped. dim. *
rest, but con - stant - ly From pole to pole, with - out
rest I'll wan - der, Nor pause nor tar - - ry here or
p
yon - der, Nor pause nor tar - ry here or yon - der, Till
cres.
f
that the prize, till that the prize, Till . . that the guer-don
sf
f
sf

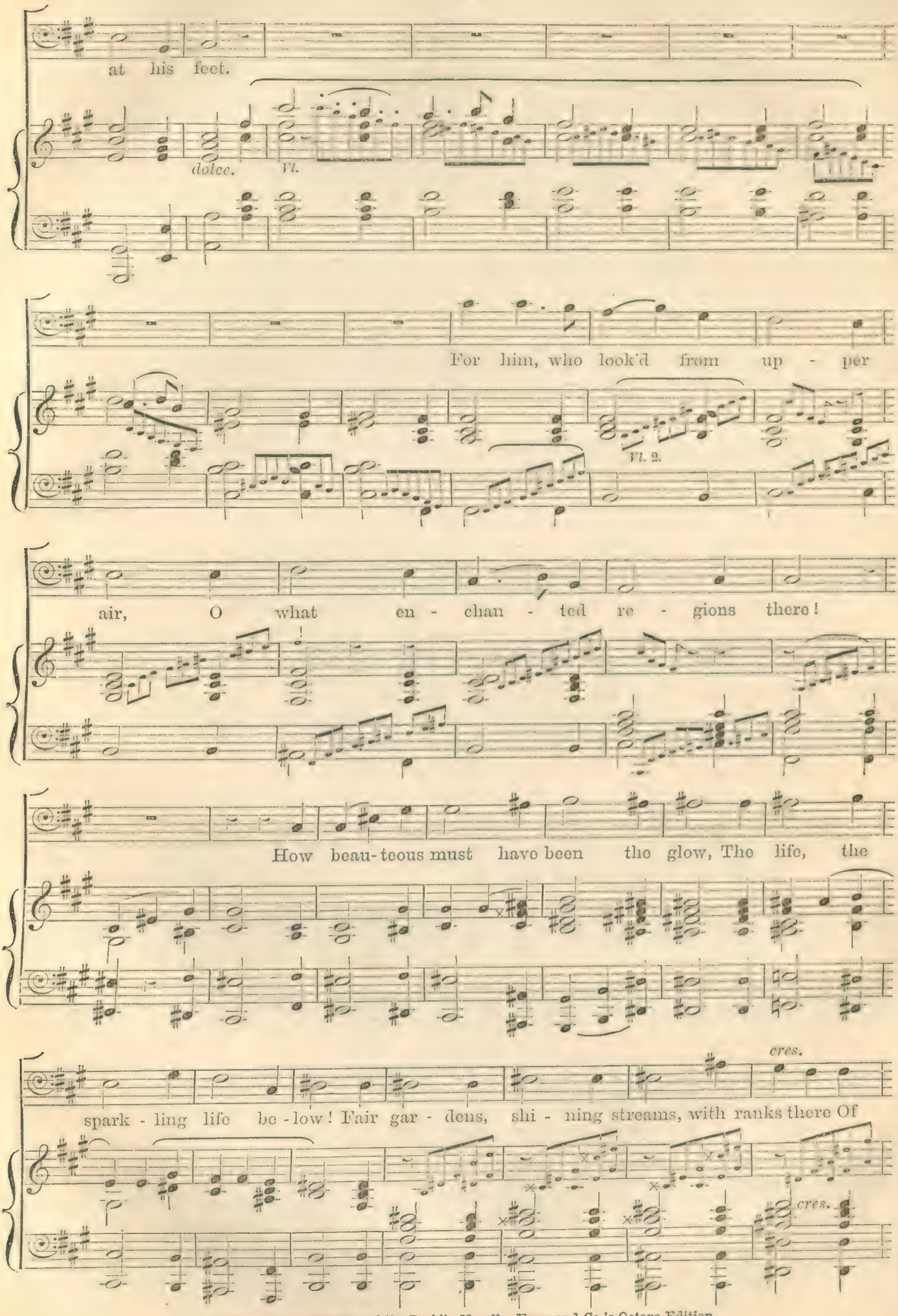

sf
have been giv'n, Till . . that the guer - don have been giv'n, Till ope for
sf
f
me the gates of Heav'n, Till that the
sf
f
f
ri - tar - dan - do.
guer- don have been giv'n, Till ope for me the gates of Heav'n!
p dolce.
pp
ritar - - - dan - do.
Ped.
* pp Tromb.
Ped.

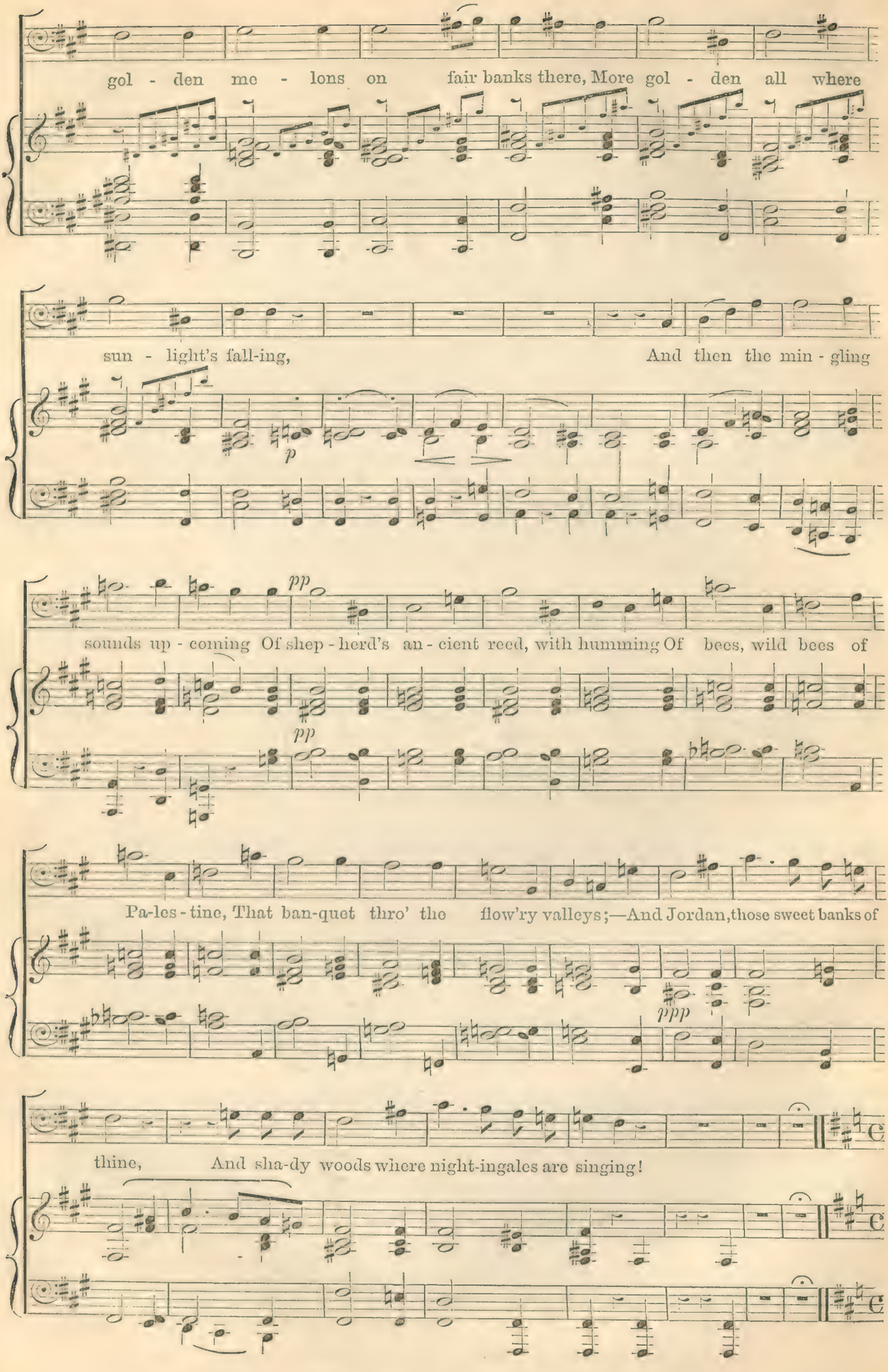
No. 21.

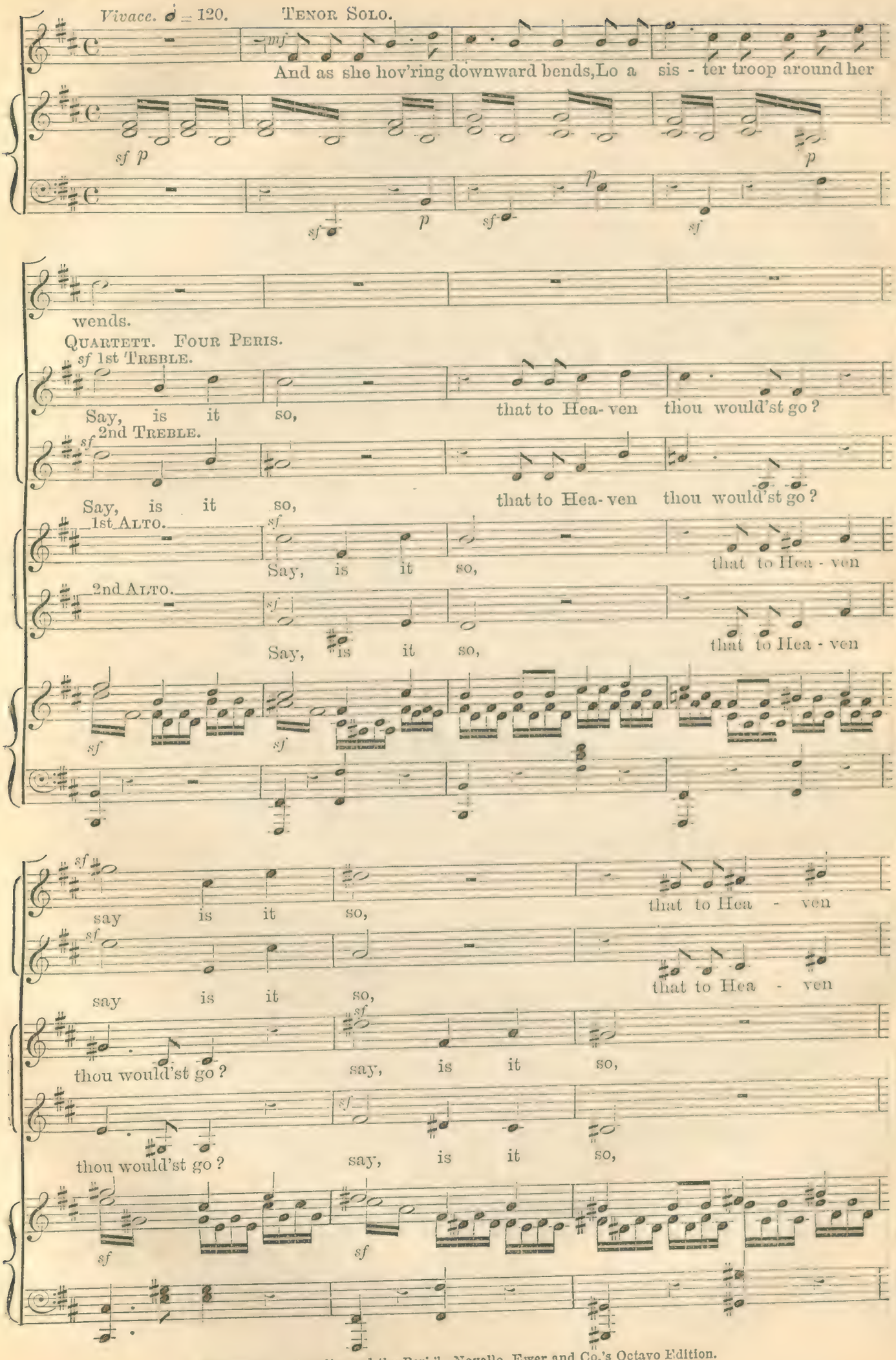
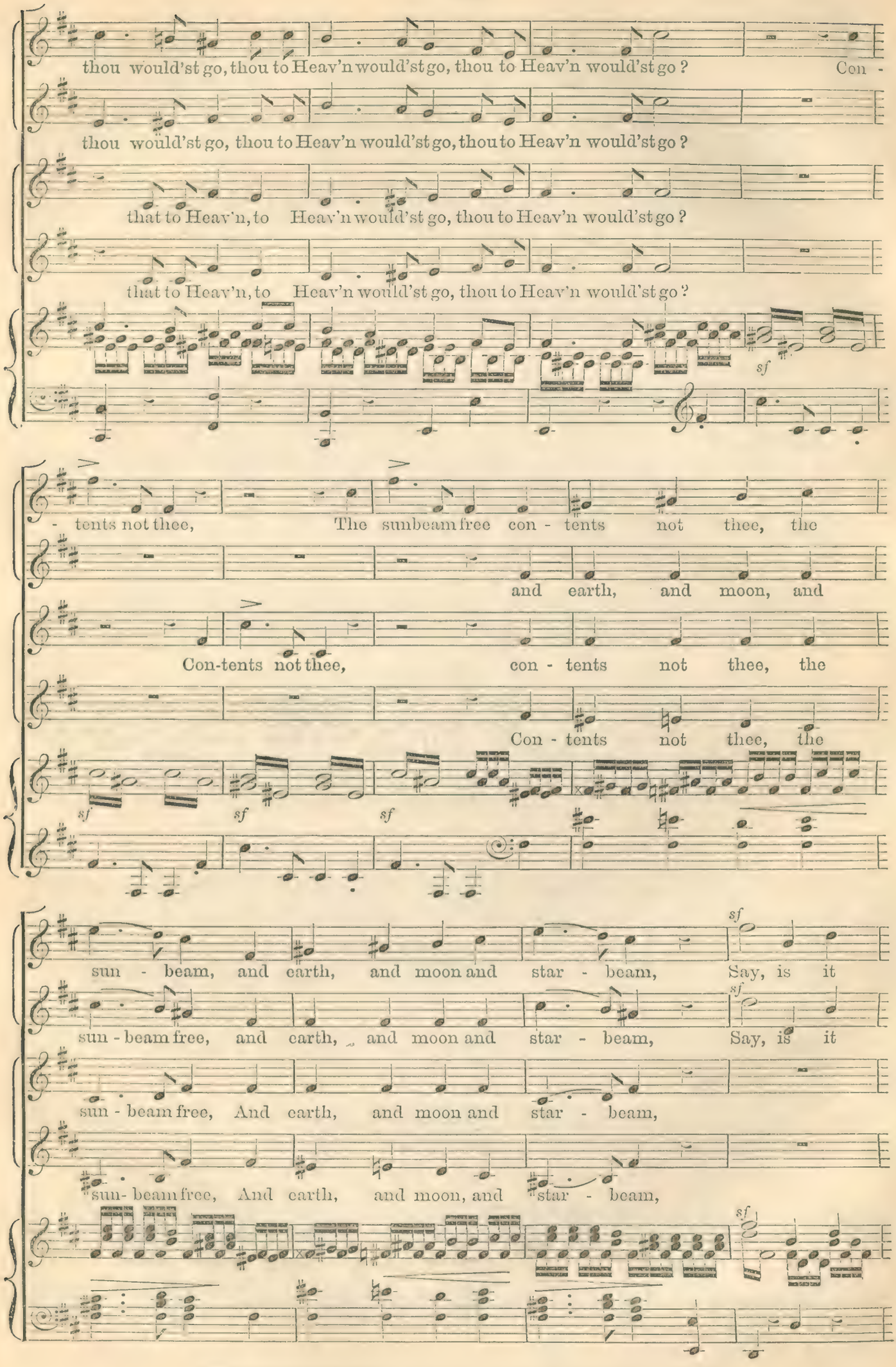
Adagio. ♩ = 104.

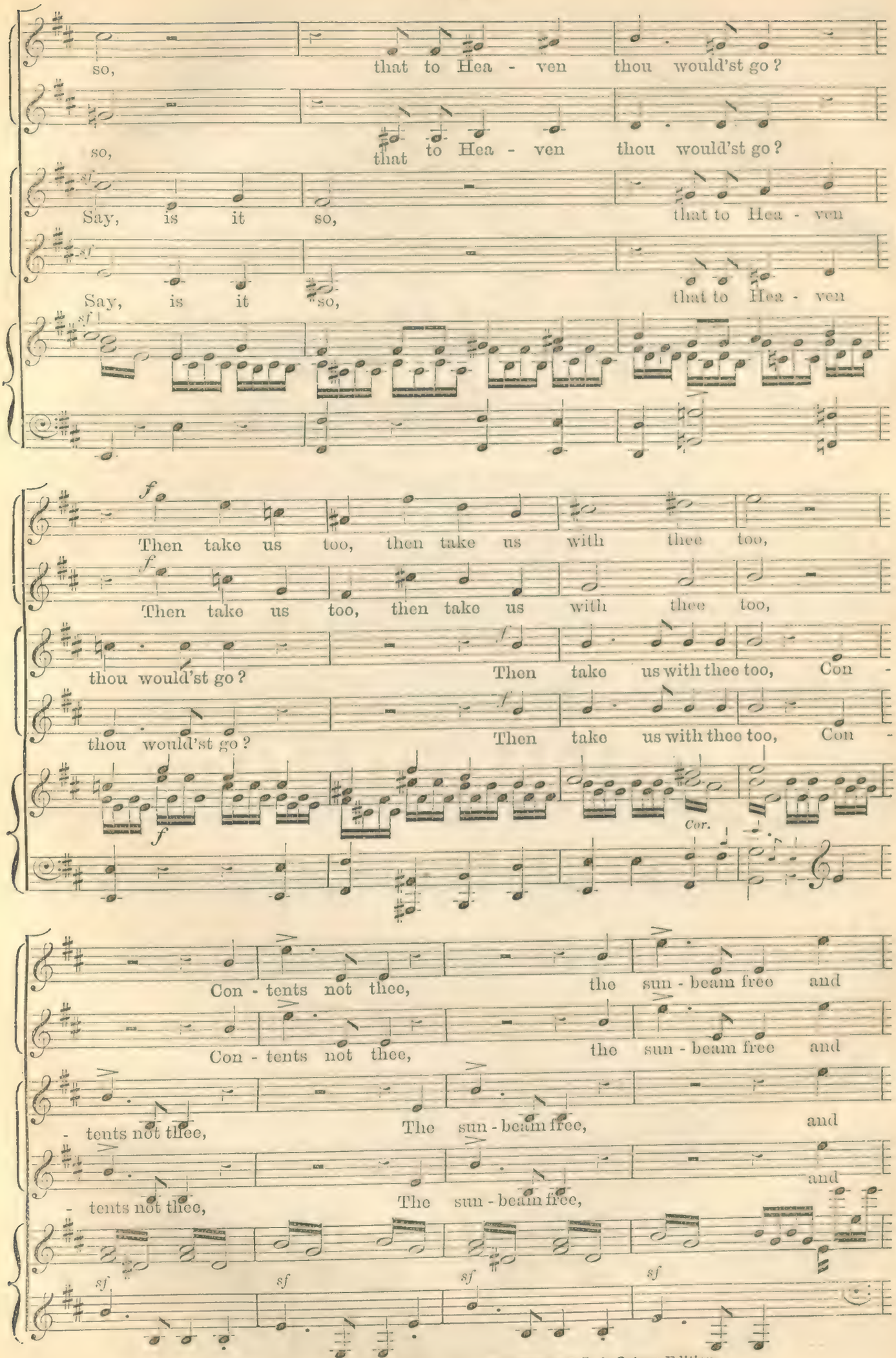
BARITONE SOLO.

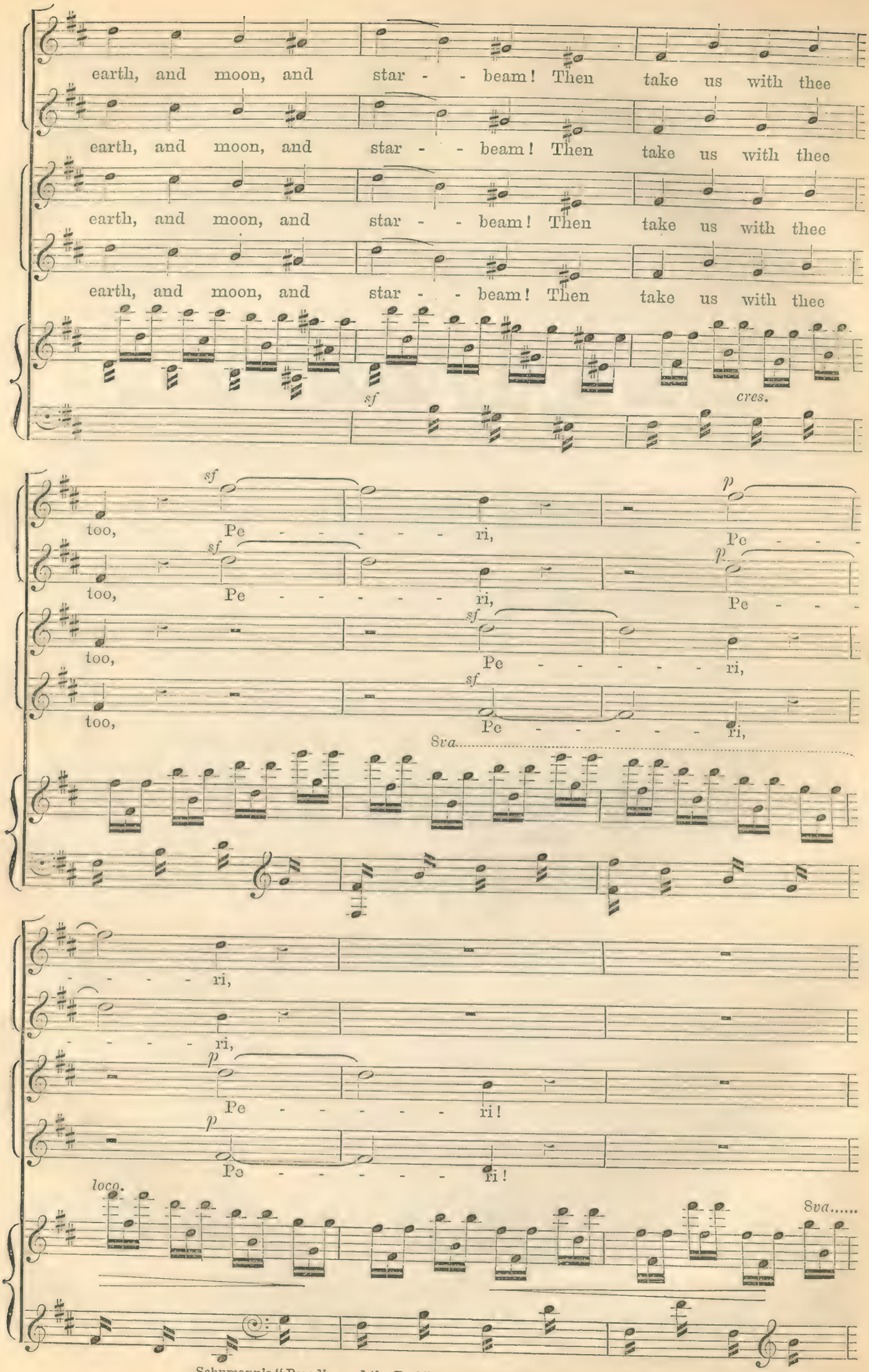

p
And now, o'er
p
Sy - ria's ro - sy plain, The light of eve is spread a - gain, And,
Cello.
like a glo - ry, broad the sun Hangs o - ver sain-ted Le - ba - non;
Whose head in win - ter grand-eur tow'rs, And whi - tens
with e - ter - nal sleet, While sum-mer, in a vale of flow'rs, Is sleep-ing ro - sy

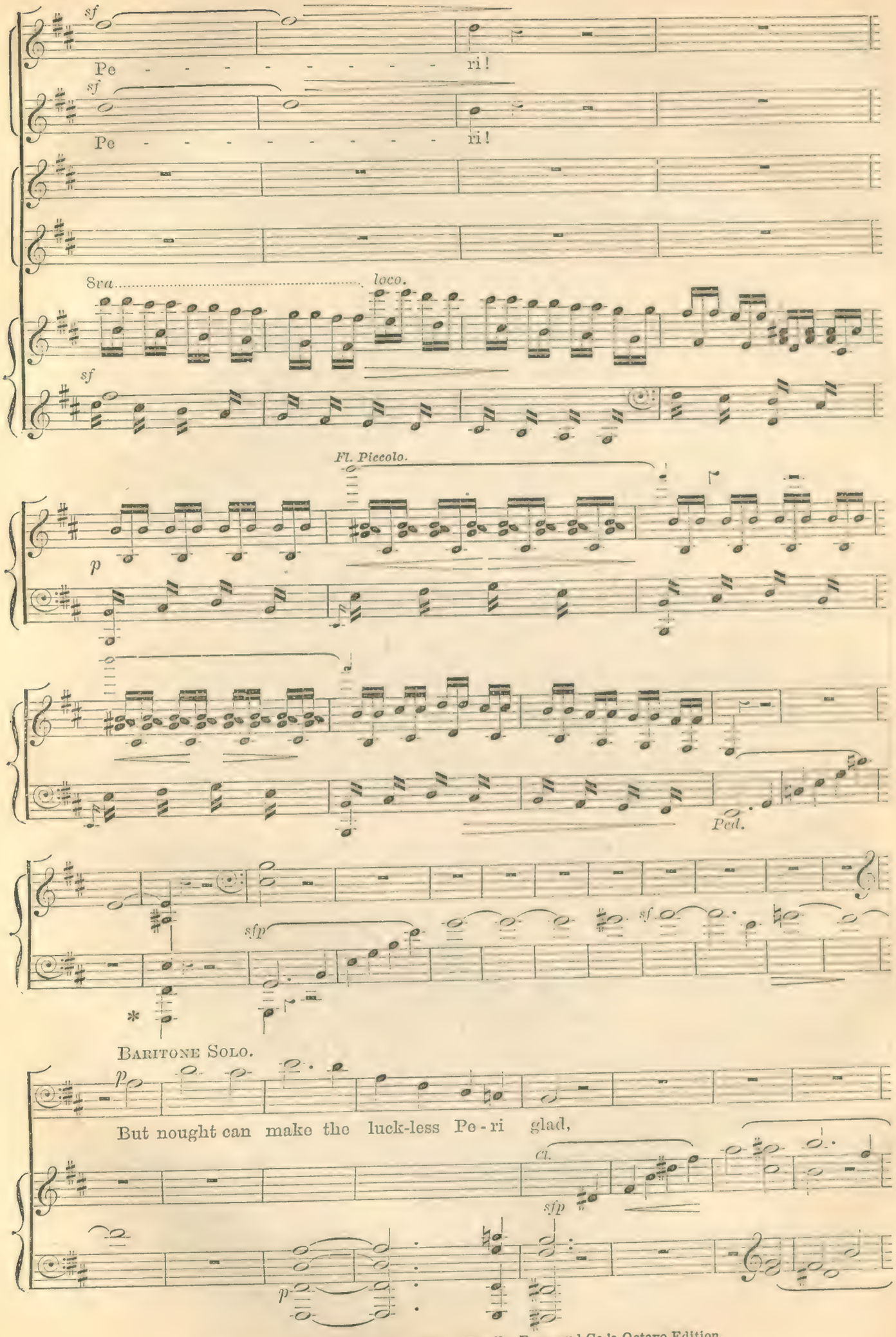

at his feet.
dolce.
Vl.
For him, who look'd from up - per
Vl. 2.
air, O what en - chan - ted re - gions there!
How beau-teous must have been the glow, The life, the
cres.
spark - ling life be - low! Fair gar - dens, shi - ning streams, with ranks there Of
cres.

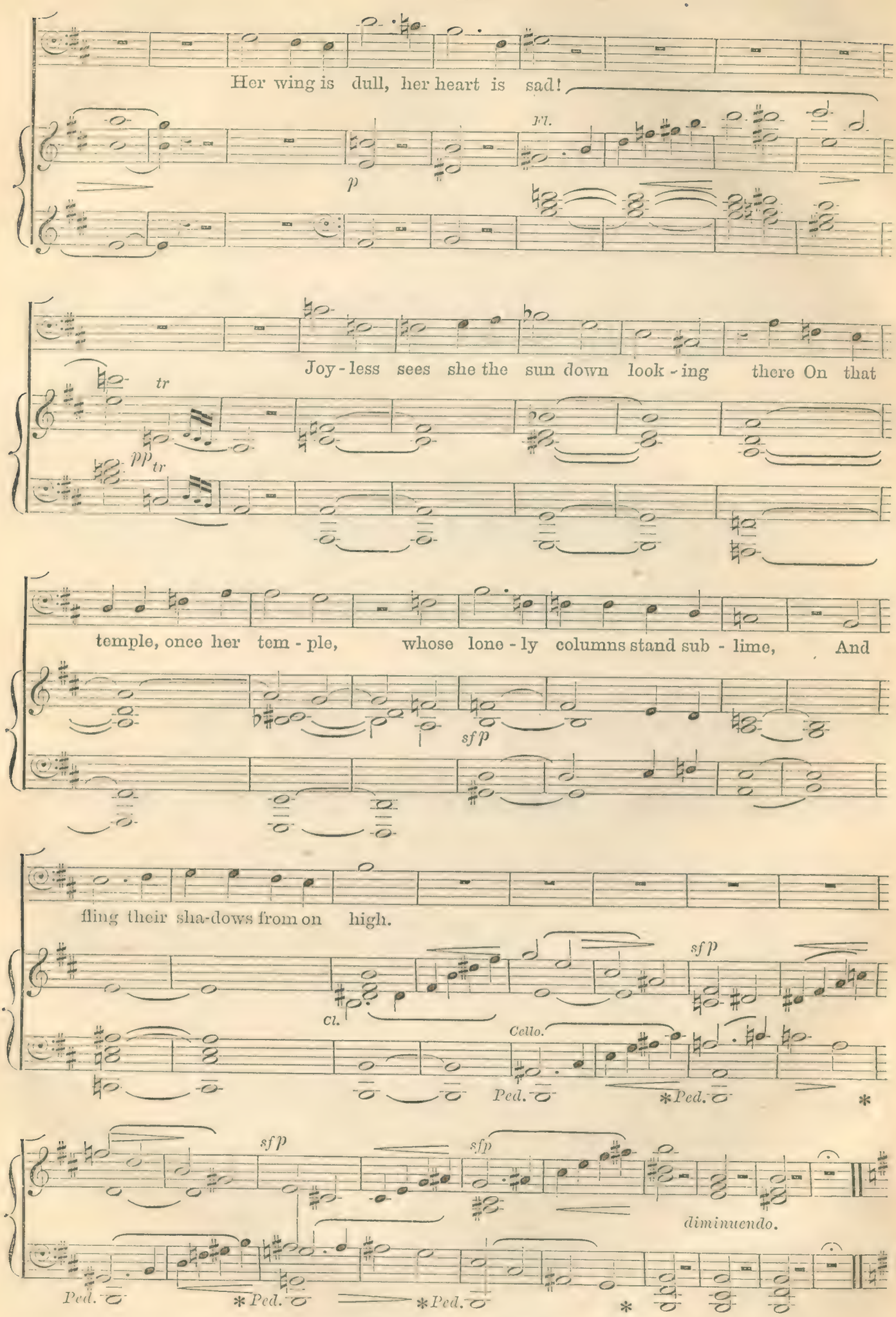

gol - den me - lons on fair banks there, More gol - den all where
sun - light's fall-ing, And then the min - gling
p
pp
sounds up - coming Of shep - herd's an - cient reed, with humming Of bees, wild bees of
pp
Pa-les - tine, That ban-quet thro' the flow'ry valleys;—And Jordan, those sweet banks of
ppp
thine, And sha-dy woods where night-ingales are singing!

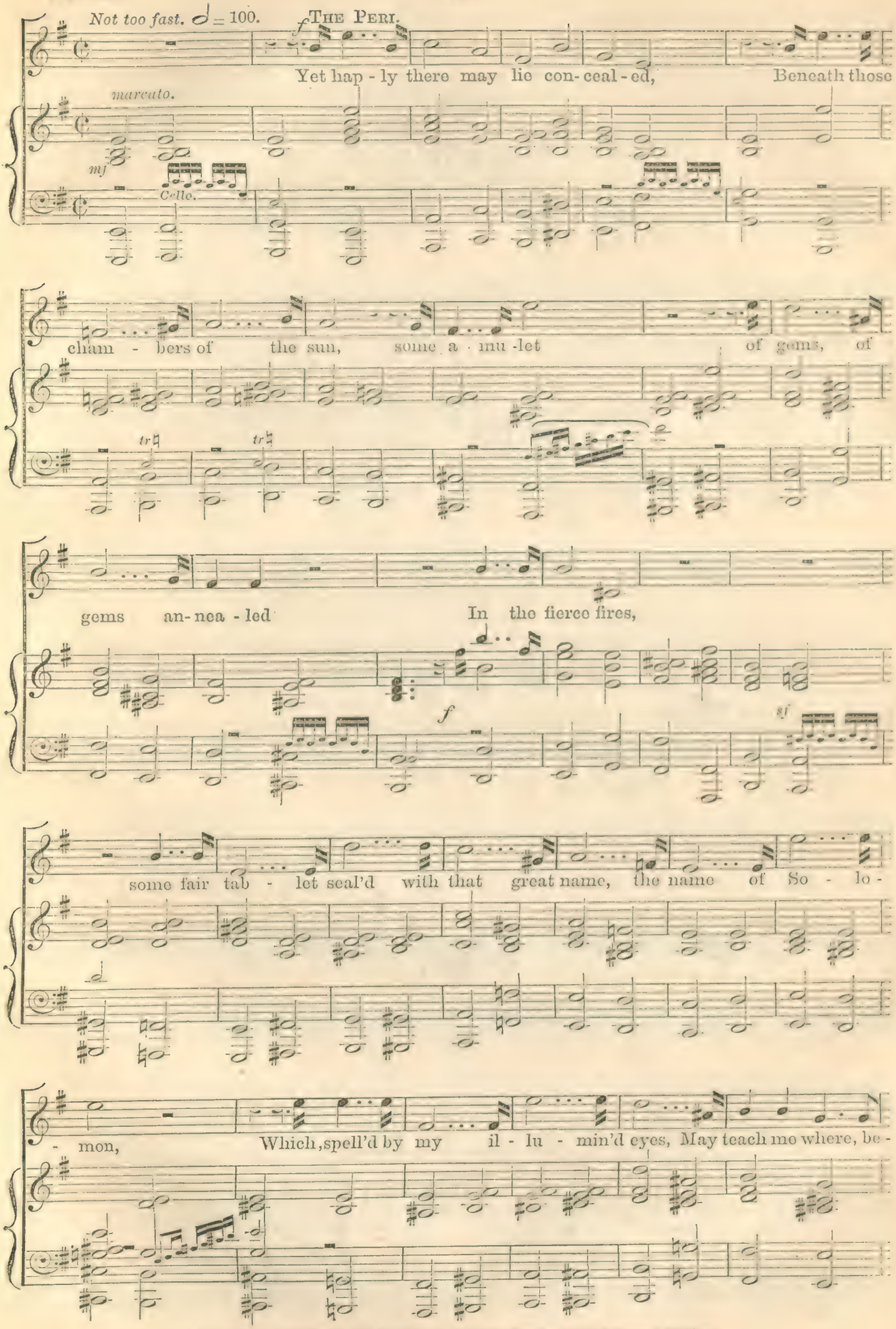

Vivace. ♩ = 120.
Tenor Solo.
And as she hov'ring downward bends, Lo a sis - ter troop around her
wends.
Quartett. Four Peris.
1st Treble.
Say, is it so, that to Hea - ven thou would'st go?
2nd Treble.
Say, is it so, that to Hea - ven thou would'st go?
1st Alto.
Say, is it so, that to Hea - ven
2nd Alto.
Say, is it so, that to Hea - ven
say is it so, that to Hea - ven
say is it so, that to Hea - ven
thou would'st go? say, is it so,
thou would'st go? say, is it so,

thou would'st go, thou to Heav'n would'st go, thou to Heav'n would'st go ? Con -
thou would'st go, thou to Heav'n would'st go, thou to Heav'n would'st go ?
that to Heav'n, to Heav'n would'st go, thou to Heav'n would'st go ?
that to Heav'n, to Heav'n would'st go, thou to Heav'n would'st go ?
sf
- tents not thee, The sunbeam free con - tents not thee, the
and earth, and moon, and
Con-tents not thee, con - tents not thee, the
Con - tents not thee, the
sf
sf
sf
sun - beam, and earth, and moon and star - beam, Say, is it
sf
sun - beam free, and earth, and moon and star - beam, Say, is it
sf
sun - beam free, And earth, and moon and star - beam,
sun - beam free, And earth, and moon, and star - beam,
sf

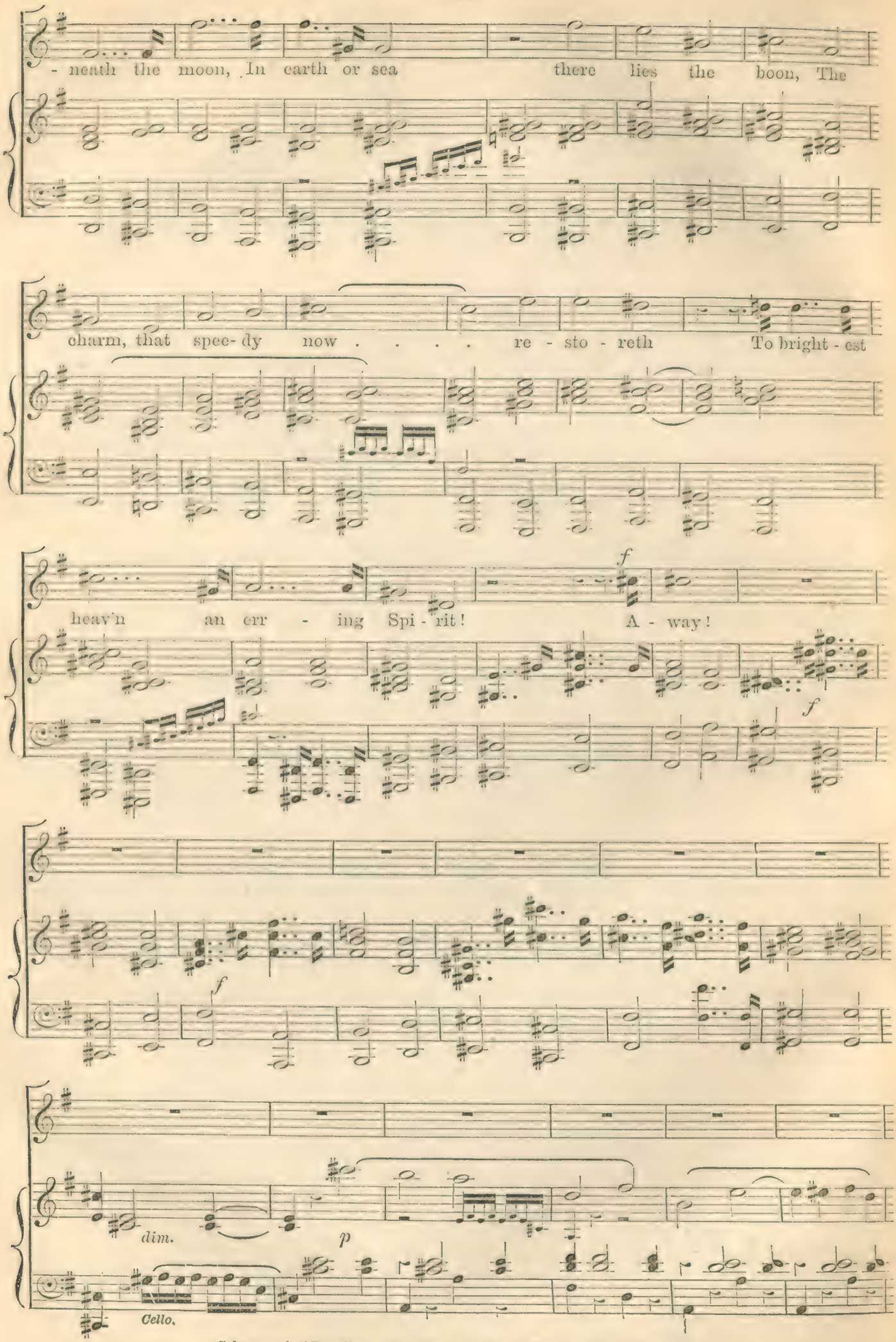

so, that to Hea - ven thou would'st go?
so, that to Hea - ven thou would'st go?
Say, is it so, that to Hea - ven
Say, is it so, that to Hea - ven
sf
Then take us too, then take us with thee too,
Then take us too, then take us with thee too,
thou would'st go? Then take us with thee too, Con -
thou would'st go? Then take us with thee too, Con -
Cor.
Con - tents not thee, the sun - beam free and
Con - tents not thee, the sun - beam free and
- tents not thee, The sun - beam free, and
- tents not thee, The sun - beam free, and
sf sf sf sf

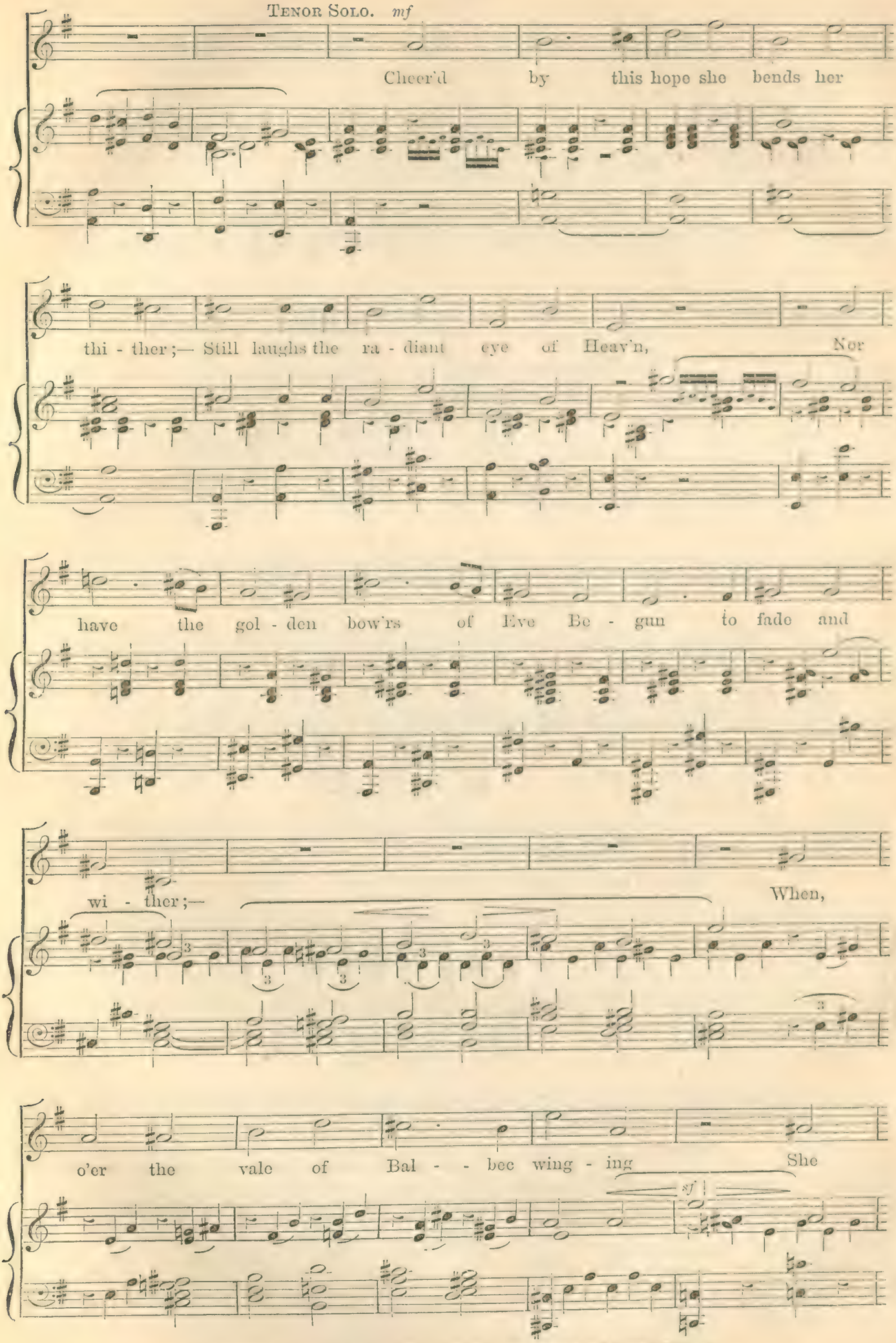

earth, and moon, and star - - beam! Then take us with thee
earth, and moon, and star - - beam! Then take us with thee
earth, and moon, and star - - beam! Then take us with thee
sf
cres.
too, Pe - - - - - - ri,
too, Pe - - - - - - ri,
too,
too,
Pe - - - - - - ri,
Pe - - - - - - ri,
Pe - - - - - - ri,
Sva.
- - - - - ri,
- - - - - ri,
Pe - - - - - - ri!
Pe - - - - - - ri!
loco.
Sva.....

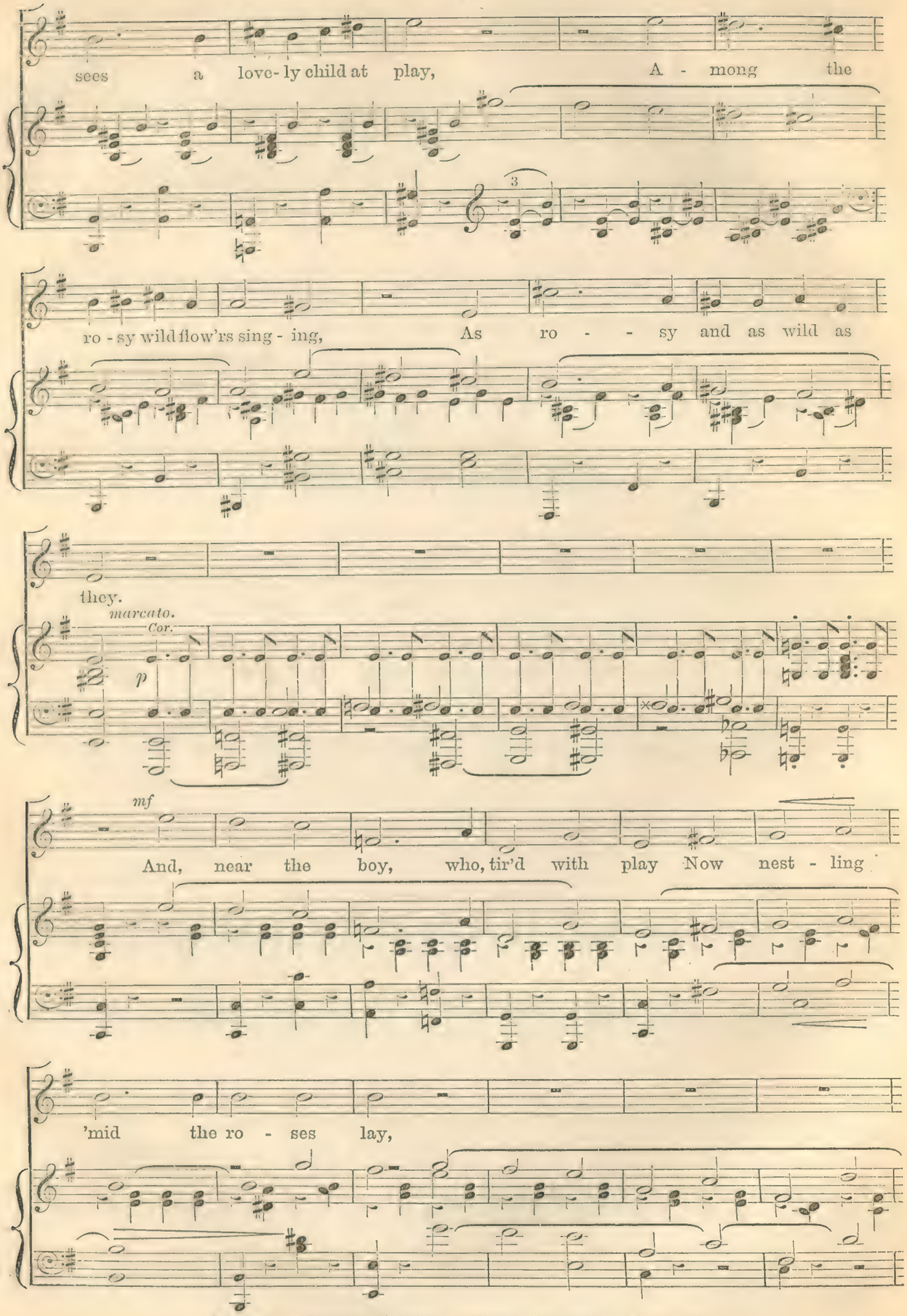

sf
Pe - - - - - - - - - - ri!
sf
Pe - - - - - - - - - - ri!
8va
loco.
sf
Fl. Piccolo.
p
Ped.
sfp
sf
*
Baritone Solo.
p
But nought can make the luck-less Pe-ri glad,
cl.
sfp
p

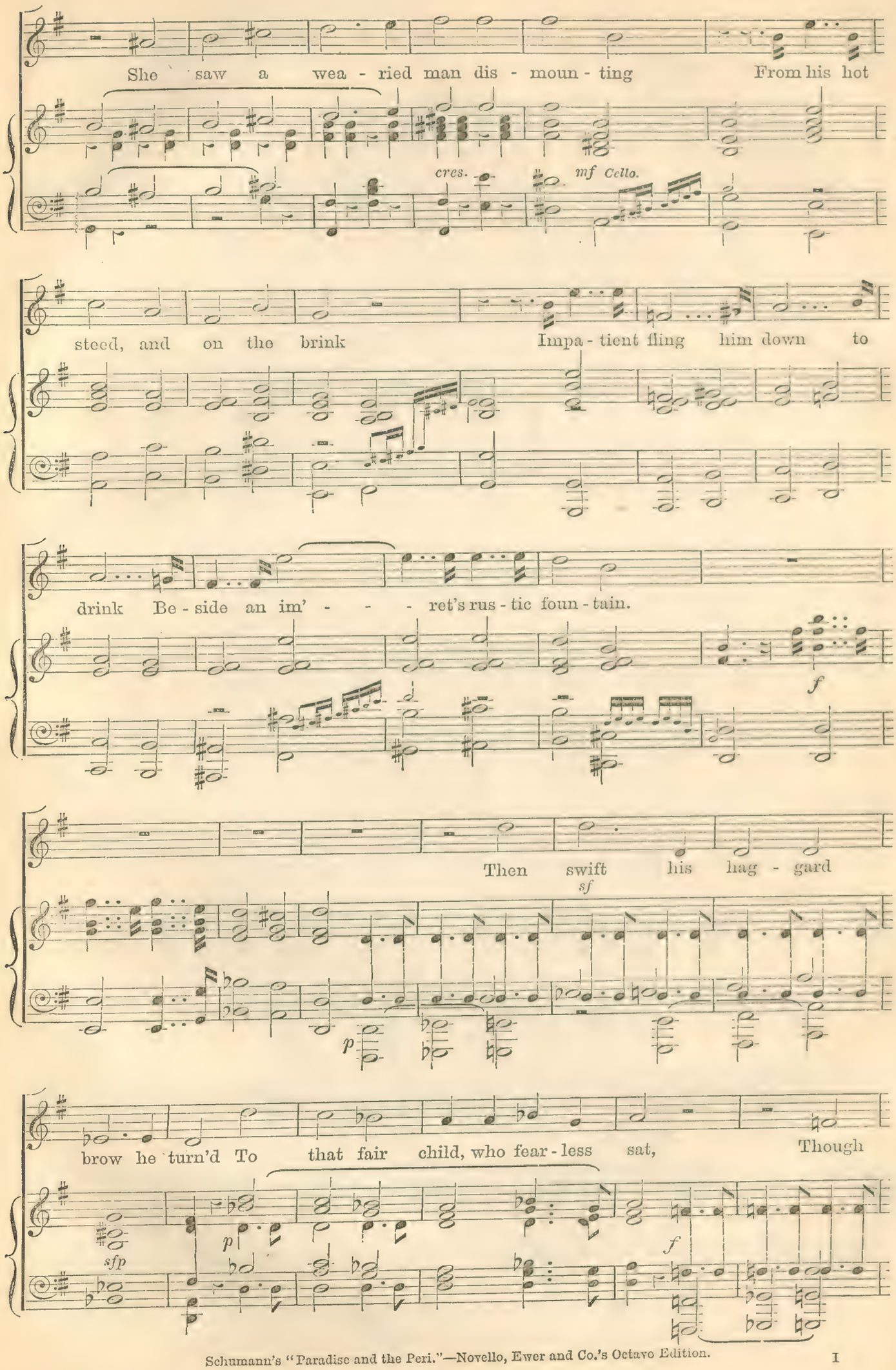

Her wing is dull, her heart is sad!
Fl.
p
Joy - less sees she the sun down look - ing there On that
tr
pp tr
temple, once her tem - ple, whose lone - ly columns stand sub - lime, And
sf p
fling their sha-dows from on high.
sf p
Cl.
Cello.
Ped.
*Ped.
*
sf p
sfp
diminuendo.
Ped.
*Ped.
*Ped.
*

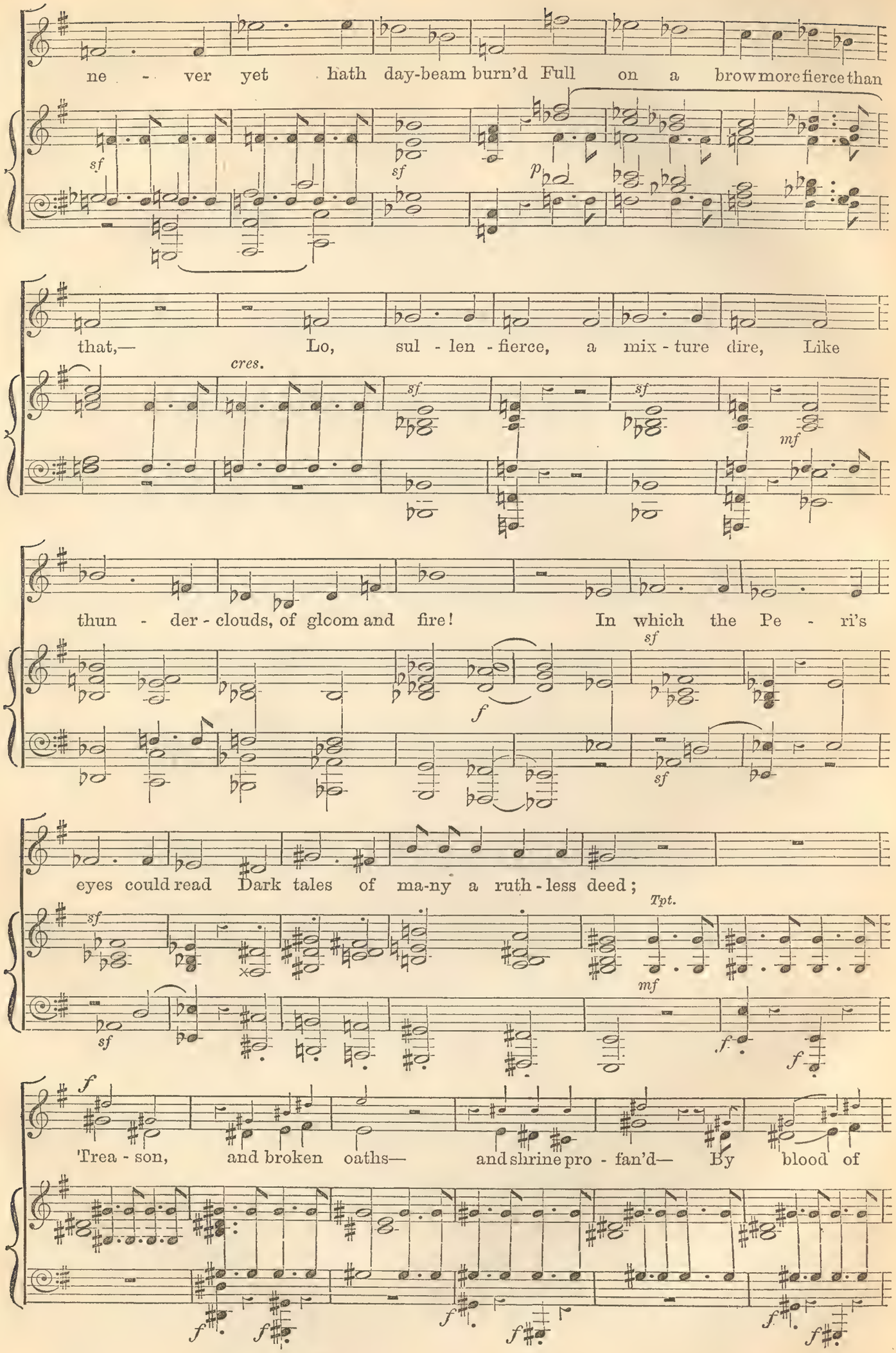

Not too fast. ♩ = 100.
f THE PERI.
Yet hap - ly there may lie con-ceal-ed, Beneath those
marcato.
mf
Cello.
cham - bers of the sun, some a - mu - let of gems, of
tr
tr
gems an-nea - led In the fierce fires,
f
sf
some fair tab - let seal'd with that great name, the name of So - lo -
- mon, Which, spell'd by my il - lu - min'd eyes, May teach me where, be -

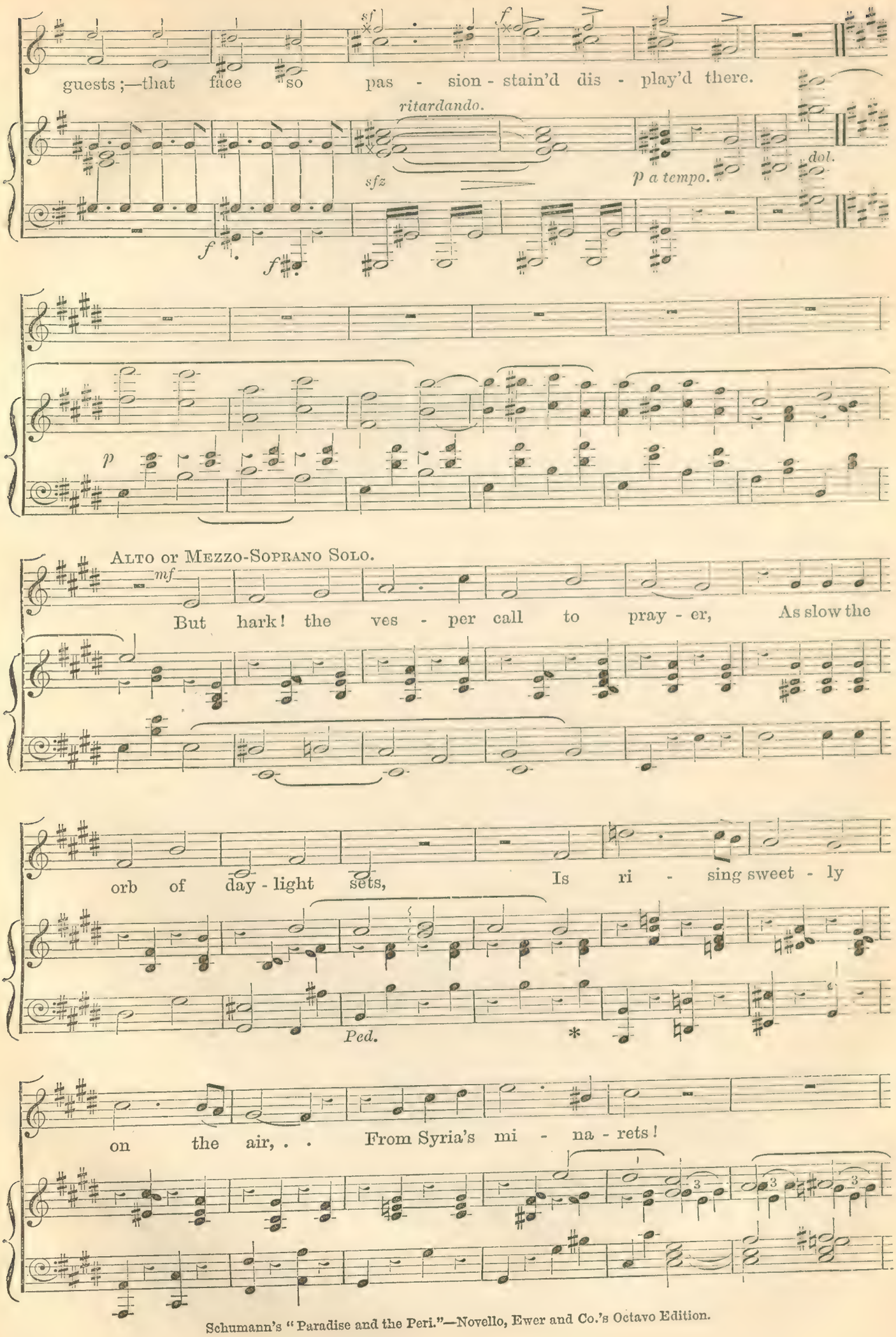

- neath the moon, In earth or sea there lies the boon, The
charm, that spee- dy now . . . . re - sto - reth To bright - est
heav'n an err - ing Spi - rit! A - way!
f
f
f
dim.
p
Cello.

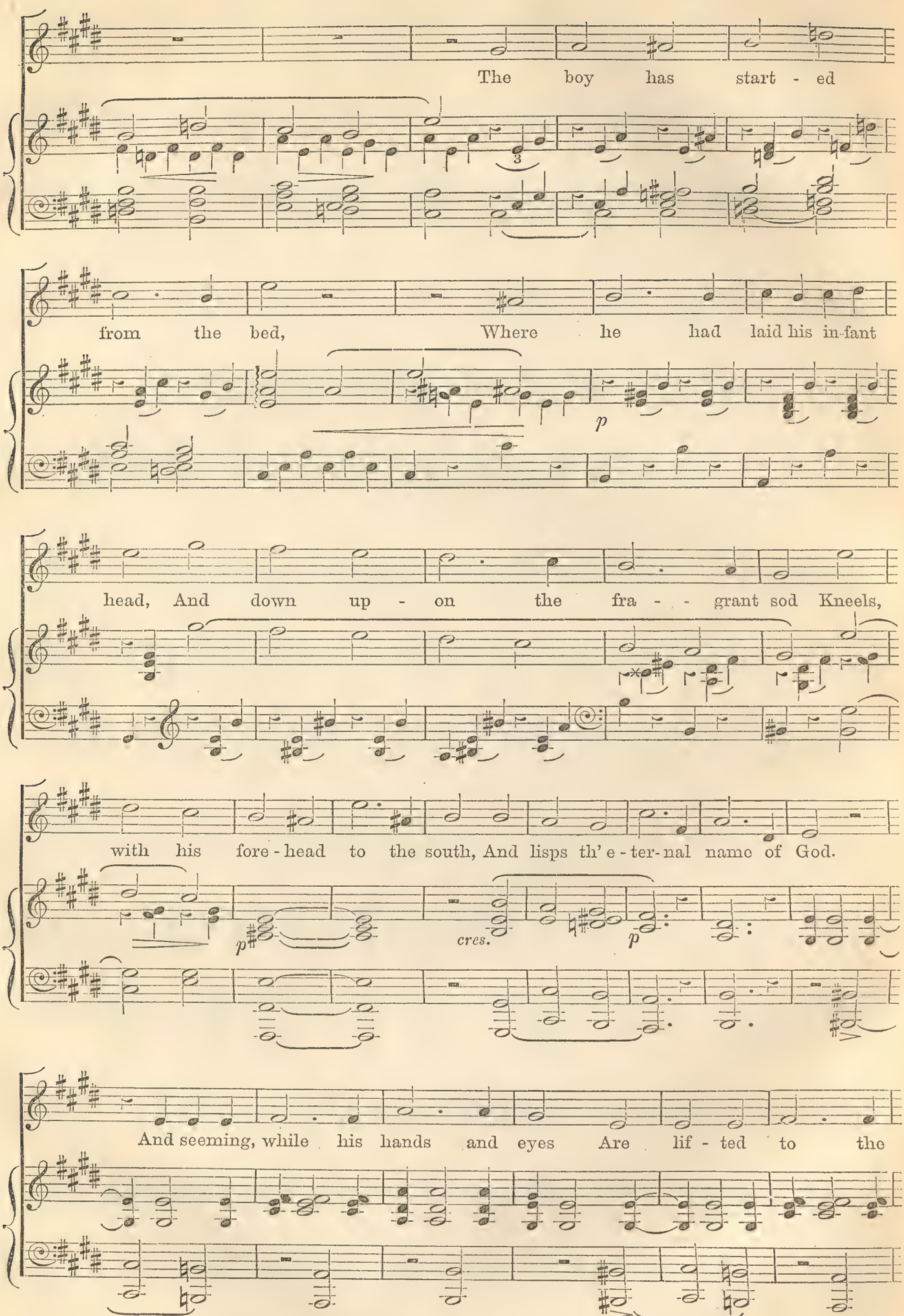

Tenor Solo. mf
Cheer'd by this hope she bends her
thi - ther;— Still laughs the ra - diant eye of Heav'n, Nor
have the gol - den bow'rs of Eve Be - gun to fade and
wi - ther;— When,
o'er the vale of Bal - - bec wing - ing She
sf

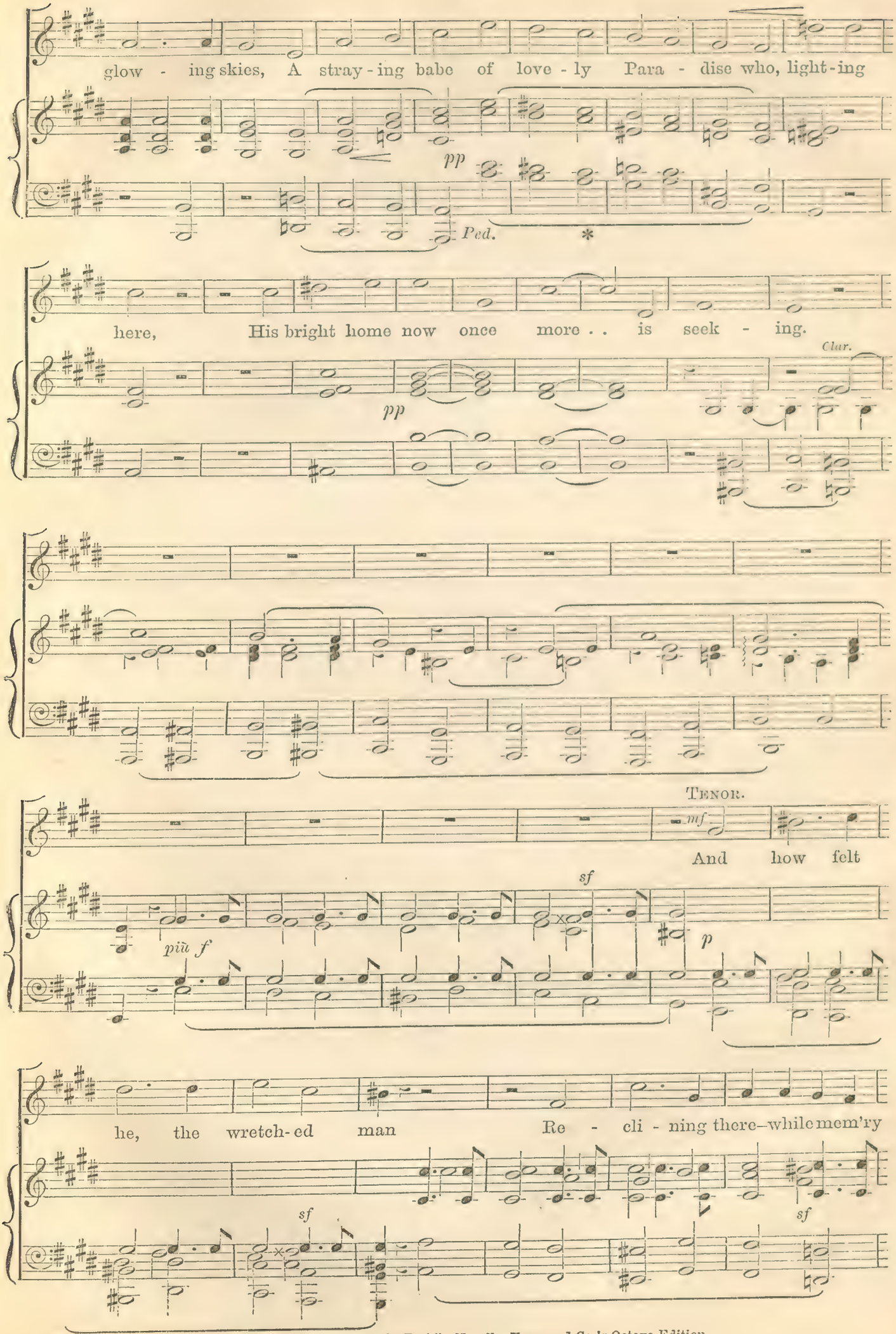

sees a love-ly child at play, A - mong the
ro - sy wild flow'rs sing - ing, As ro - - - sy and as wild as
they.
marcato.
Cor.
p
mf
And, near the boy, who, tir'd with play Now nest - ling
'mid the ro - ses lay,

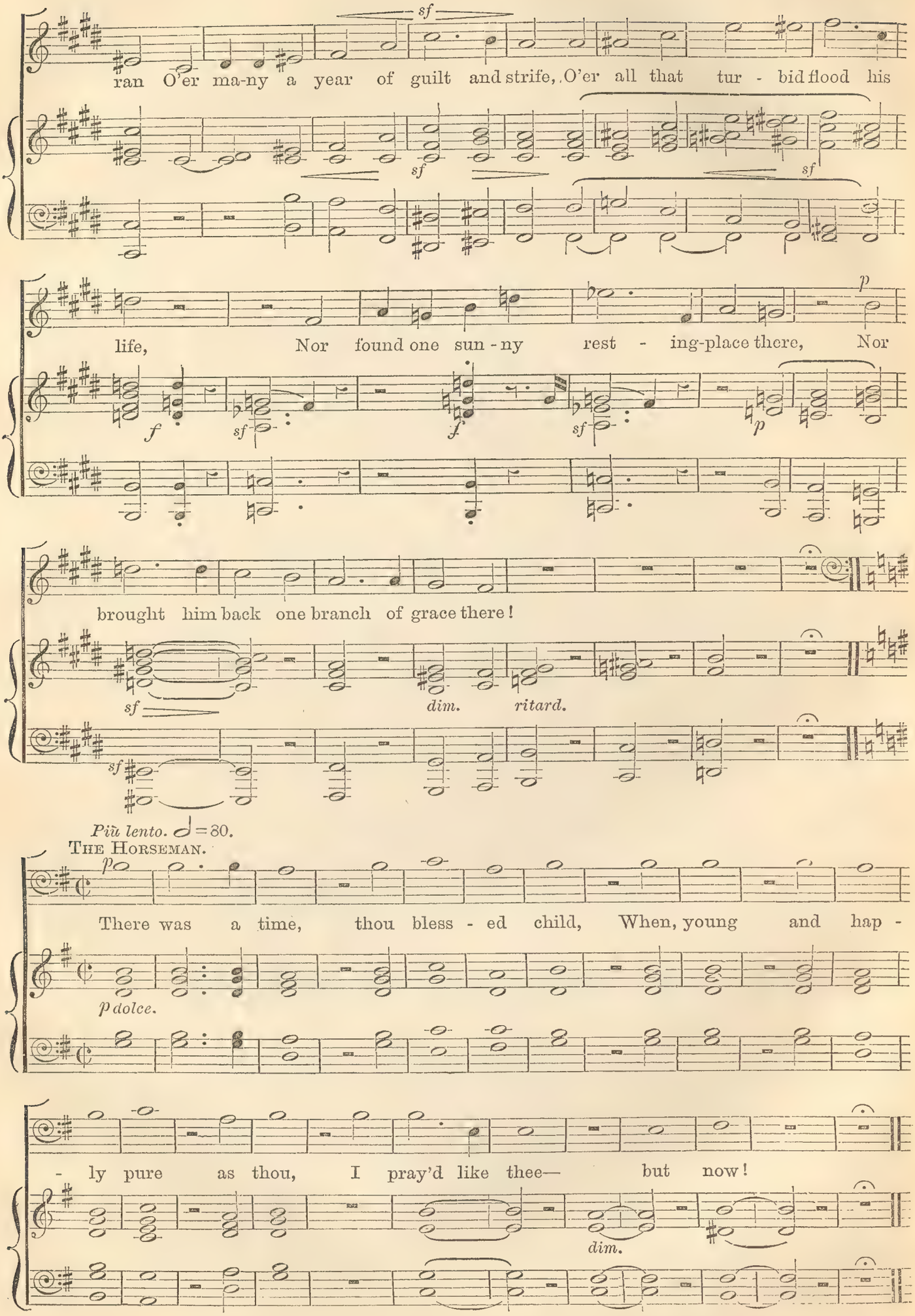

She saw a wea - ried man dis - moun - ting From his hot
cres.
mf Cello.
steed, and on the brink Impa - tient fling him down to
drink Be - side an im' - - - - ret's rus - tic foun - tain.
f
Then swift his hag - gard
sf
p
brow he turn'd To that fair child, who fear - less sat, Though
sfp
p
f

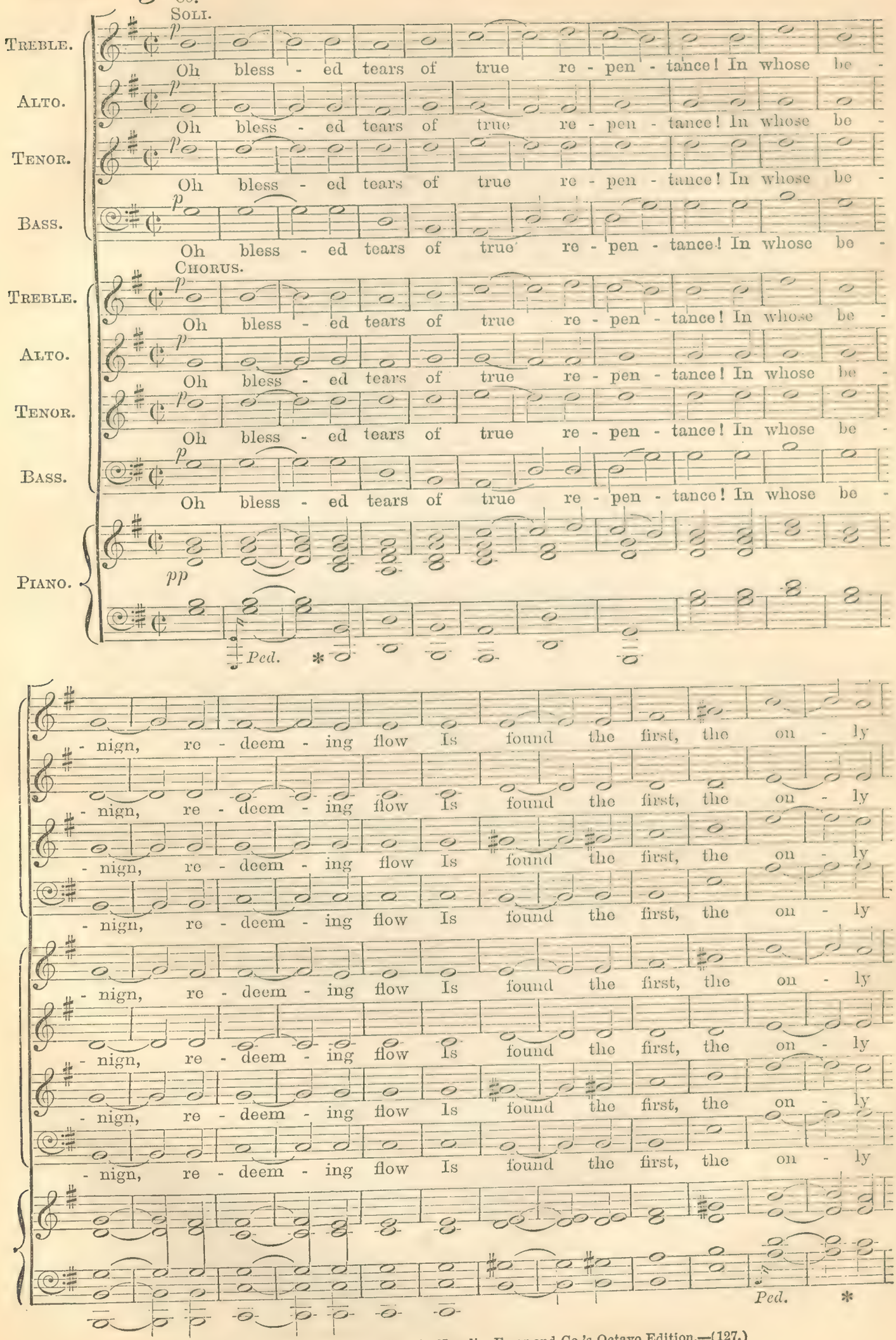

ne - ver yet hath day-beam burn'd Full on a brow more fierce than
sf
sf
p
that,— Lo, sul - len - fierce, a mix - ture dire, Like
cres.
sf
sf
mf
thun - der - clouds, of gloom and fire! In which the Pe - ri's
f
sf
sf
eyes could read Dark tales of ma-ny a ruth - less deed;
sf
Tpt.
mf
sf
f
f
'Trea - son, and broken oaths— and shrine pro - fan'd— By blood of
f
f
f
f
f
f

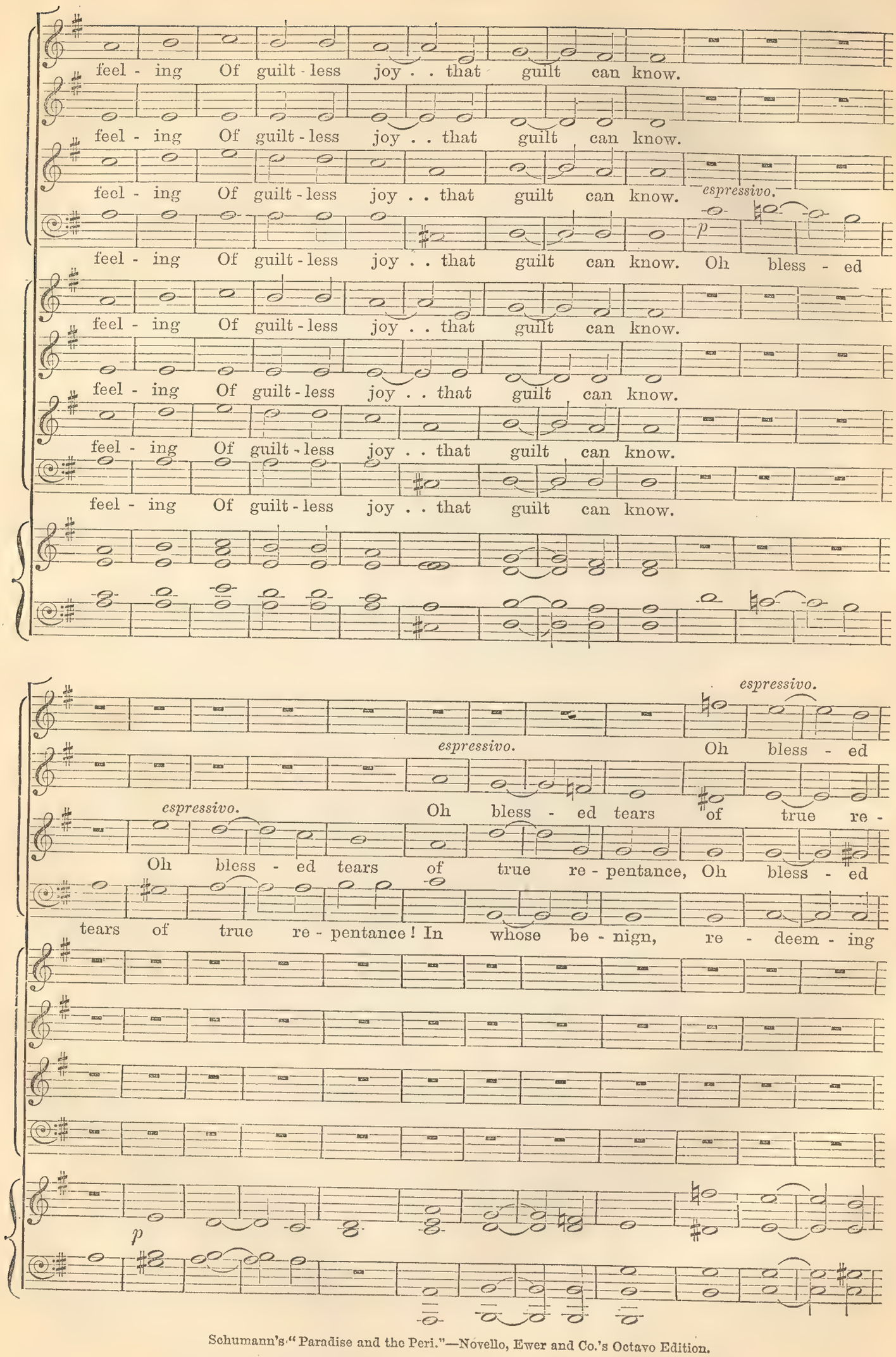

guests;—that face so pas - sion - stain'd dis - play'd there.
ritardando.
sfz
p a tempo.
dol.
ALTO or MEZZO-SOPRANO SOLO.
mf
But hark! the ves - per call to pray - er, As slow the
orb of day - light sets, Is ri - sing sweet - ly
Ped.
on the air, . . From Syria's mi - na - rets!

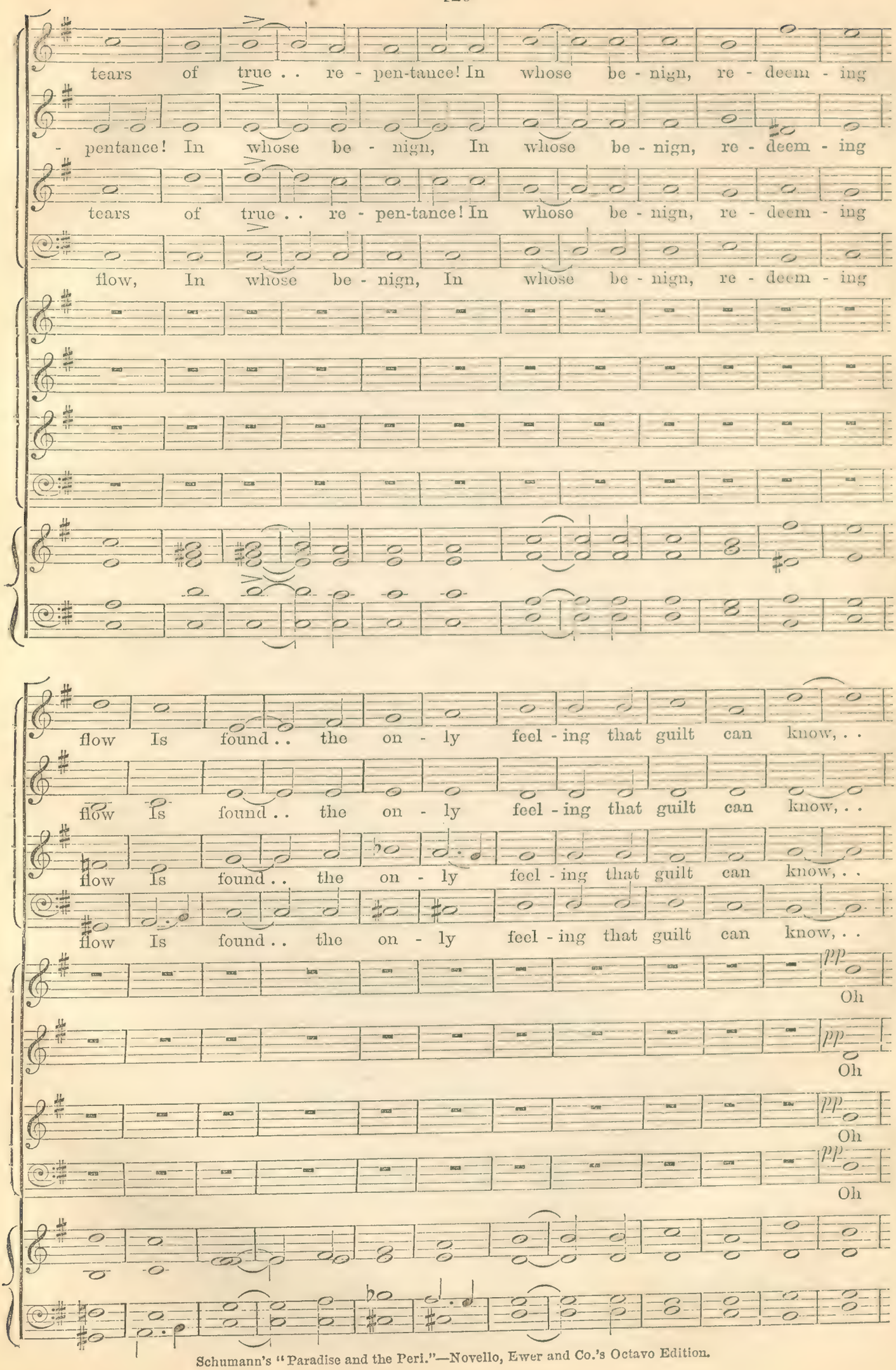

The boy has start - ed
from the bed, Where he had laid his in-fant
p
head, And down up - on the fra - - grant sod Kneels,
with his fore-head to the south, And lisps th' e-ter-nal name of God.
p
cres.
p
And seeming, while his hands and eyes Are lif - ted to the

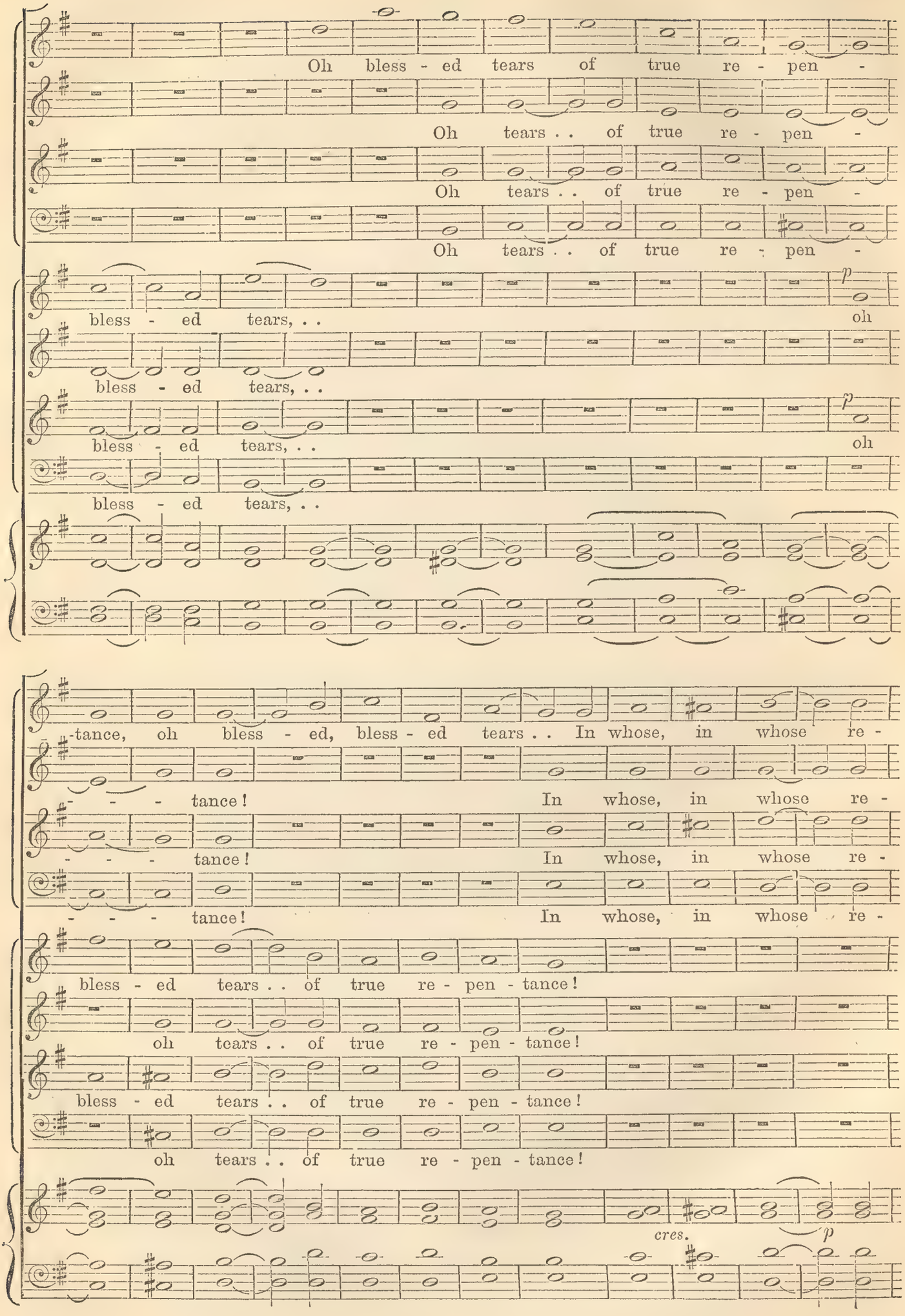

glow - ing skies, A stray - ing babe of love - ly Para - dise who, light - ing
pp
Ped.
*
here, His bright home now once more . . is seek - ing.
Clar.
pp
Tenor.
mf
And how felt
sf
più f
p
he, the wretch - ed man Re - cli - ning there—while mem'ry
sf
sf

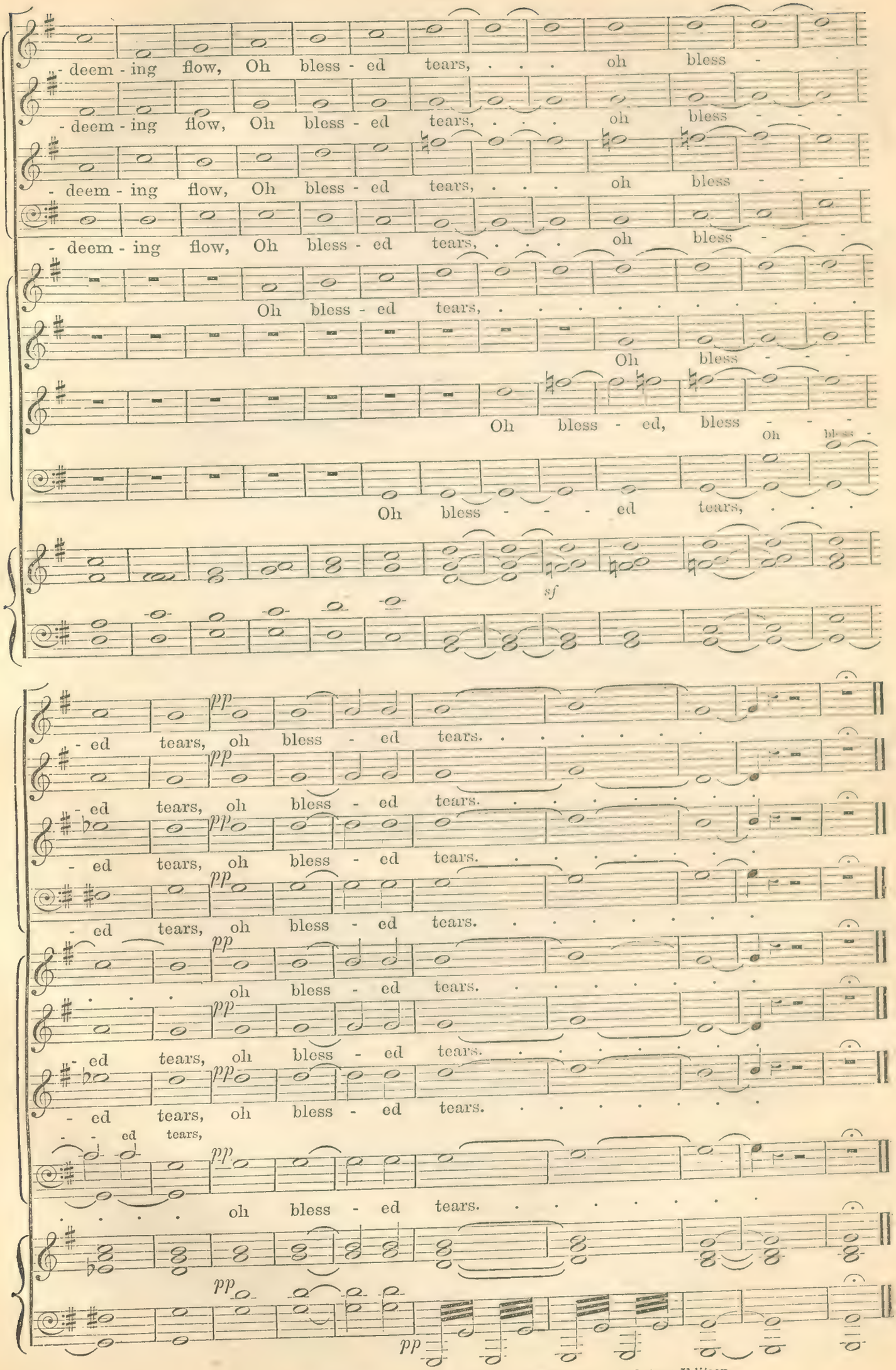

ran O'er ma-ny a year of guilt and strife, O'er all that tur - bid flood his
life, Nor found one sun - ny rest - ing-place there, Nor
brought him back one branch of grace there!
dim. ritard.
Più lento. ♩=80.
THE HORSEMAN.
There was a time, thou bless - ed child, When, young and hap -
p dolce.
- ly pure as thou, I pray'd like thee— but now!
dim.


♩ = 80.
Soli.
Treble.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
Oh bless - ed tears of true re - pen - tance! In whose be -
Chorus.
Piano.
pp
Ped. *
- nign, re - deem - ing flow Is found the first, the on - ly
Ped. *


feel - ing Of guilt - less joy . . that guilt can know.
feel - ing Of guilt - less joy . . that guilt can know.
feel - ing Of guilt - less joy . . that guilt can know.
espressivo.
p
feel - ing Of guilt - less joy . . that guilt can know. Oh bless - ed
feel - ing Of guilt - less joy . . that guilt can know.
feel - ing Of guilt - less joy . . that guilt can know.
feel - ing Of guilt - less joy . . that guilt can know.
feel - ing Of guilt - less joy . . that guilt can know.
espressivo.
espressivo.
Oh bless - ed
espressivo.
Oh bless - ed tears of true re -
Oh bless - ed tears of true re - pentance, Oh bless - ed
tears of true re - pentance! In whose be - nign, re - deem - ing
p
p


tears of true . . re - pen-tance! In whose be - nign, re - deem - ing
- pentance! In whose be - nign, In whose be - nign, re - deem - ing
tears of true . . re - pen-tance! In whose be - nign, re - deem - ing
flow, In whose be - nign, In whose be - nign, re - deem - ing
flow Is found . . the on - ly feel - ing that guilt can know, . .
flow Is found . . the on - ly feel - ing that guilt can know, . .
flow Is found . . the on - ly feel - ing that guilt can know, . .
flow Is found . . the on - ly feel - ing that guilt can know, . .
pp
Oh
pp
Oh
pp
Oh
pp
Oh


Oh bless - ed tears of true re - pen -
Oh tears . . of true re - pen -
Oh tears . . of true re - pen -
Oh tears . . of true re - pen -
bless - ed tears, . .
oh
bless - ed tears, . .
bless - ed tears, . .
oh
bless - ed tears, . .
-tance, oh bless - ed, bless - ed tears . . In whose, in whose re -
- - - tance! In whose, in whose re -
- - - tance! In whose, in whose re -
- - - tance! In whose, in whose re -
bless - ed tears . . of true re - pen - tance!
oh tears . . of true re - pen - tance!
bless - ed tears . . of true re - pen - tance!
oh tears . . of true re - pen - tance!
cres.


- deem - ing flow, Oh bless - ed tears, . . . oh bless -
- deem - ing flow, Oh bless - ed tears, . . . oh bless - - -
- deem - ing flow, Oh bless - ed tears, . . . oh bless - - -
- deem - ing flow, Oh bless - ed tears, . . . oh bless - - -
Oh bless - ed tears, ...
Oh bless - - -
Oh bless - ed, bless - - -
Oh bless -
Oh bless - - - ed tears, . . .
sf
pp
- ed tears, oh bless - ed tears. . . . . .
- ed tears, oh bless - ed tears. . . . . .
- ed tears, oh bless - ed tears. . . . . .
- ed tears, oh bless - ed tears. . . . . .
oh bless - ed tears. . . . . .
- ed tears, oh bless - ed tears. . . . . .
- ed tears, oh bless - ed tears. . . . . .
- - ed tears,
oh bless - ed tears. . . . . .
pp
pp

No. 25.

(*The crotchets to be taken the same time as the previous minims.*)

Slow. 𝅗𝅥 = 80. *Più accell.*

p Corno Solo.

p

THE PERI.

p

There falls a drop on the land . . . of E - gypt, Through

with' - ring hot airs of June, down from the moon Of so heal - ing a

cres.

pow'r that in one sin-gle hour, Fell con - ta - gion dies, And now health once

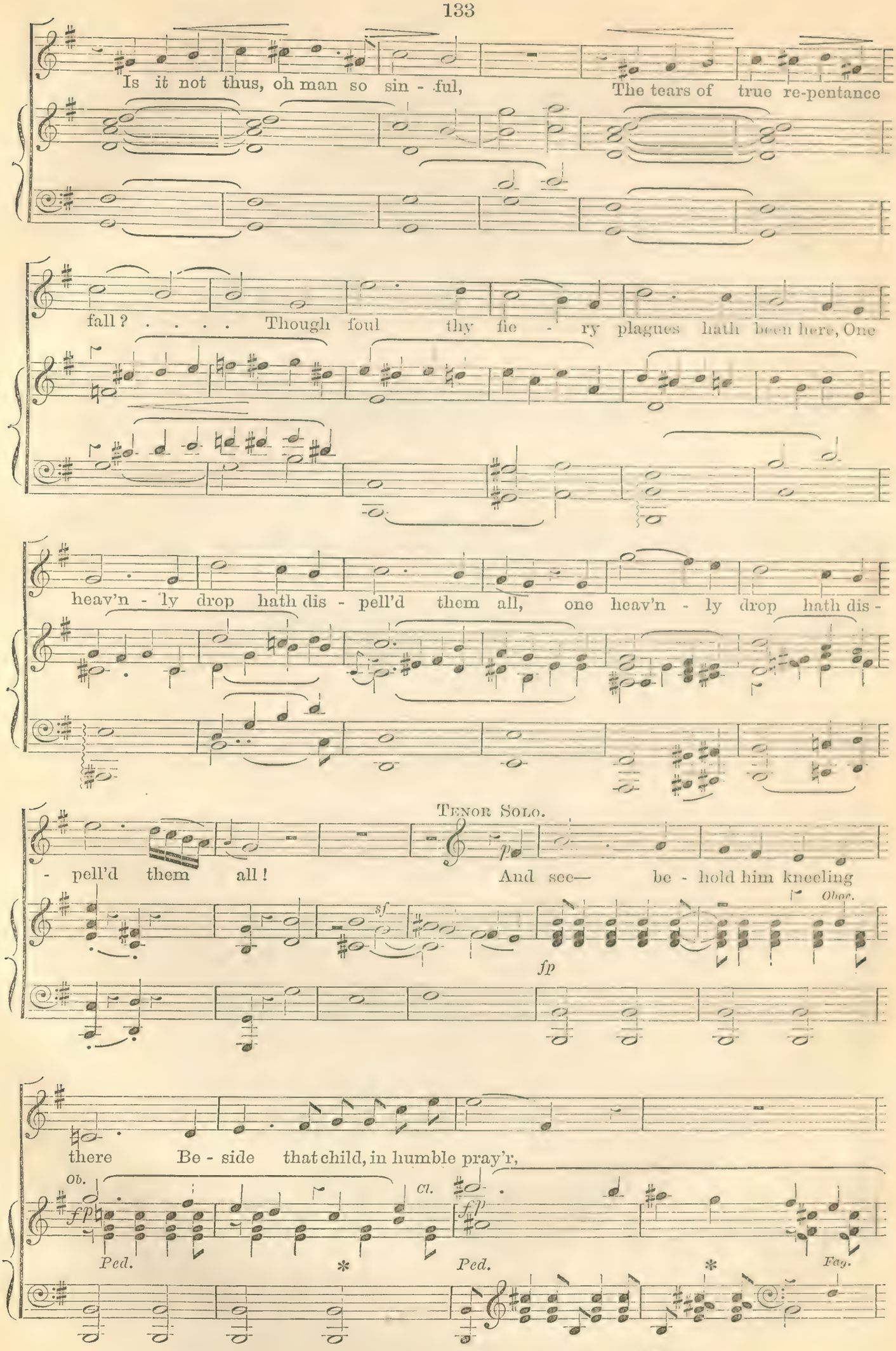
cres.

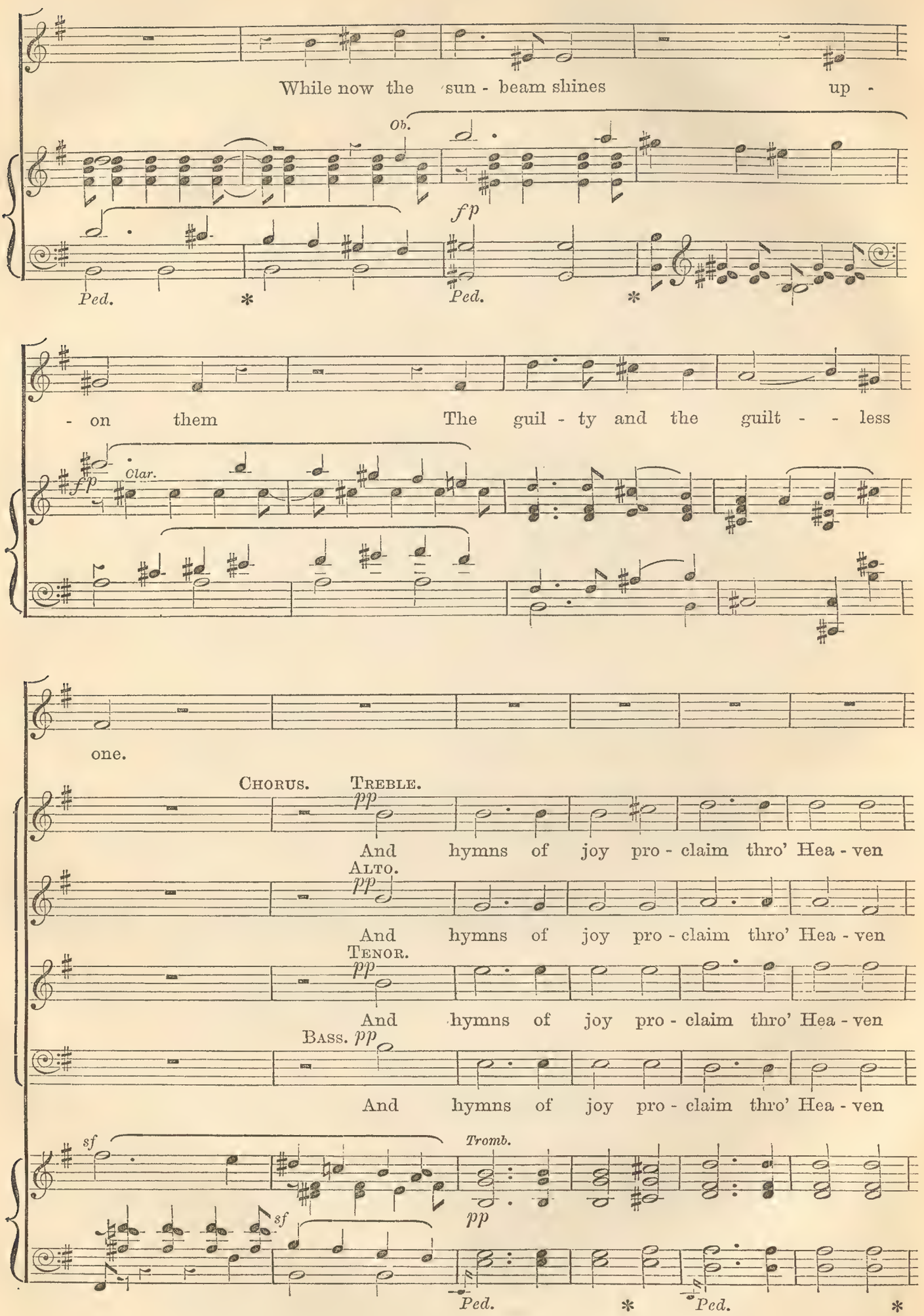
f

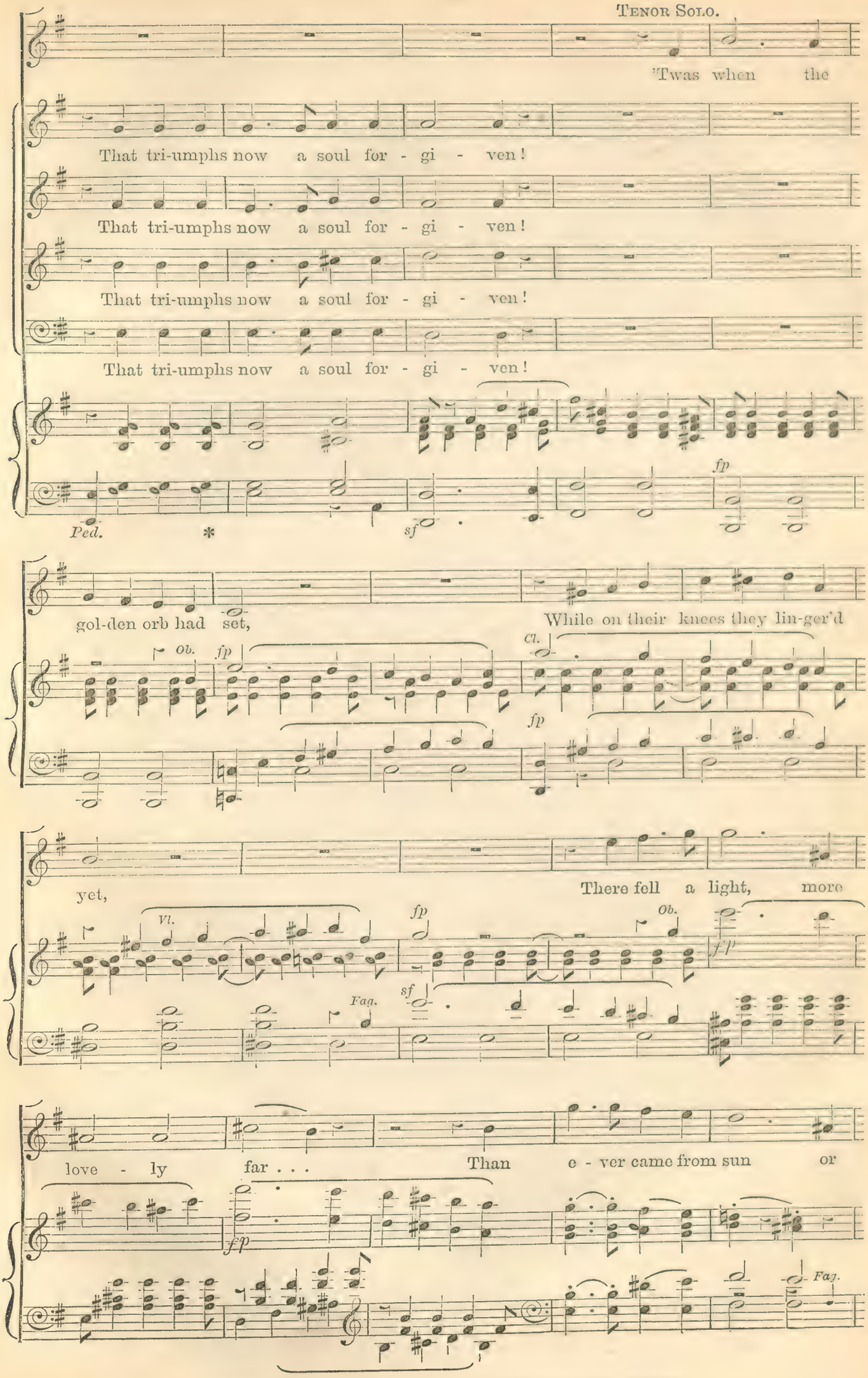
more a - ni - mates earth and skies!

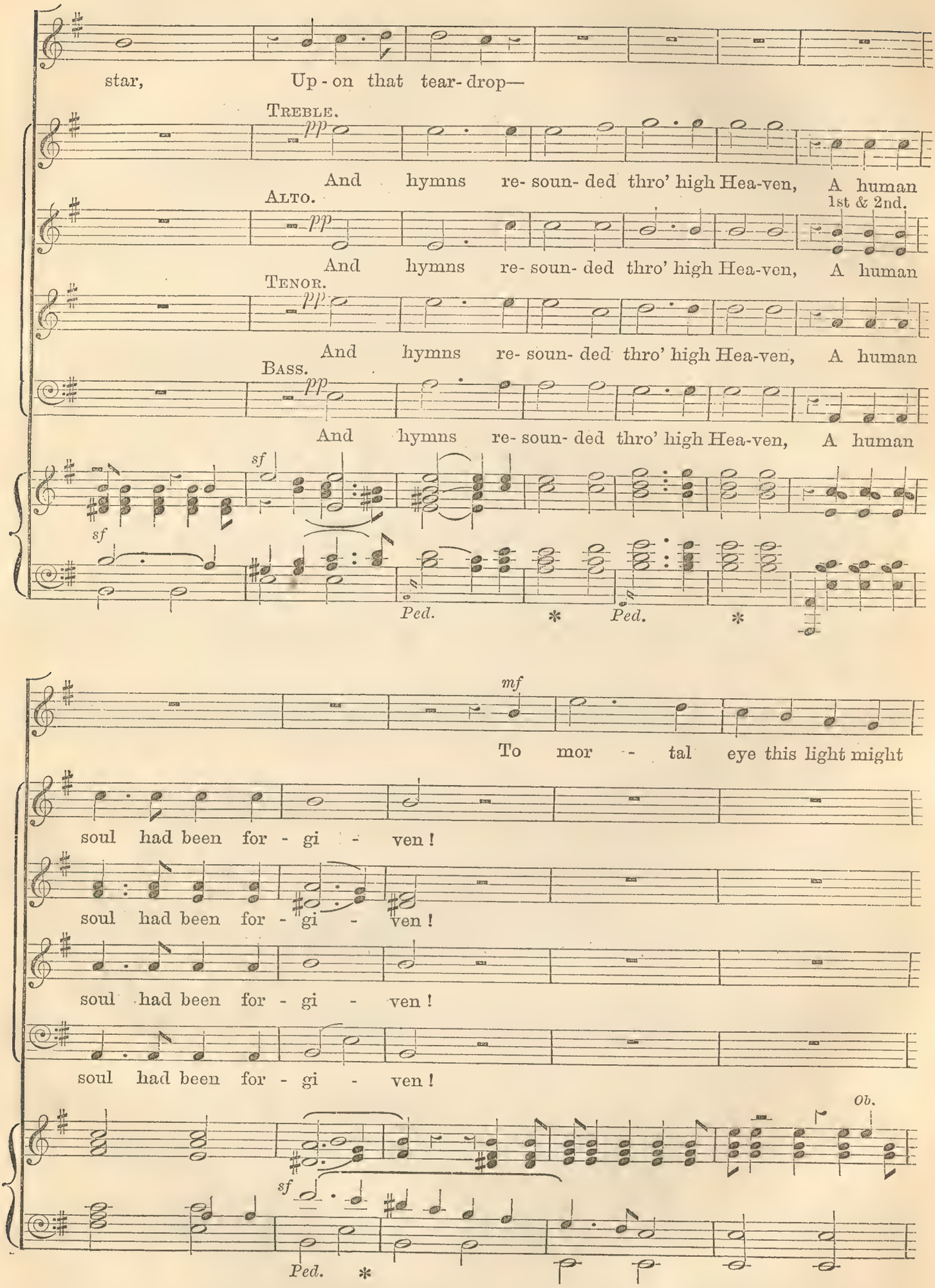
dim. p

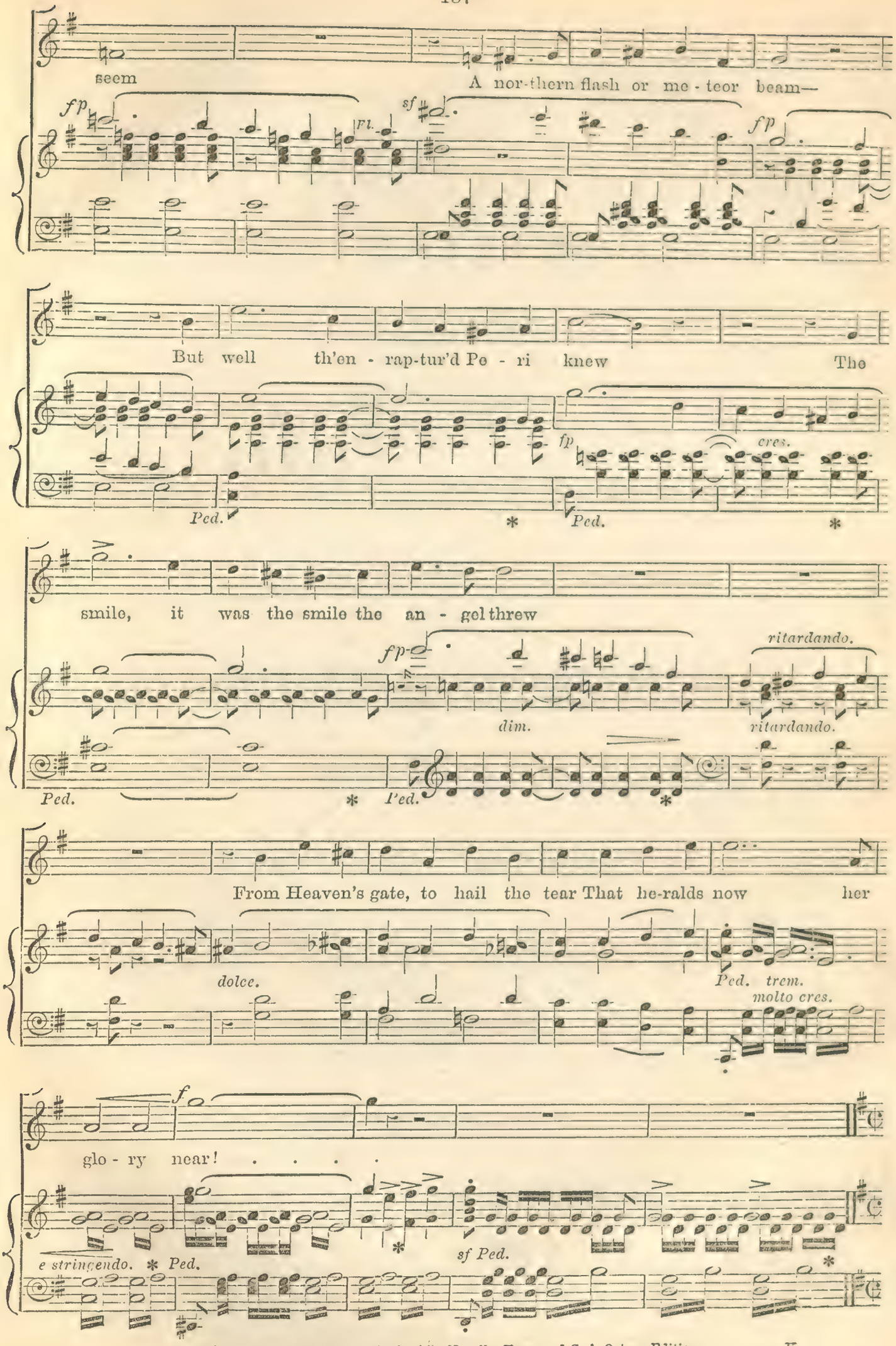
Ped. ✻

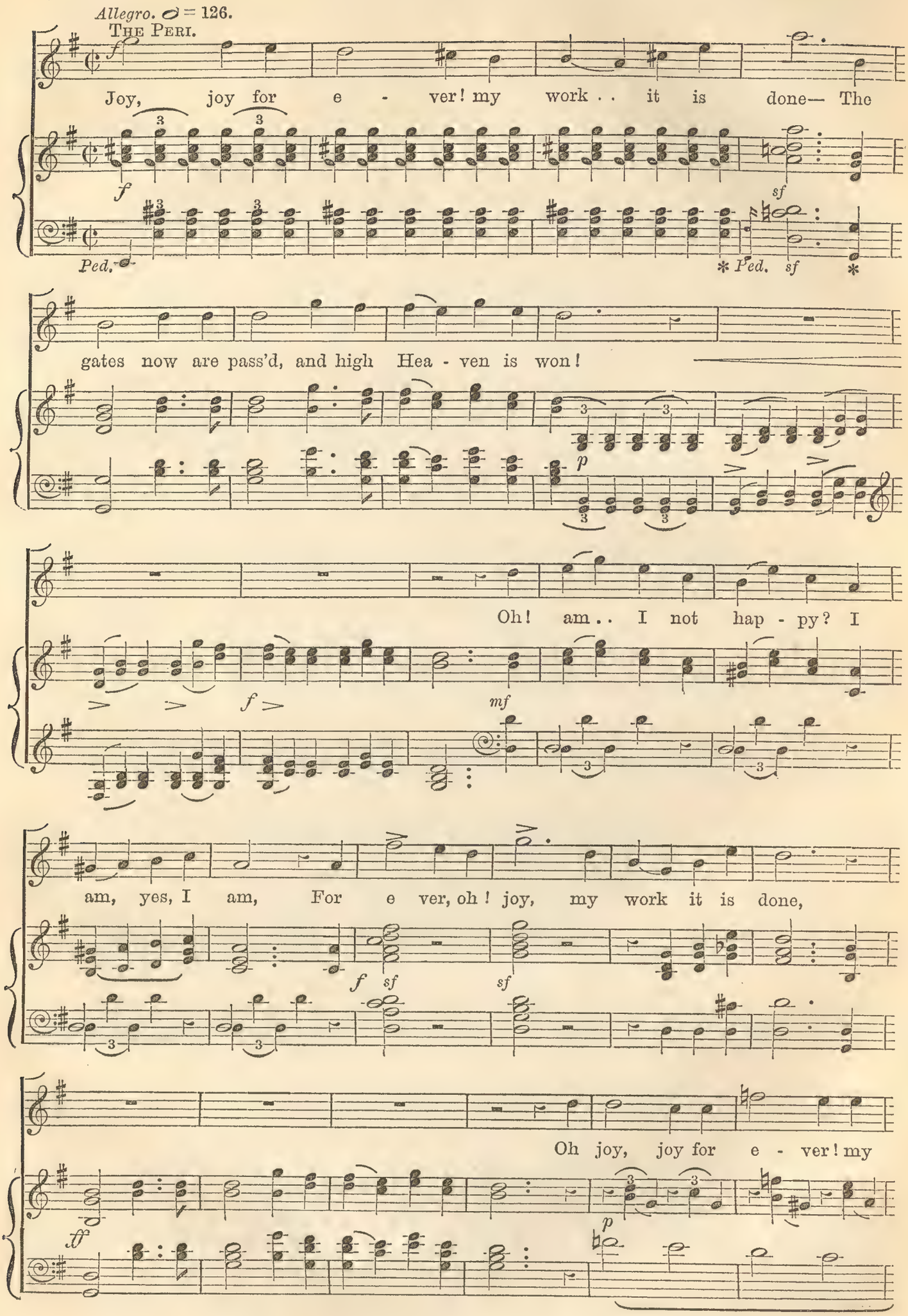

Is it not thus, oh man so sin - ful, The tears of true re-pentance
fall? . . . . Though foul thy fie - ry plagues hath been here, One
heav'n - ly drop hath dis - pell'd them all, one heav'n - ly drop hath dis -
Tenor Solo.
- pell'd them all! And see— be - hold him kneeling
Oboe.
there Be - side that child, in humble pray'r,
Ob.
Cl.
Ped.
Ped.
Fag.

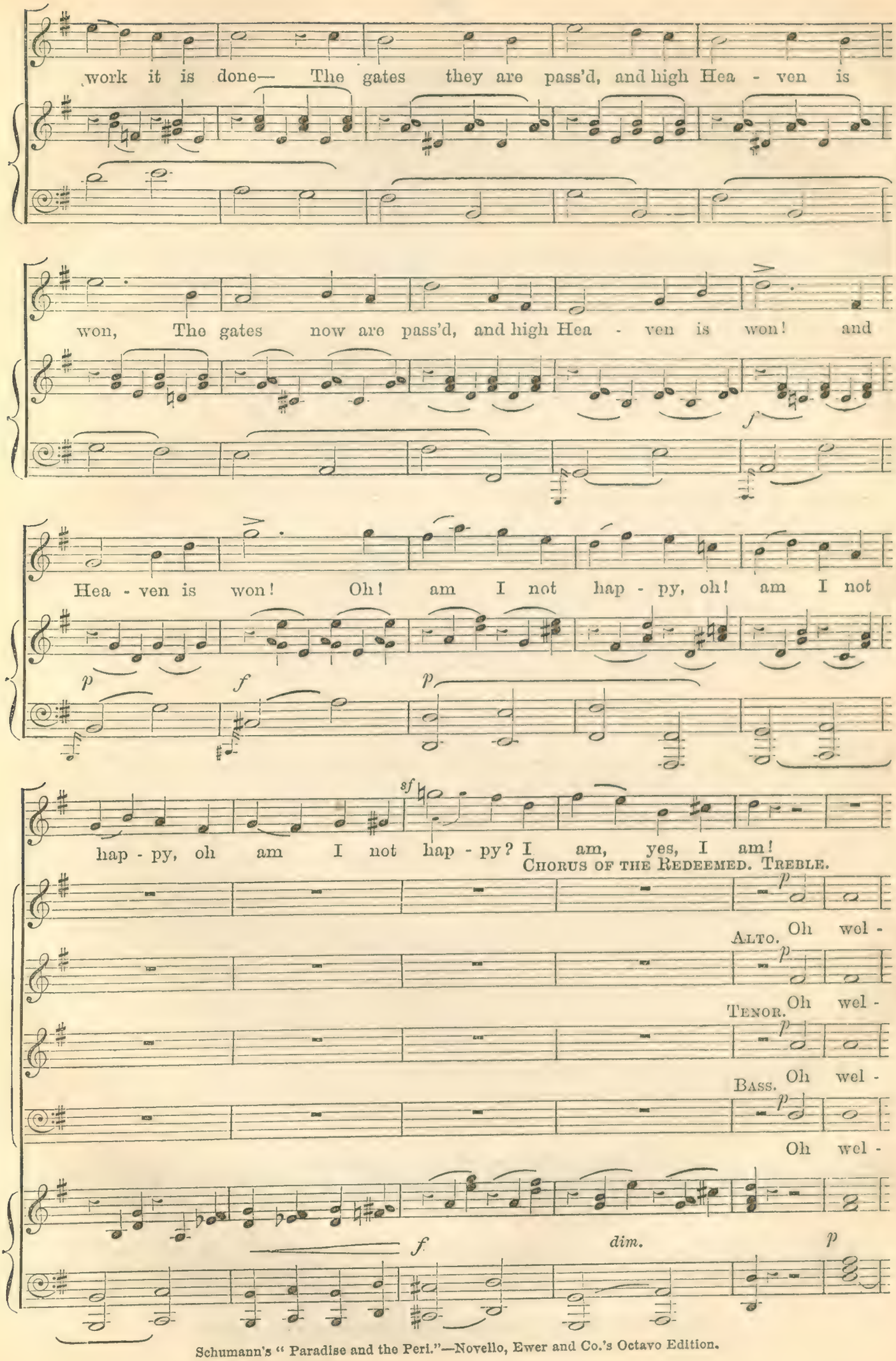

While now the sun - beam shines up -
Ob.
fp
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
- on them The guil - ty and the guilt - - less
fp
Clar.
one.
Chorus. Treble.
pp
And hymns of joy pro - claim thro' Hea - ven
Alto.
pp
And hymns of joy pro - claim thro' Hea - ven
Tenor.
pp
And hymns of joy pro - claim thro' Hea - ven
Bass. pp
And hymns of joy pro - claim thro' Hea - ven
sf
sf
Tromb.
pp
Ped.
*
Ped.
*

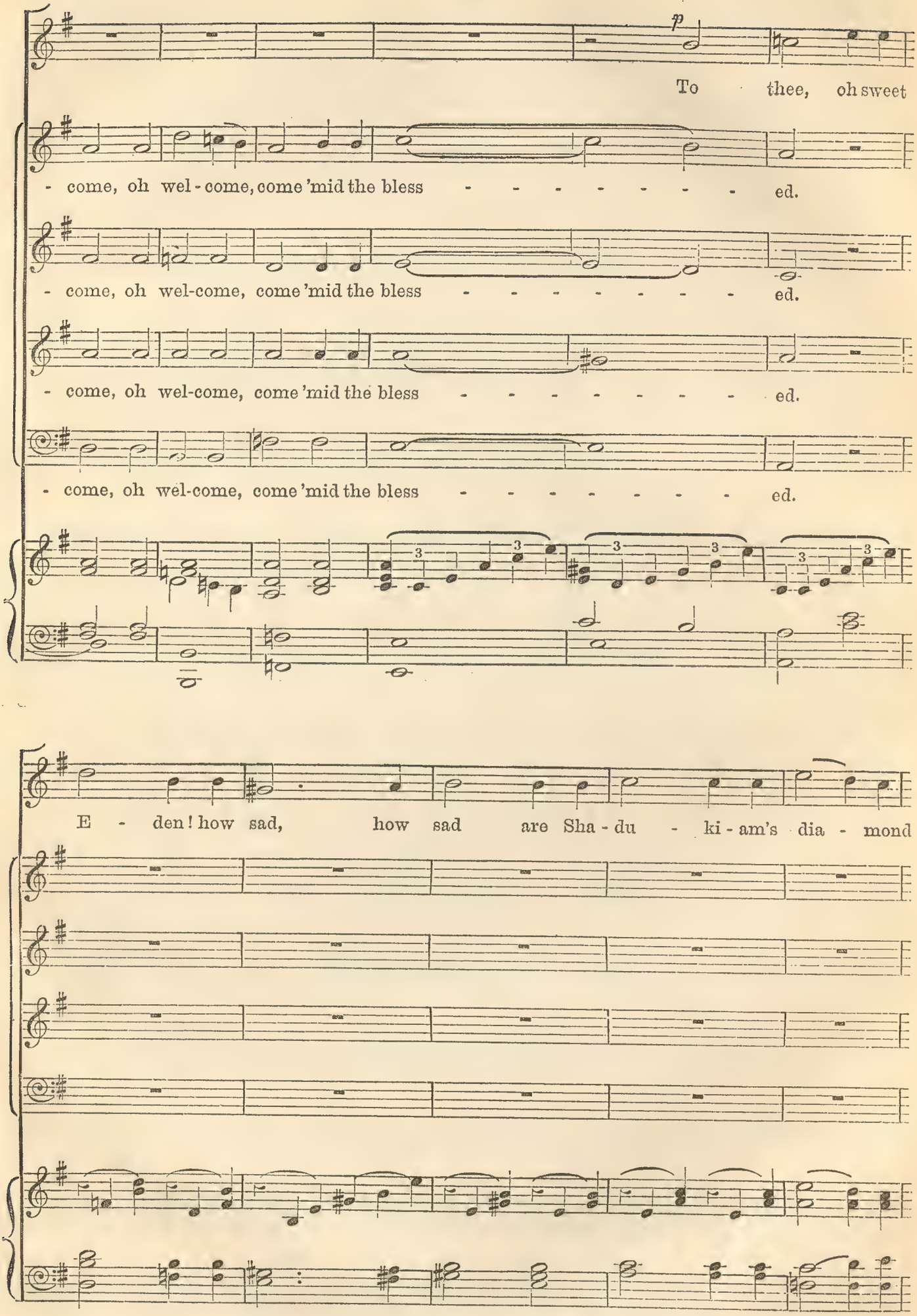

Tenor Solo.
'Twas when the
That tri-umphs now a soul for - gi - ven!
That tri-umphs now a soul for - gi - ven!
That tri-umphs now a soul for - gi - ven!
That tri-umphs now a soul for - gi - ven!
Ped.
*
sf
fp
gol-den orb had set,
While on their knees they lin-ger'd
Ob.
fp
Cl.
fp
yet,
There fell a light, more
Vl.
fp
Ob.
f-p
sf
Fag.
love - ly far . . .
Than e - ver came from sun or
fp
Fag.

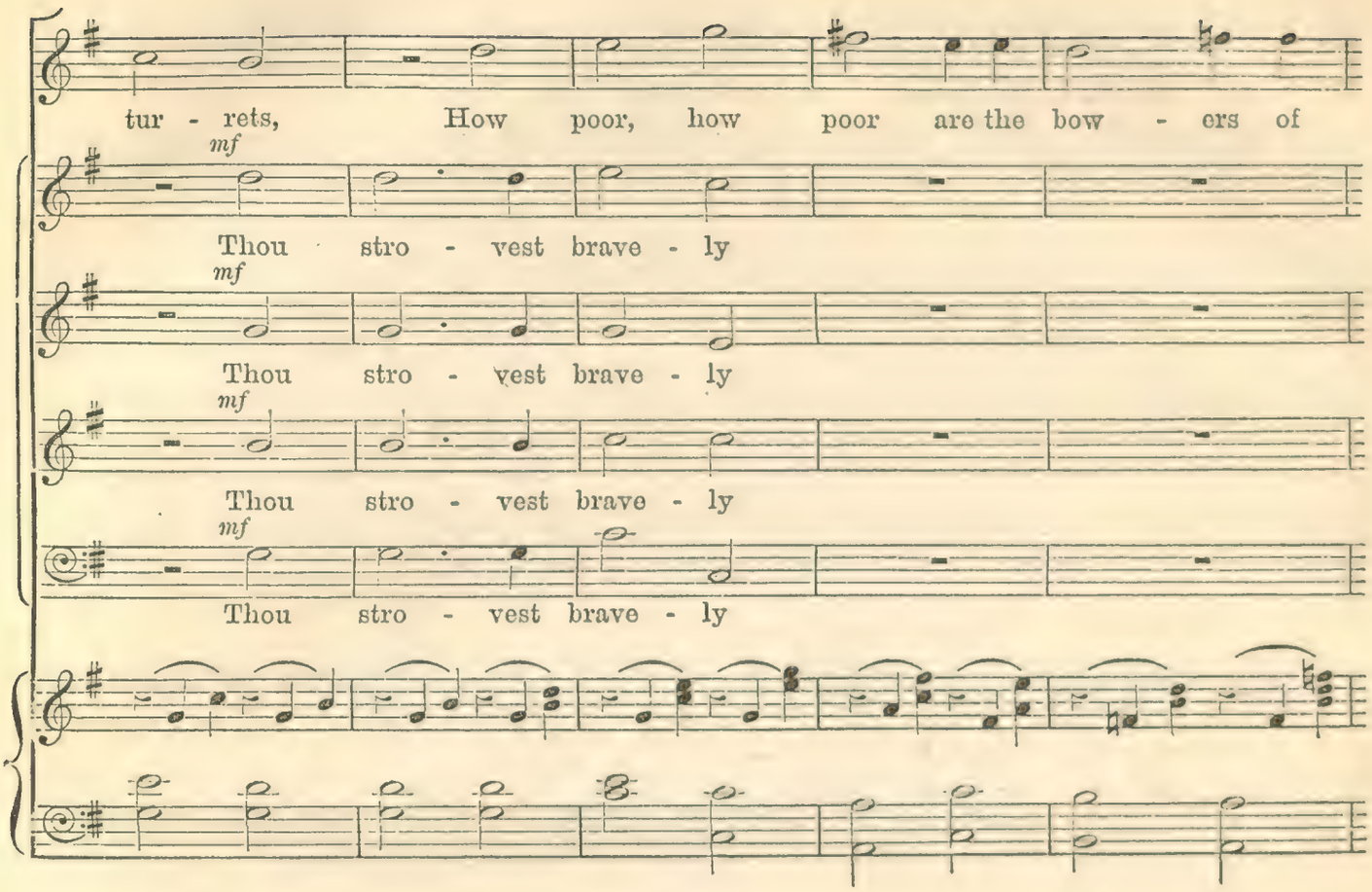

star, Up - on that tear- drop—
Treble.
pp
And hymns re- soun- ded thro' high Hea-ven, A human
Alto.
pp
1st & 2nd.
And hymns re- soun- ded thro' high Hea-ven, A human
Tenor.
pp
And hymns re- soun- ded thro' high Hea-ven, A human
Bass.
pp
And hymns re- soun- ded thro' high Hea-ven, A human
sf
sf
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
mf
To mor - tal eye this light might
soul had been for - gi - ven!
soul had been for - gi - ven!
soul had been for - gi - ven!
soul had been for - gi - ven!
Ob.
sf
Ped.
*

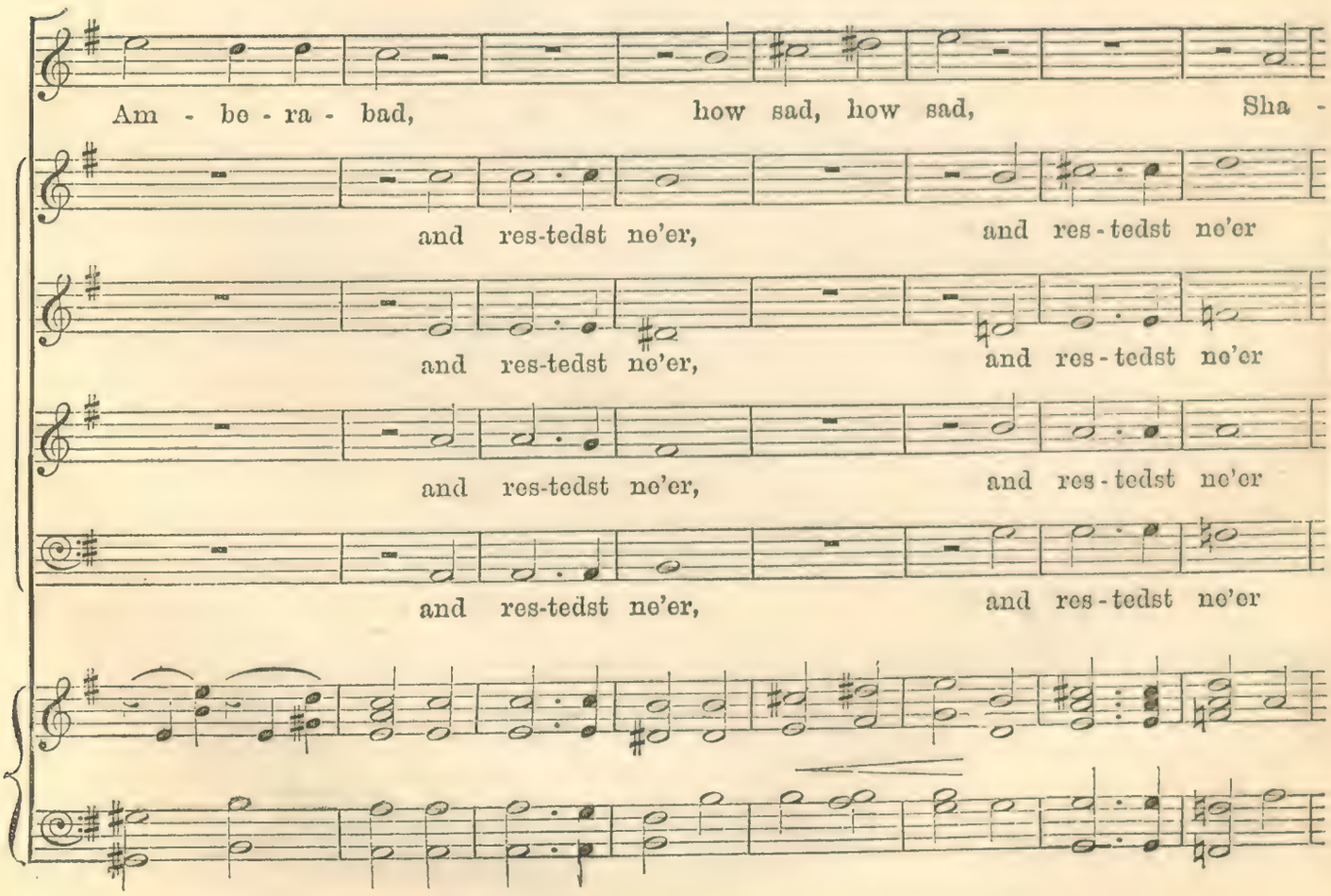

seem
A nor-thern flash or me-teor beam—
fp
fl.
sf
fp
But well th'en-rap-tur'd Pe-ri knew The
fp
cres.
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
smile, it was the smile the an-gel threw
fp
dim.
ritardando.
ritardando.
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
From Heaven's gate, to hail the tear That he-ralds now her
dolce.
Ped. trem.
molto cres.
f
glo-ry near! . . . .
e stringendo. * Ped.
*
sf Ped.
*

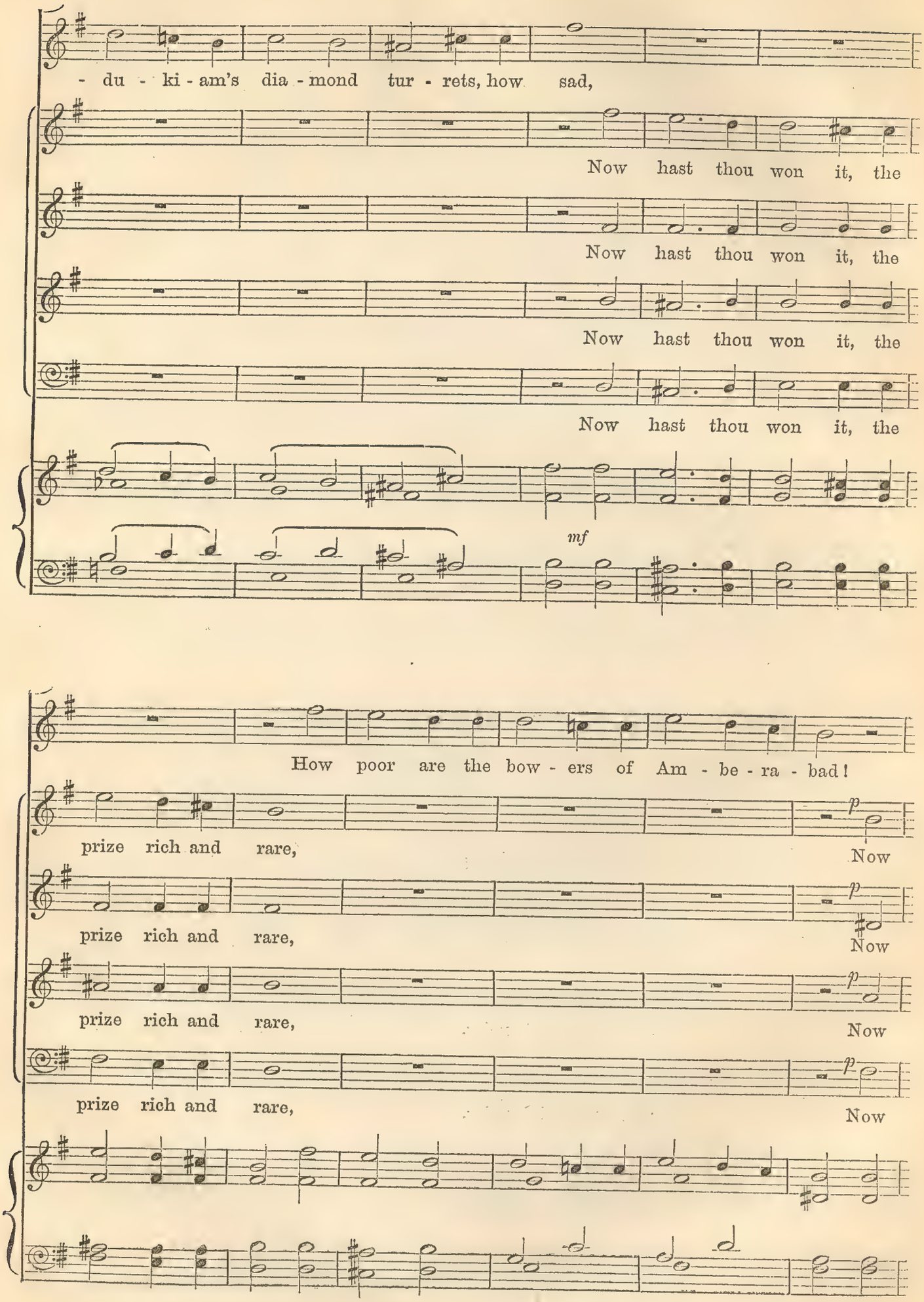
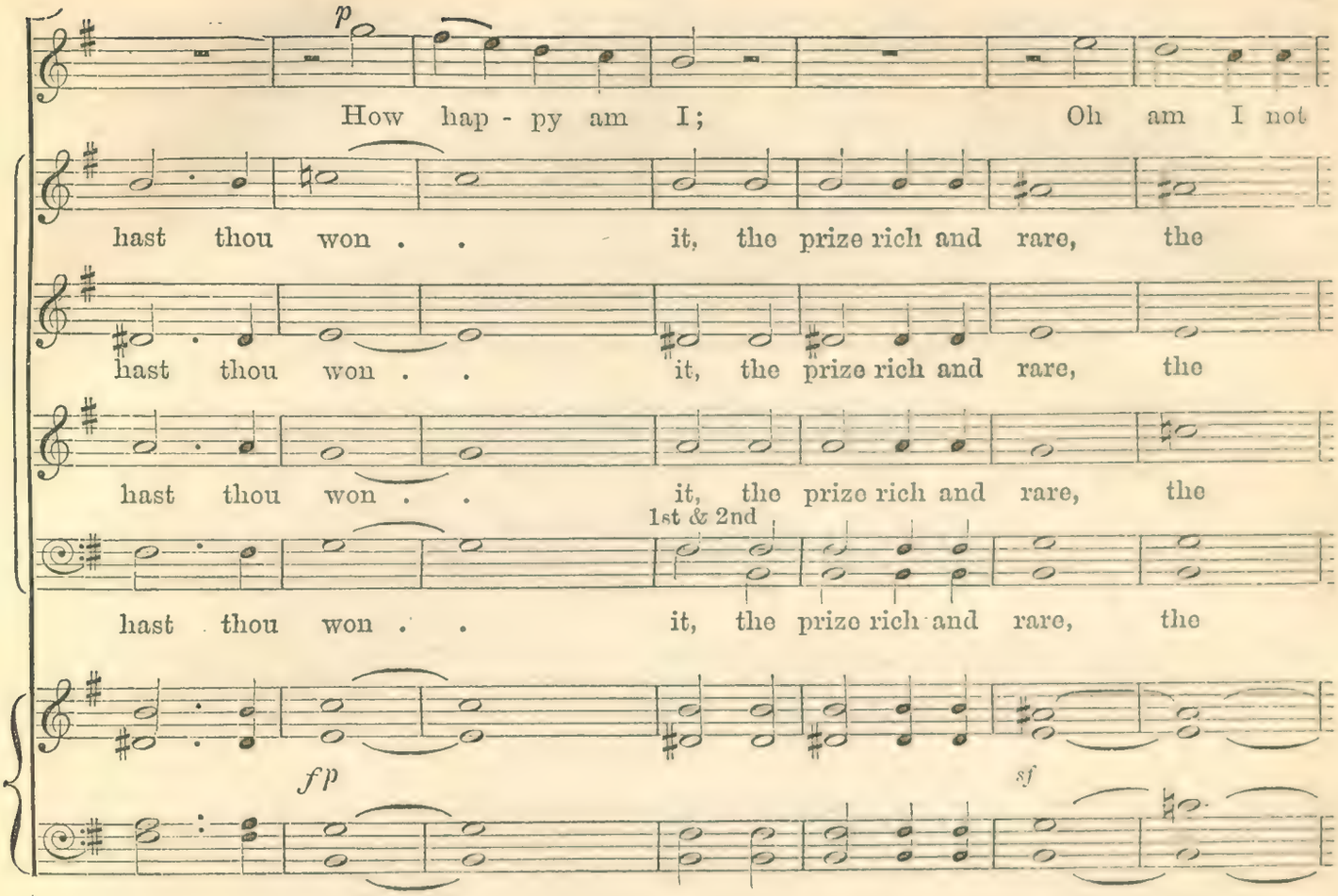

Allegro. ♩ = 126.
The Peri.
Joy, joy for e - ver! my work . . it is done— The
Ped. * Ped. sf *
gates now are pass'd, and high Hea - ven is won!
Oh! am . . I not hap - py? I
am, yes, I am, For e ver, oh! joy, my work it is done,
Oh joy, joy for e - ver! my

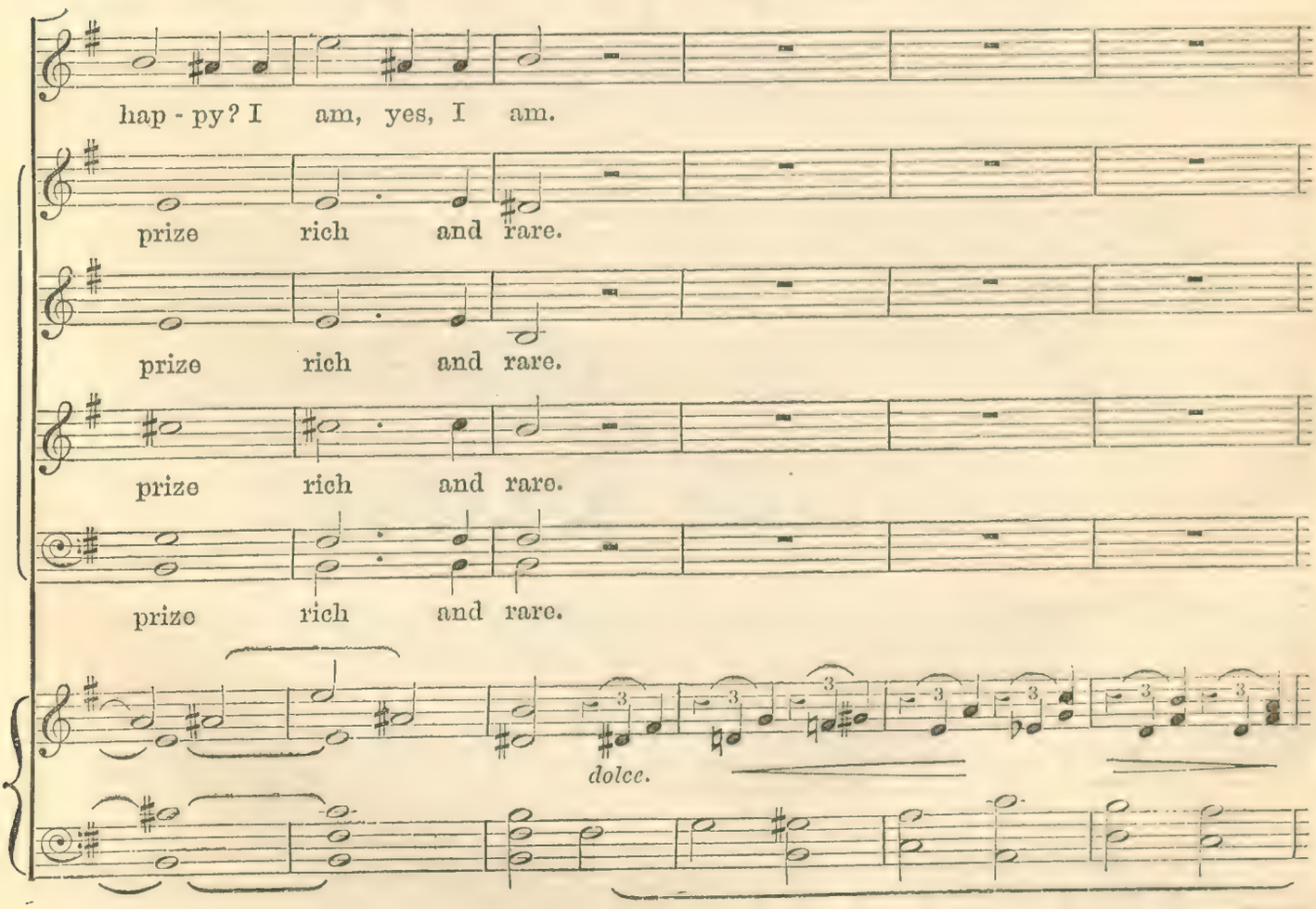

work it is done— The gates they are pass'd, and high Hea - ven is
won, The gates now are pass'd, and high Hea - ven is won! and
Hea - ven is won! Oh! am I not hap - py, oh! am I not
hap - py, oh am I not hap - py? I am, yes, I am!
Chorus of the Redeemed. Treble.
Alto. Oh wel -
Tenor. Oh wel -
Bass. Oh wel -
Oh wel -
dim.

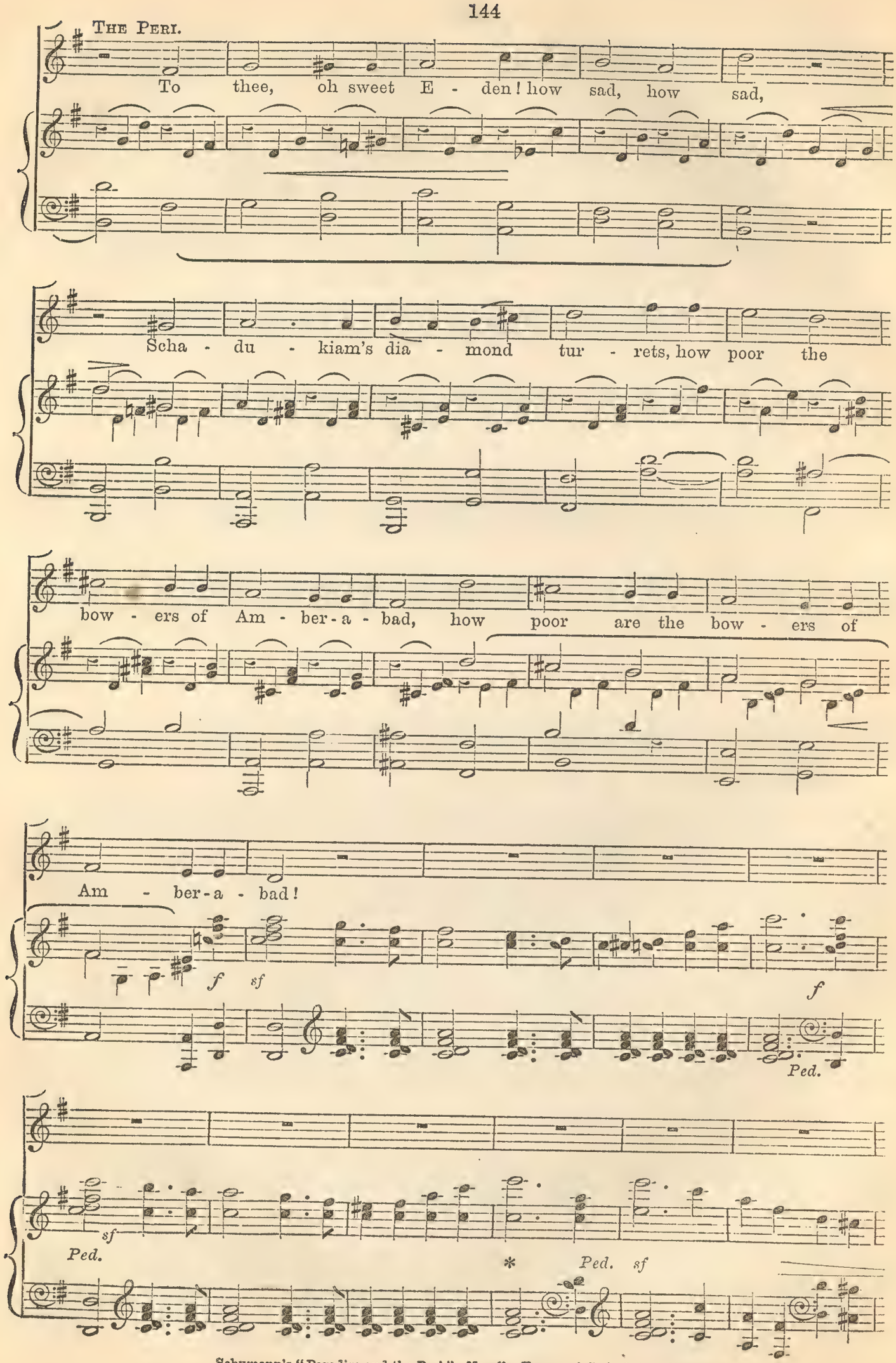

p
To thee, oh sweet
- come, oh wel - come, come 'mid the bless - - - - - - - - ed.
- come, oh wel-come, come 'mid the bless - - - - - - - - ed.
- come, oh wel-come, come 'mid the bless - - - - - - - - ed.
- come, oh wel-come, come 'mid the bless - - - - - - - - ed.
3
E - den! how sad, how sad are Sha - du - ki - am's dia - mond

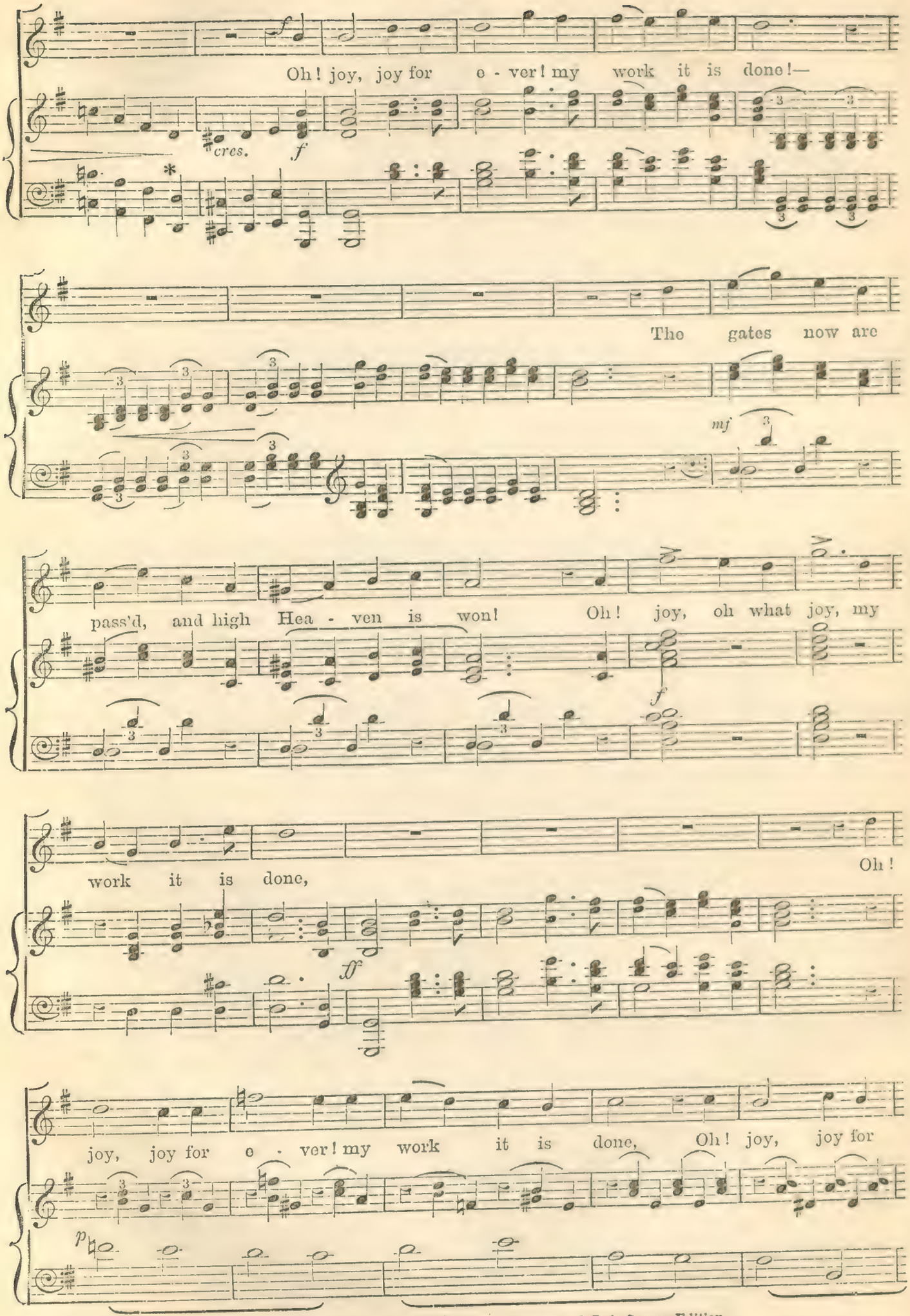

tur - rets, How poor, how poor are the bow - ers of
mf
Thou stro - vest brave - ly
mf
Thou stro - vest brave - ly
mf
Thou stro - vest brave - ly
mf
Thou stro - vest brave - ly

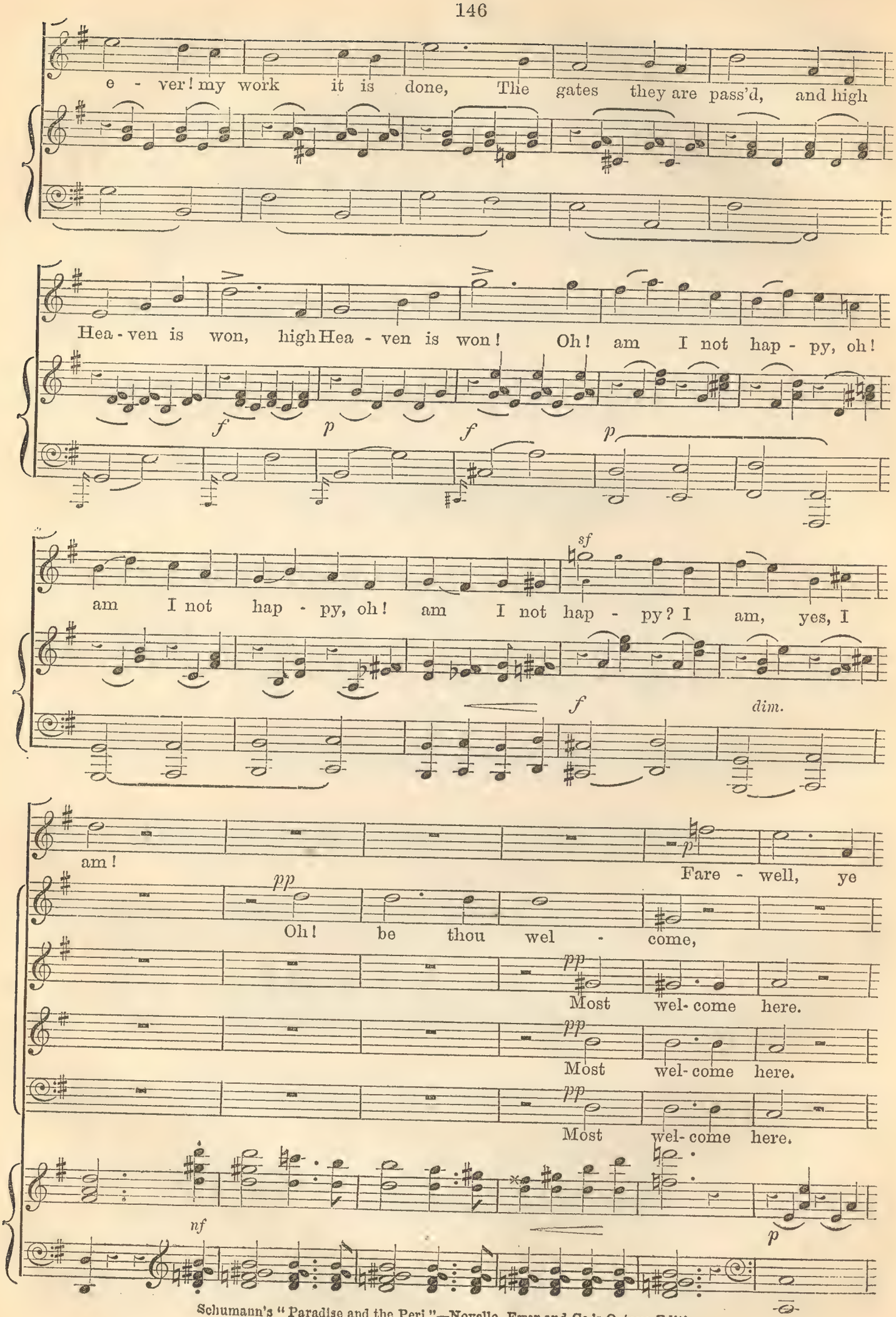

Am - be - ra - bad, how sad, how sad, Sha -
and res-tedst ne'er, and res-tedst ne'er
and res-tedst ne'er, and res-tedst ne'er
and res-tedst ne'er, and res-tedst ne'er
and res-tedst ne'er, and res-tedst ne'er

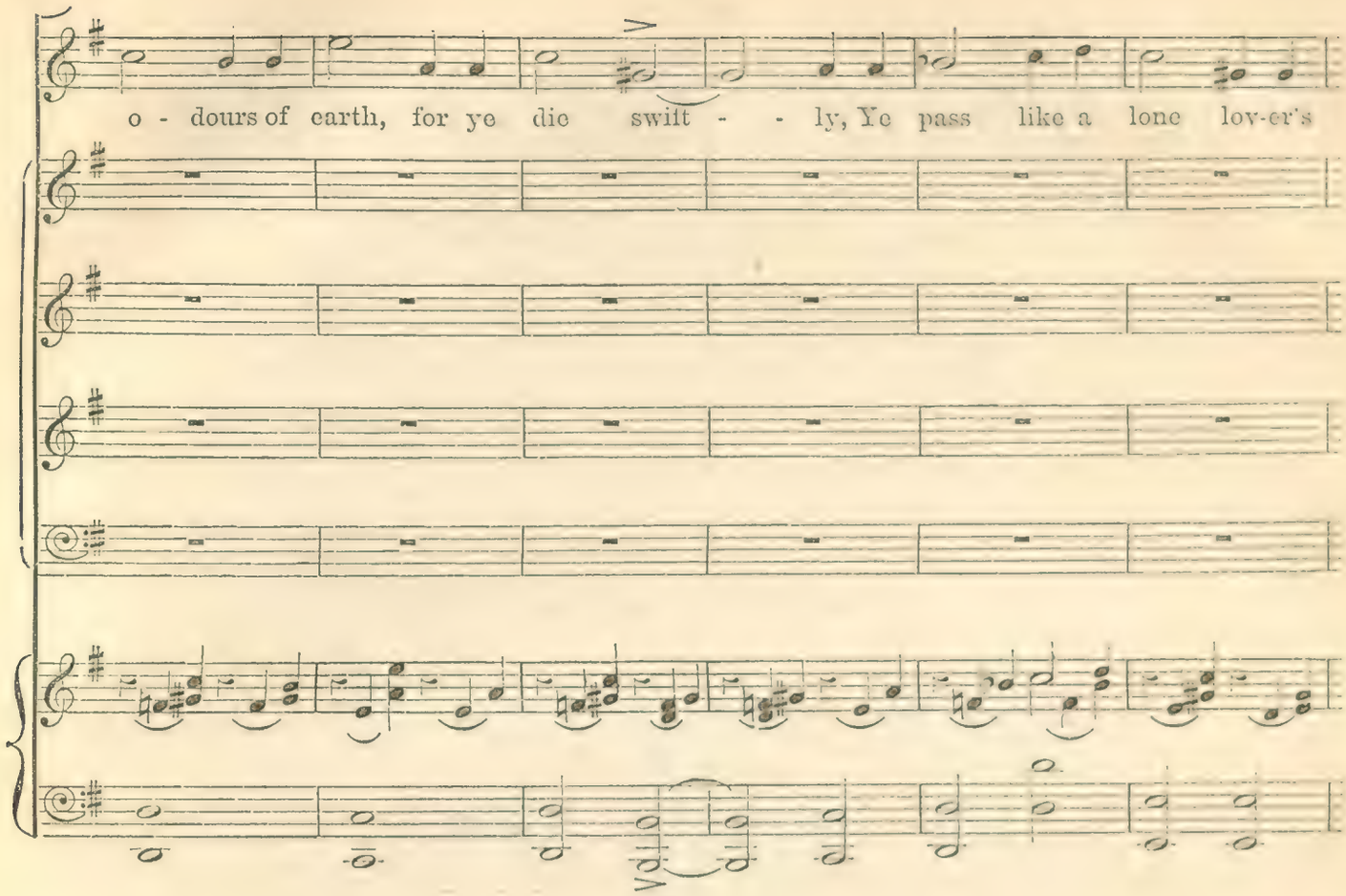

- du - ki - am's dia - mond tur - rets, how sad,
Now hast thou won it, the
Now hast thou won it, the
Now hast thou won it, the
Now hast thou won it, the
mf
How poor are the bow - ers of Am - be - ra - bad!
prize rich and rare,
Now
prize rich and rare,
Now
prize rich and rare,
Now
prize rich and rare,
Now

p
How hap - py am I; Oh am I not
hast thou won . . it, the prize rich and rare, the
hast thou won . . it, the prize rich and rare, the
hast thou won . . it, the prize rich and rare, the
1st & 2nd
hast thou won . . it, the prize rich and rare, the
fp
sf

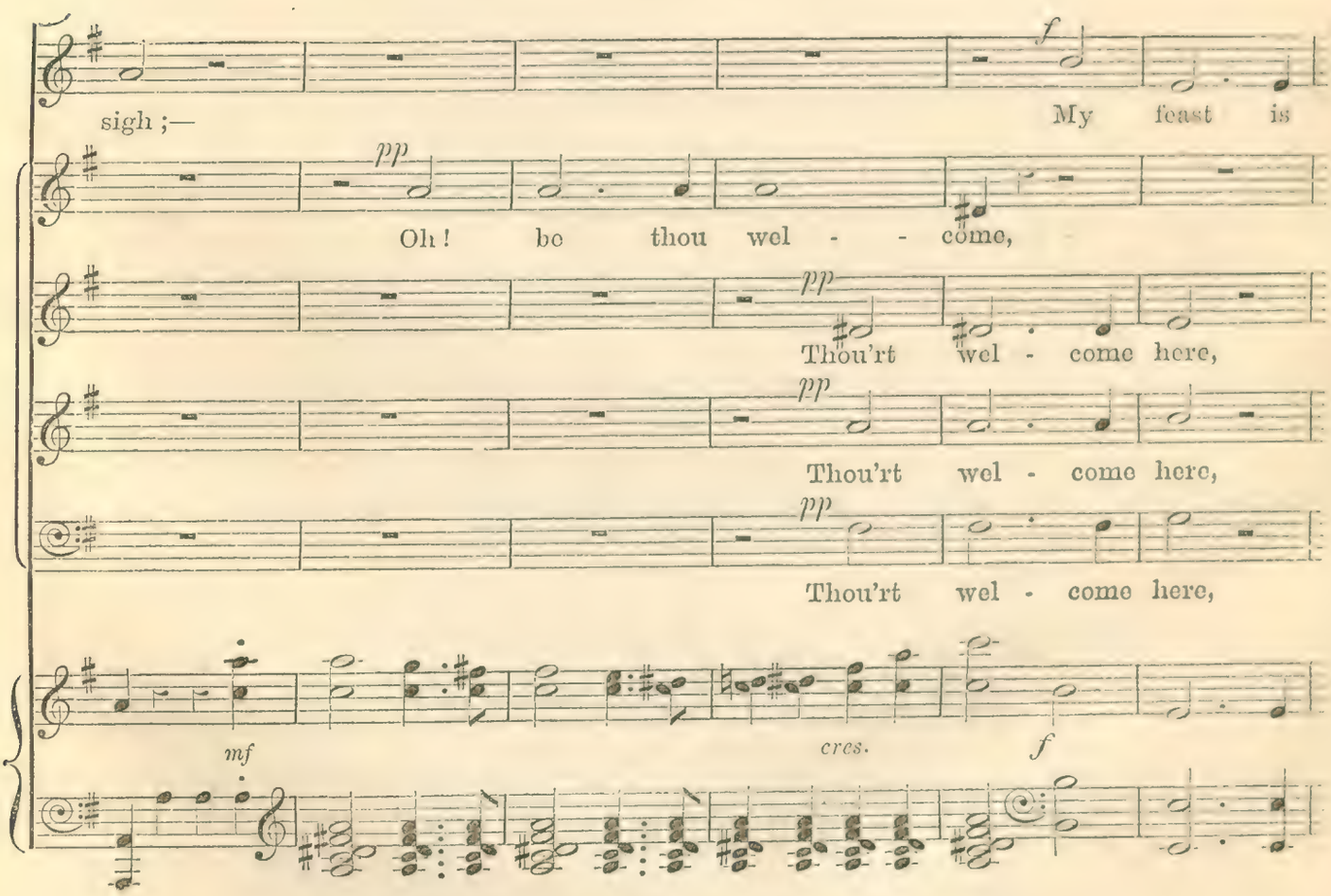

hap - py? I am, yes, I am.
prize rich and rare.
prize rich and rare.
prize rich and rare.
prize rich and rare.
dolce.

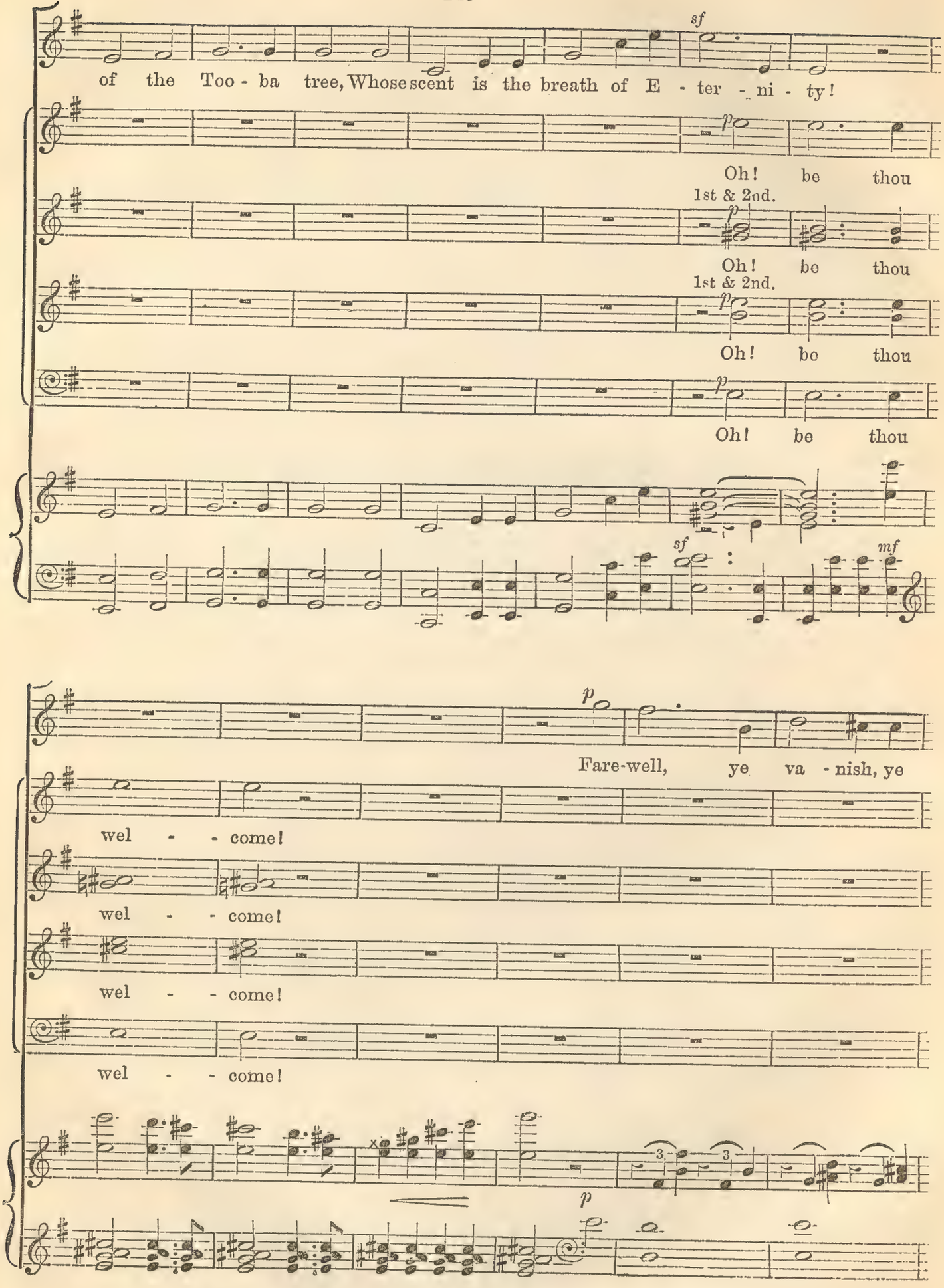

The Peri.
To thee, oh sweet E - den! how sad, how sad,
Scha - du - kiam's dia - mond tur - rets, how poor the
bow - ers of Am - ber-a - bad, how poor are the bow - ers of
Am - ber-a - bad!
f
sf
f
Ped.
sf
Ped.
*
Ped.
sf

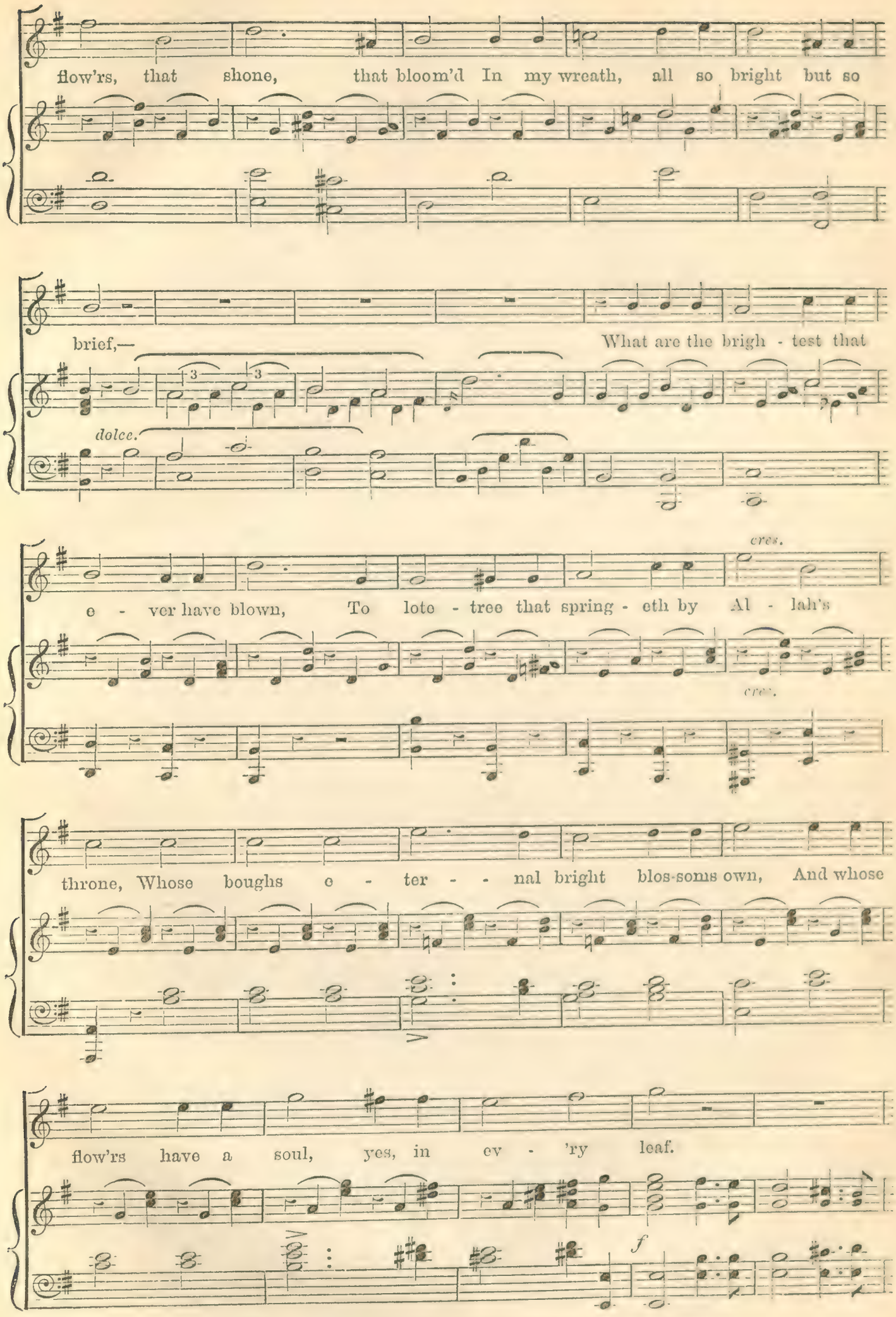

Oh! joy, joy for e - ver! my work it is done!—
cres.
f
The gates now are
mf
pass'd, and high Hea - ven is won! Oh! joy, oh what joy, my
f
work it is done,
Oh!
ff
joy, joy for e - ver! my work it is done, Oh! joy, joy for
p

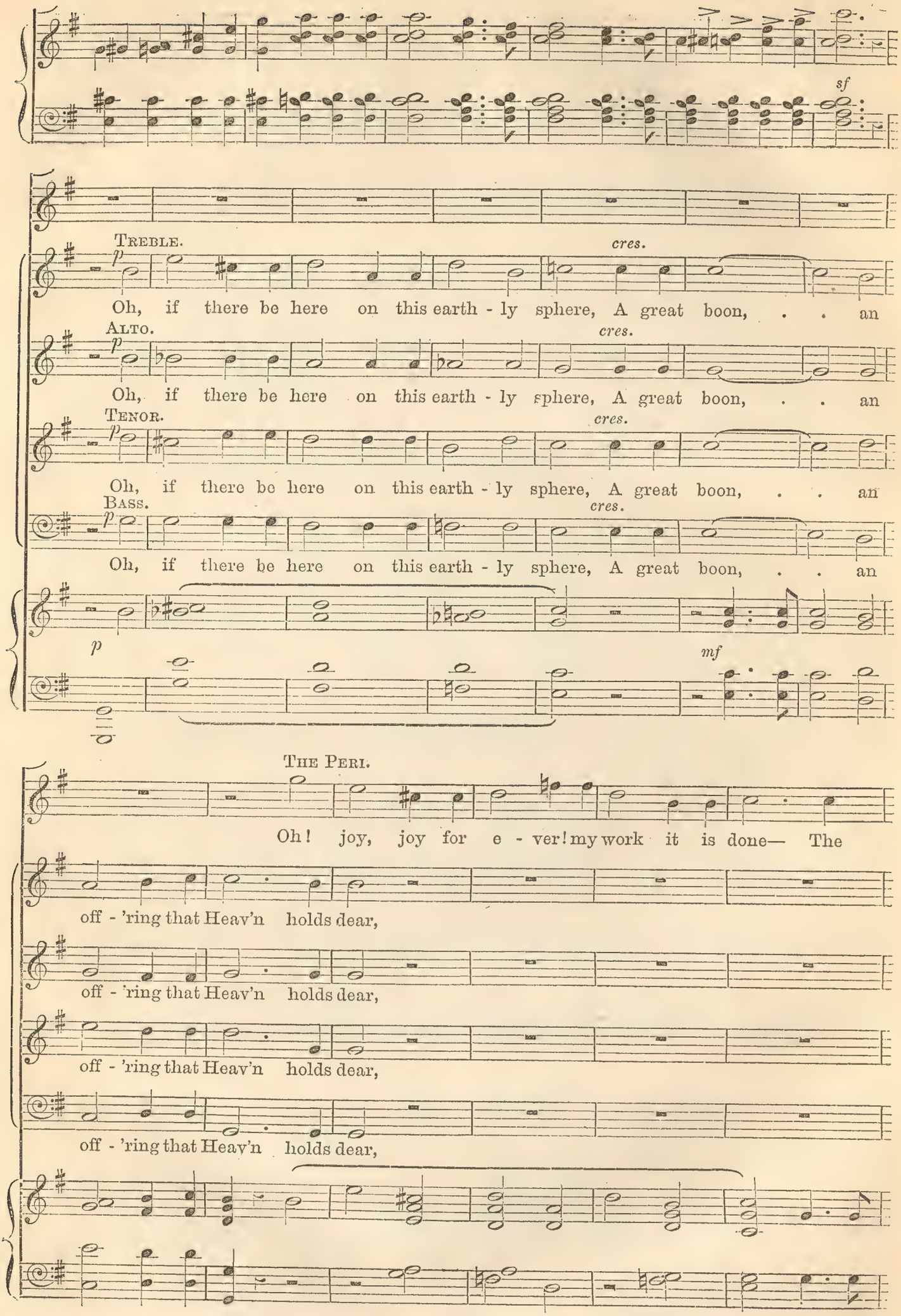

e - ver! my work it is done, The gates they are pass'd, and high
Hea - ven is won, high Hea - ven is won! Oh! am I not hap - py, oh!
f p f p
am I not hap - py, oh! am I not hap - py? I am, yes, I
sf
f dim.
am!
p
Fare - well, ye
pp
Oh! be thou wel - come,
pp
Most wel- come here.
pp
Most wel- come here.
pp
Most wel- come here.
nf
p

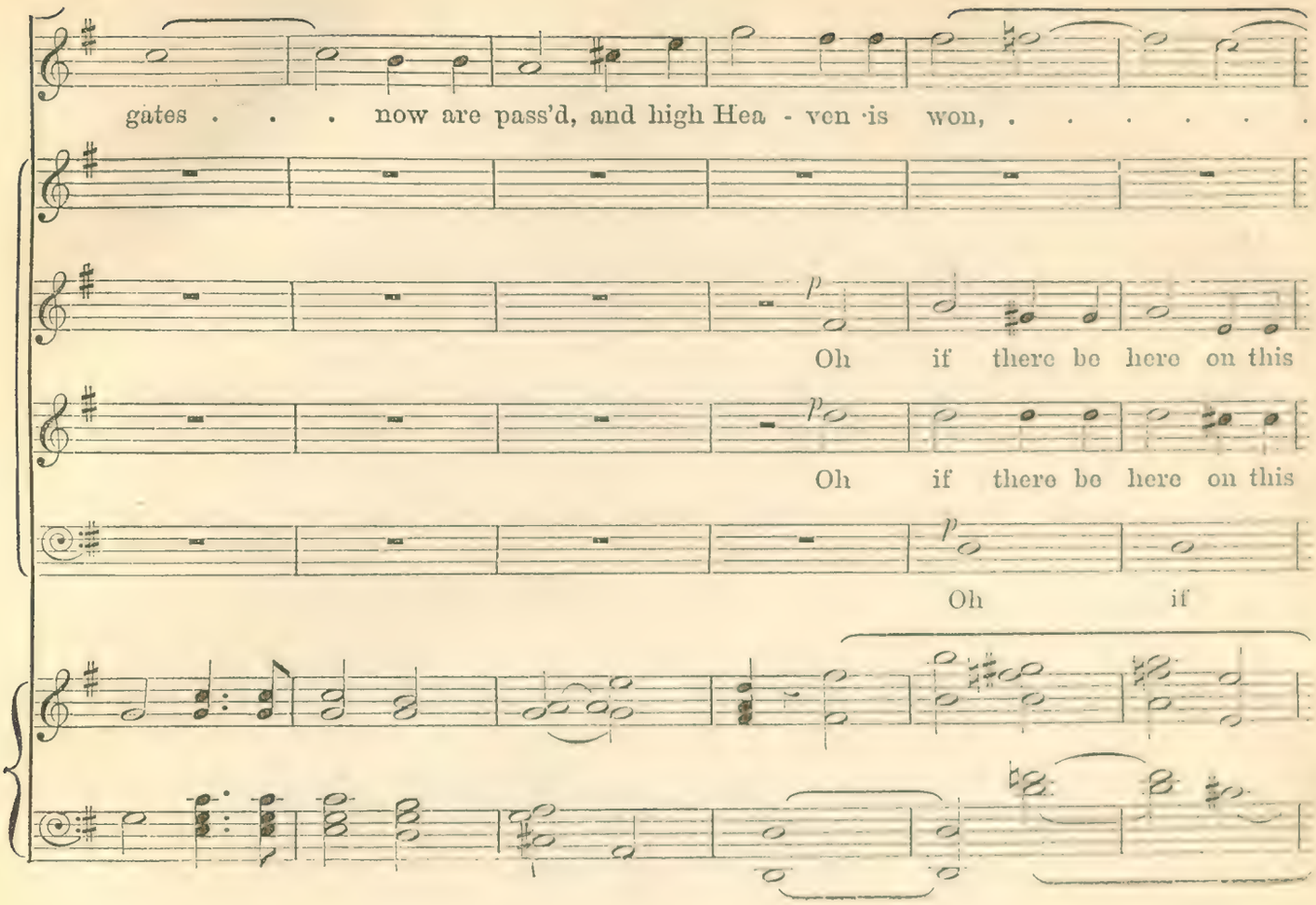
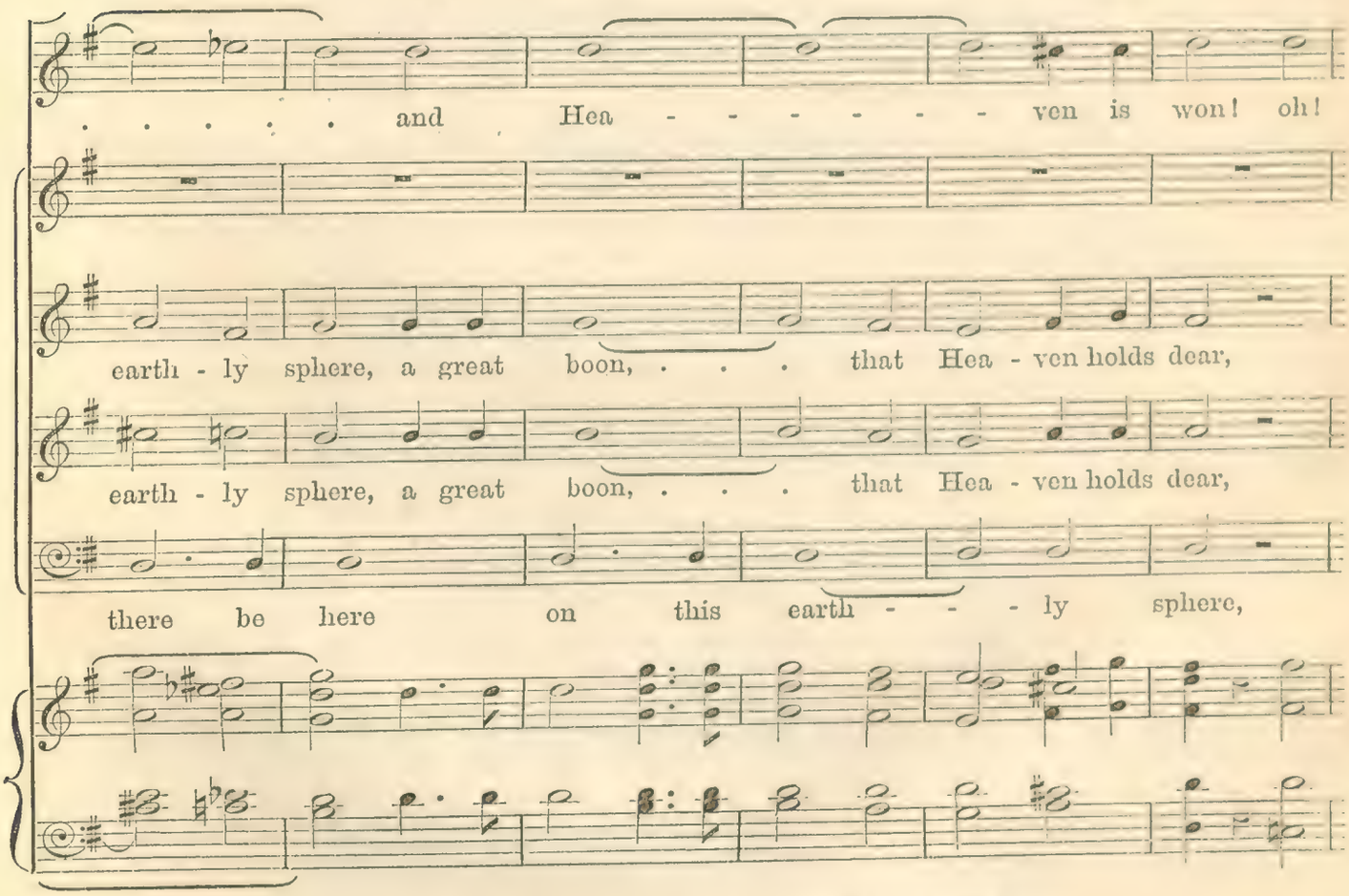

o - dours of earth, for ye die swift - - ly, Ye pass like a lone lov-er's

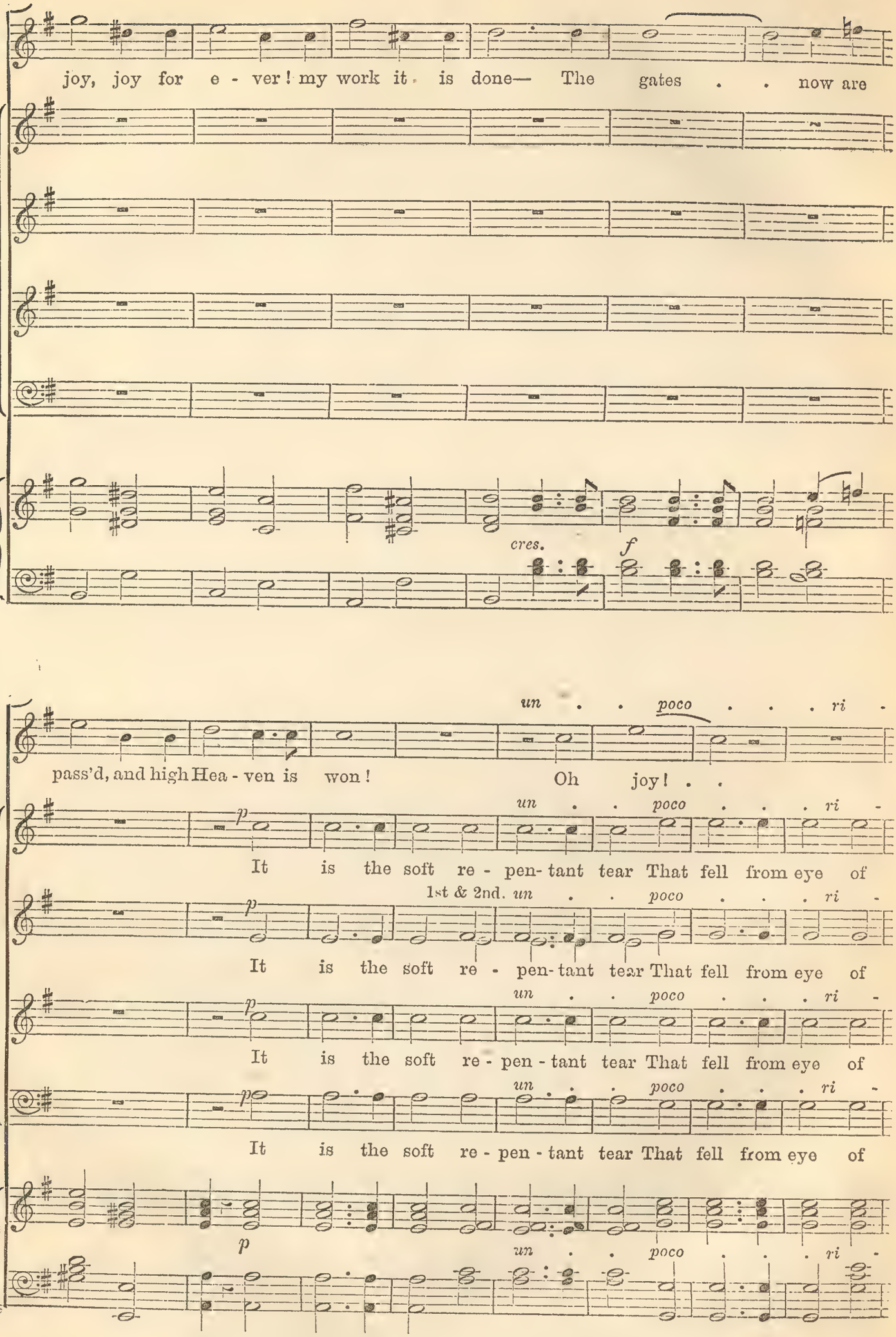

sigh ;—
f
My feast is
pp
Oh! be thou wel - - come,
pp
Thou'rt wel - come here,
pp
Thou'rt wel - come here,
pp
Thou'rt wel - come here,
mf
cres.
f

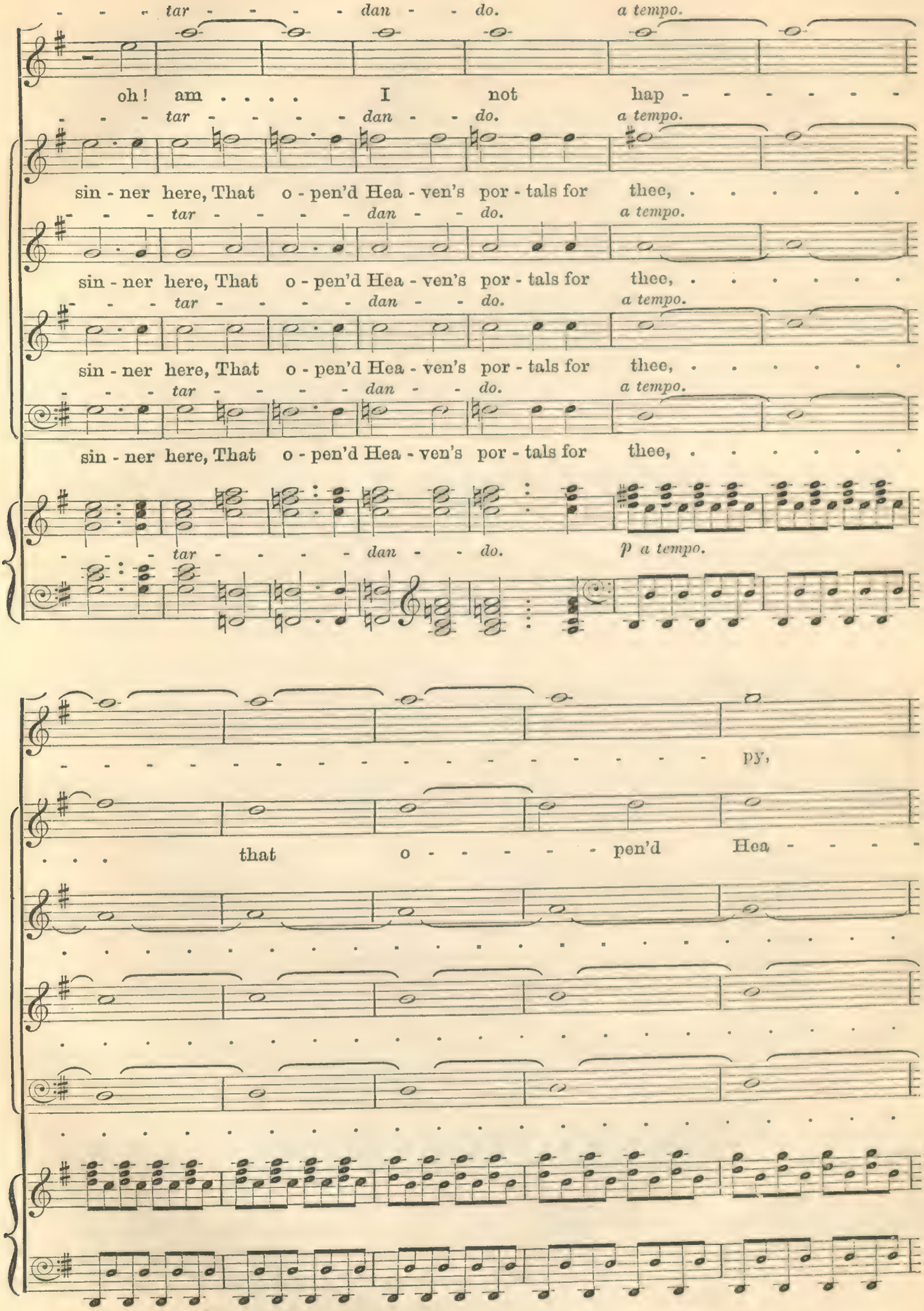

sf
of the Too - ba tree, Whose scent is the breath of E - ter - ni - ty!
p
Oh! be thou
1st & 2nd.
p
Oh! be thou
1st & 2nd.
p
Oh! be thou
p
Oh! be thou
sf
mf
p
Fare-well, ye va - nish, ye
wel - - come!
wel - - come!
wel - - come!
wel - - come!
3
3
p

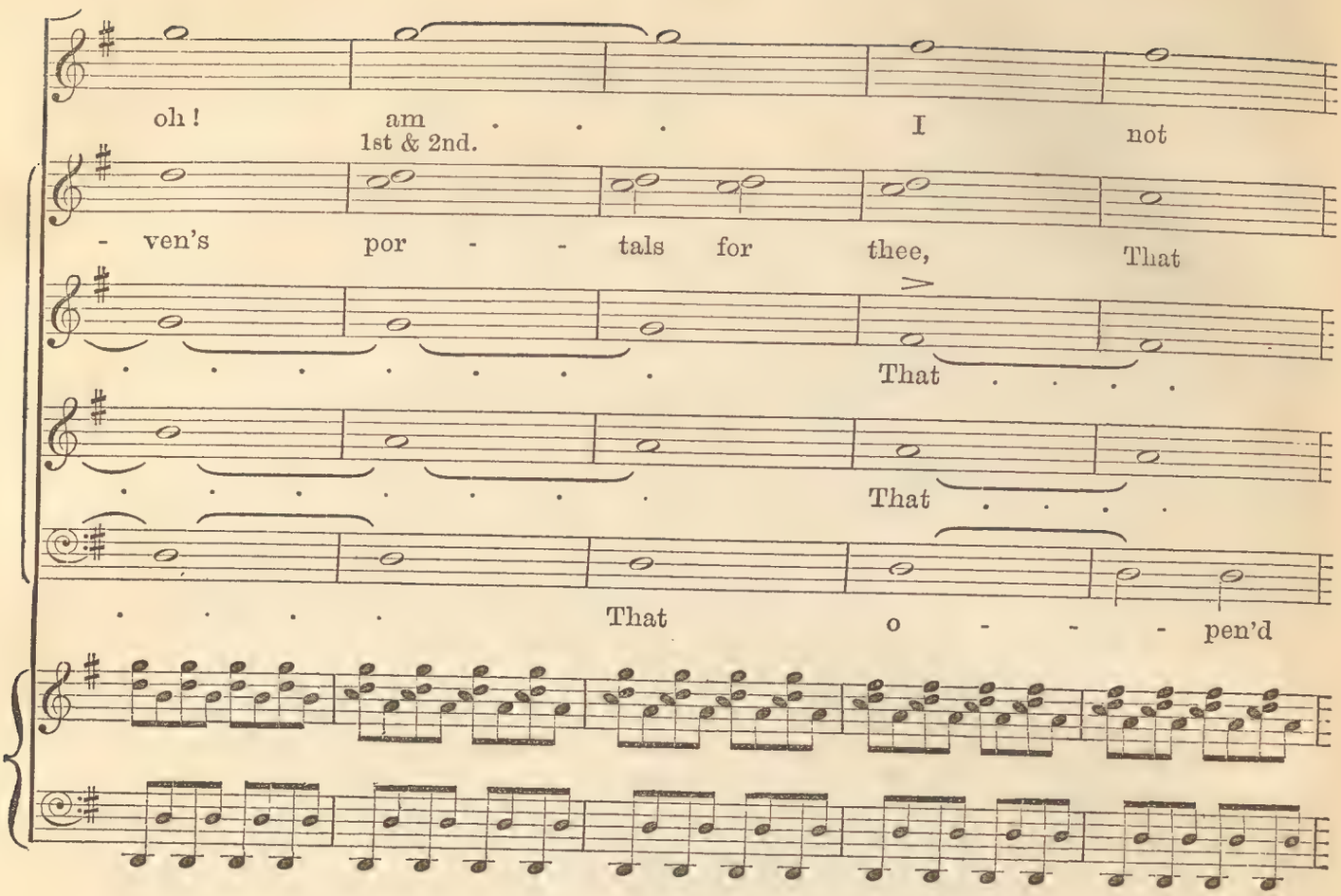

flow'rs, that shone, that bloom'd In my wreath, all so bright but so
brief,— What are the brigh - test that
dolce.
cres.
e - ver have blown, To lote - tree that spring - eth by Al - lah's
cres.
throne, Whose boughs e - ter - - nal bright blos-soms own, And whose
flow'rs have a soul, yes, in ev - 'ry leaf.
f

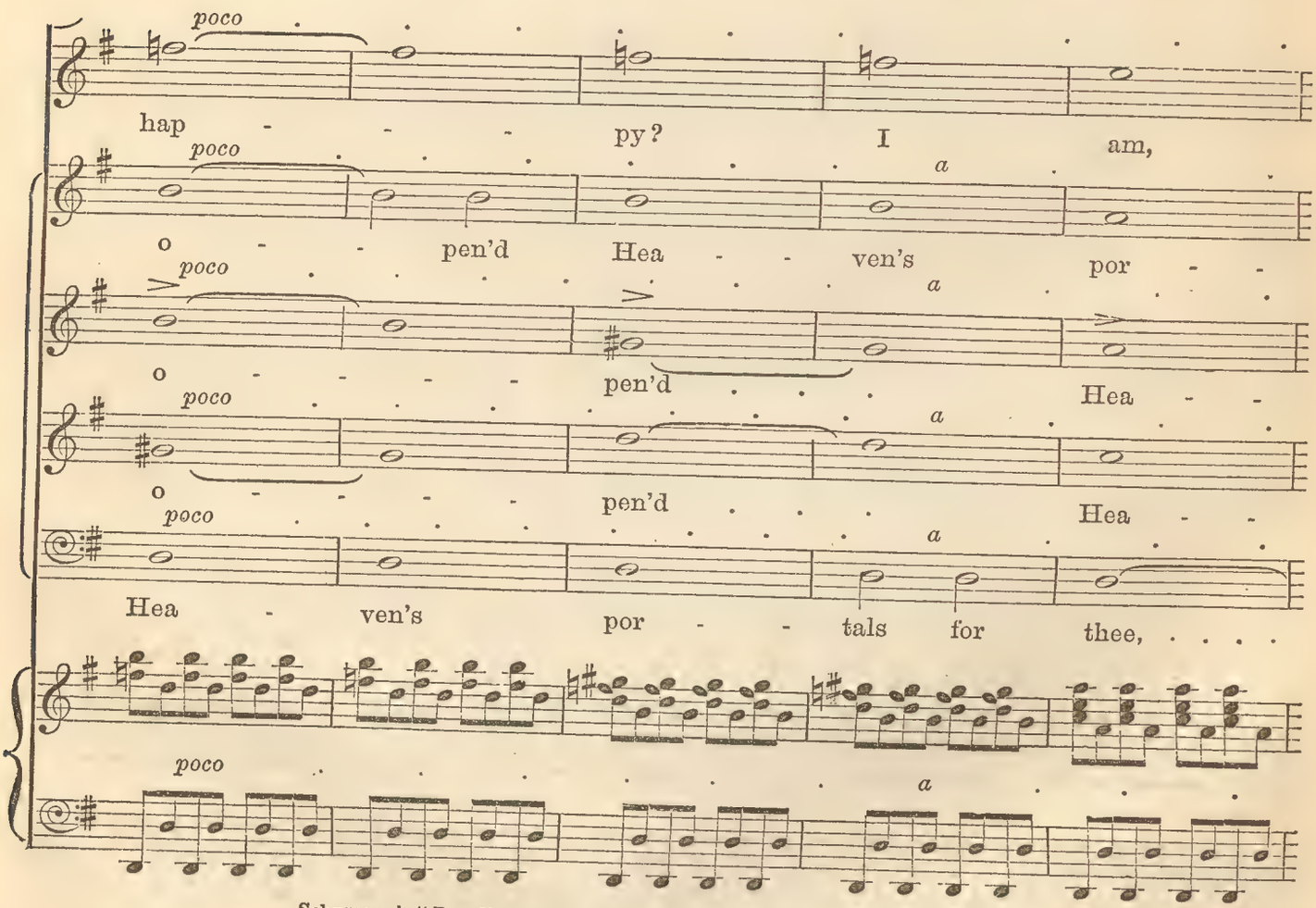
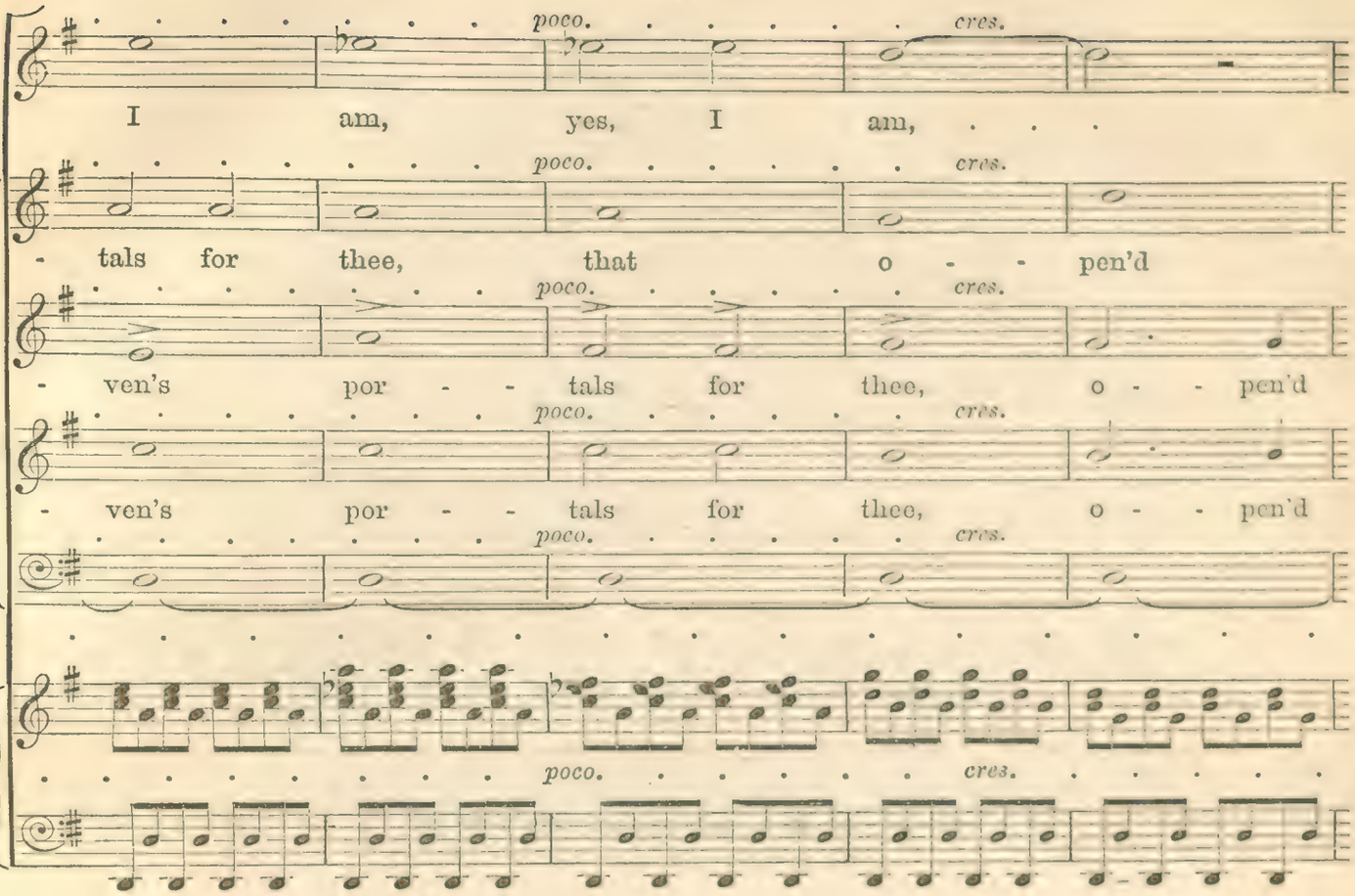

sf
Treble.
p
cres.
Oh, if there be here on this earth - ly sphere, A great boon, . . an
Alto.
p
cres.
Oh, if there be here on this earth - ly sphere, A great boon, . . an
Tenor.
p
cres.
Oh, if there be here on this earth - ly sphere, A great boon, . . an
Bass.
p
cres.
Oh, if there be here on this earth - ly sphere, A great boon, . . an
p
mf
The Peri.
Oh! joy, joy for e - ver! my work it is done— The
off - 'ring that Heav'n holds dear,
off - 'ring that Heav'n holds dear,
off - 'ring that Heav'n holds dear,
off - 'ring that Heav'n holds dear,

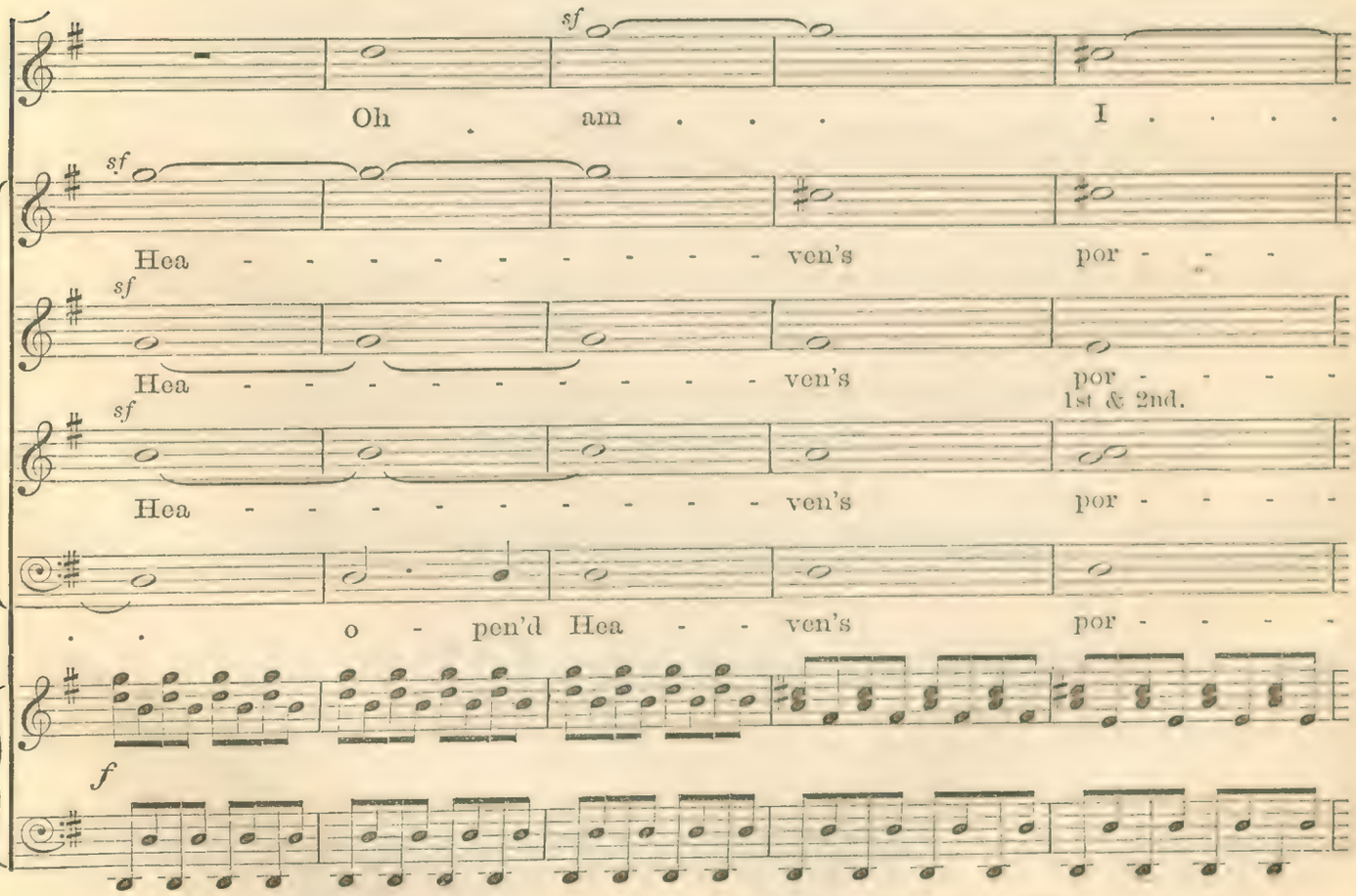
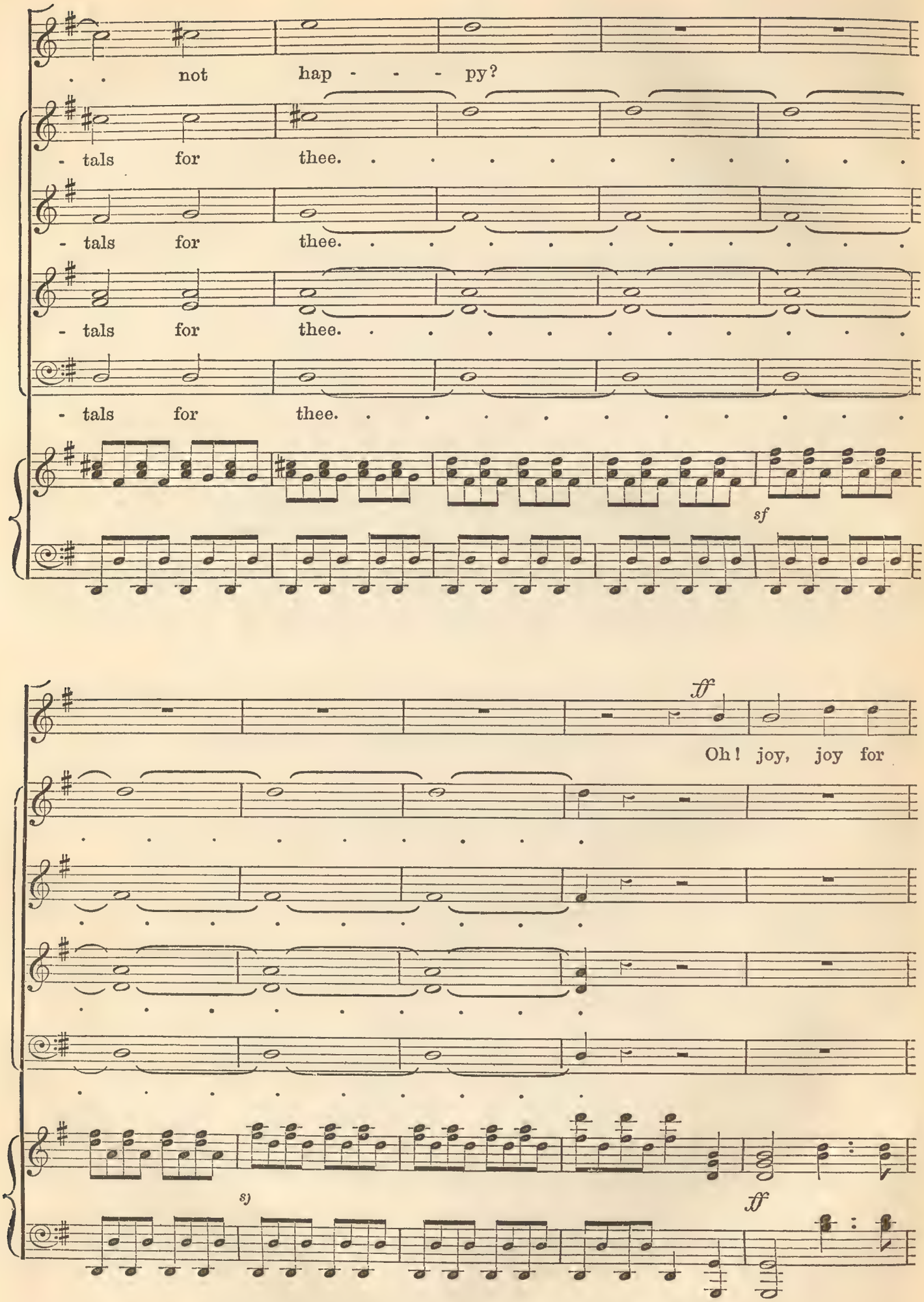

gates . . . now are pass'd, and high Hea - ven is won, ...
p
Oh if there be here on this
p
Oh if there be here on this
p
Oh if

. . . . . and Hea - - - - - - - ven is won! oh!
earth - ly sphere, a great boon, . . . that Hea - ven holds dear,
earth - ly sphere, a great boon, . . . that Hea - ven holds dear,
there be here on this earth - - - ly sphere,

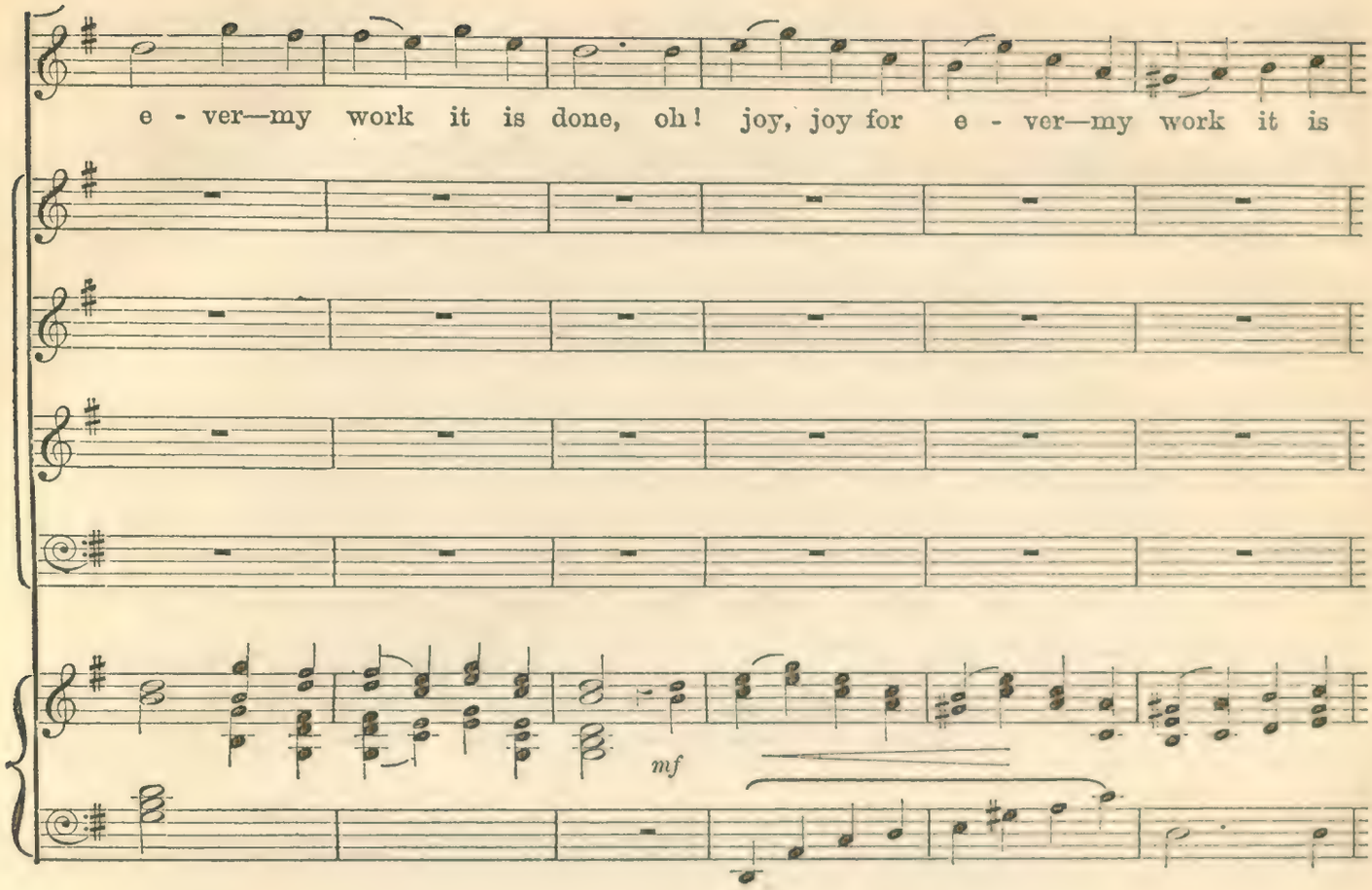

joy, joy for e - ver! my work it is done— The gates . . now are
cres.
f
un . . poco . . . ri -
pass'd, and high Hea - ven is won!
Oh joy! . .
p
un . . poco . . . ri -
It is the soft re - pen- tant tear That fell from eye of
1st & 2nd. un . . poco . . . ri -
It is the soft re - pen- tant tear That fell from eye of
un . . poco . . . ri -
It is the soft re - pen - tant tear That fell from eye of
un . . poco . . . ri -
It is the soft re - pen - tant tear That fell from eye of
p
un . . poco . . . ri -

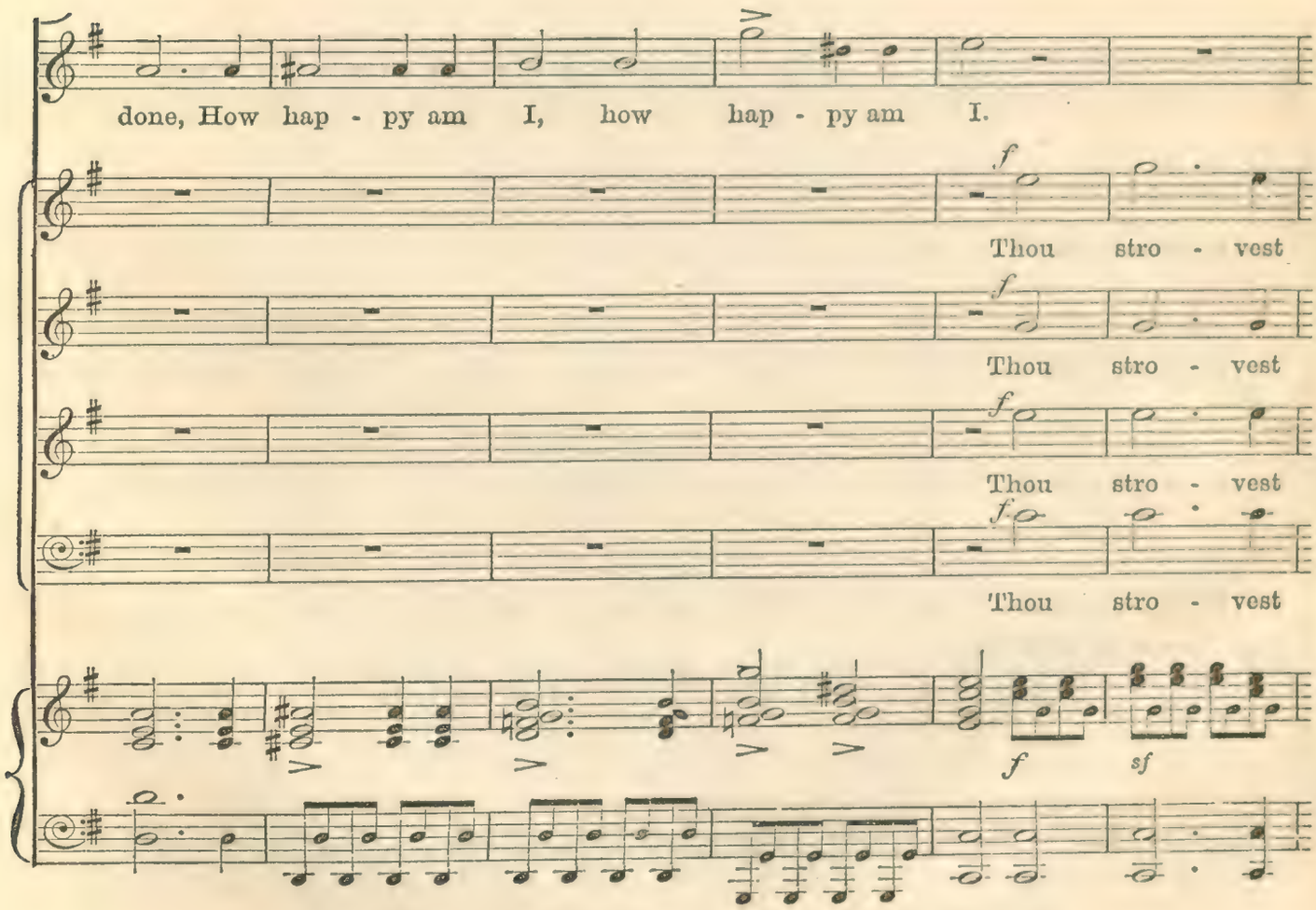

tar - - - - dan - - do.
a tempo.
oh! am . . . . I not hap - - - - - -
sin - ner here, That o - pen'd Hea - ven's por - tals for thee, ...
p a tempo.
py,
that o - - - - - pen'd Hea - - - -

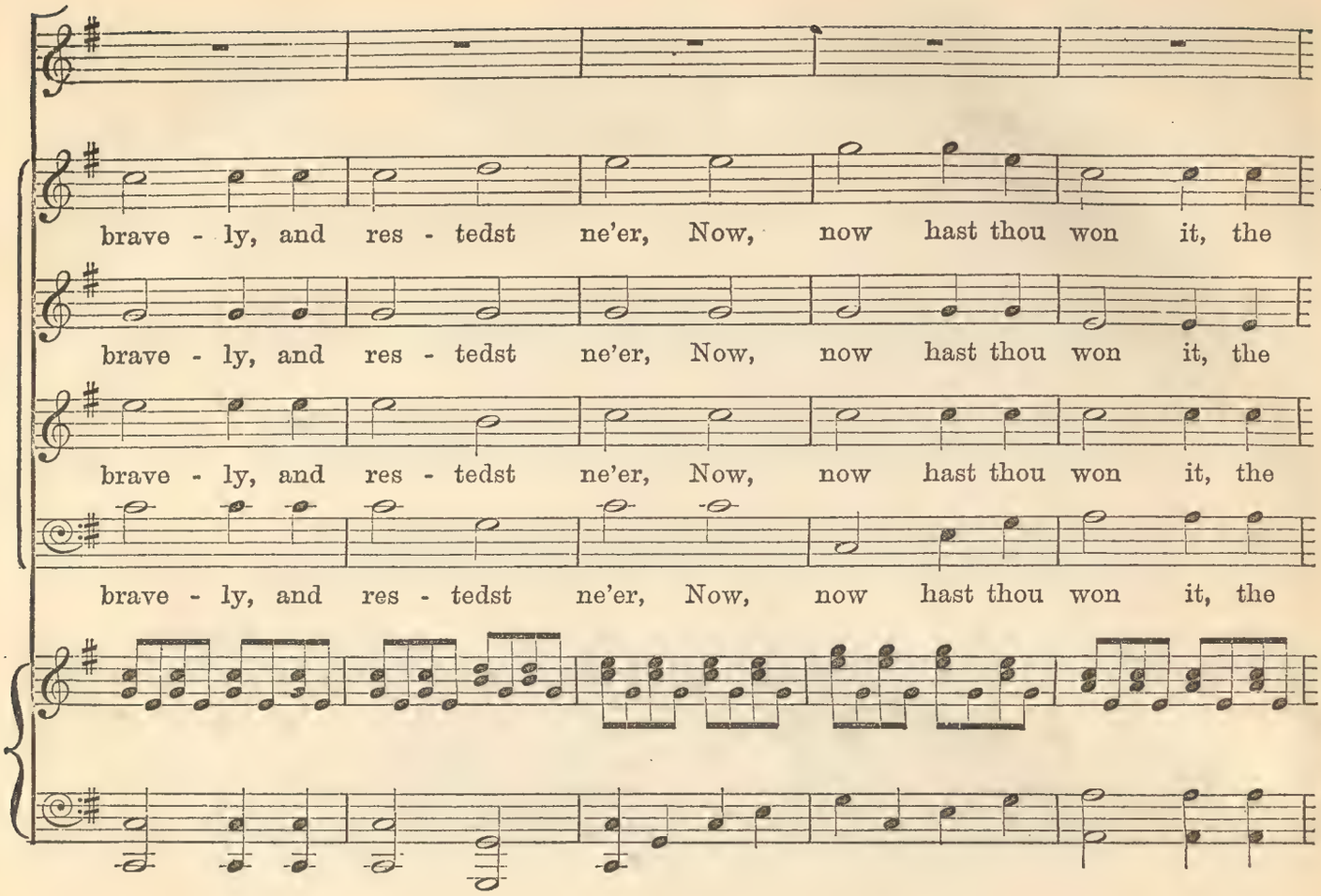

oh! am I not
1st & 2nd.
- ven's por - - tals for thee, That
That
That
That o - - - pen'd

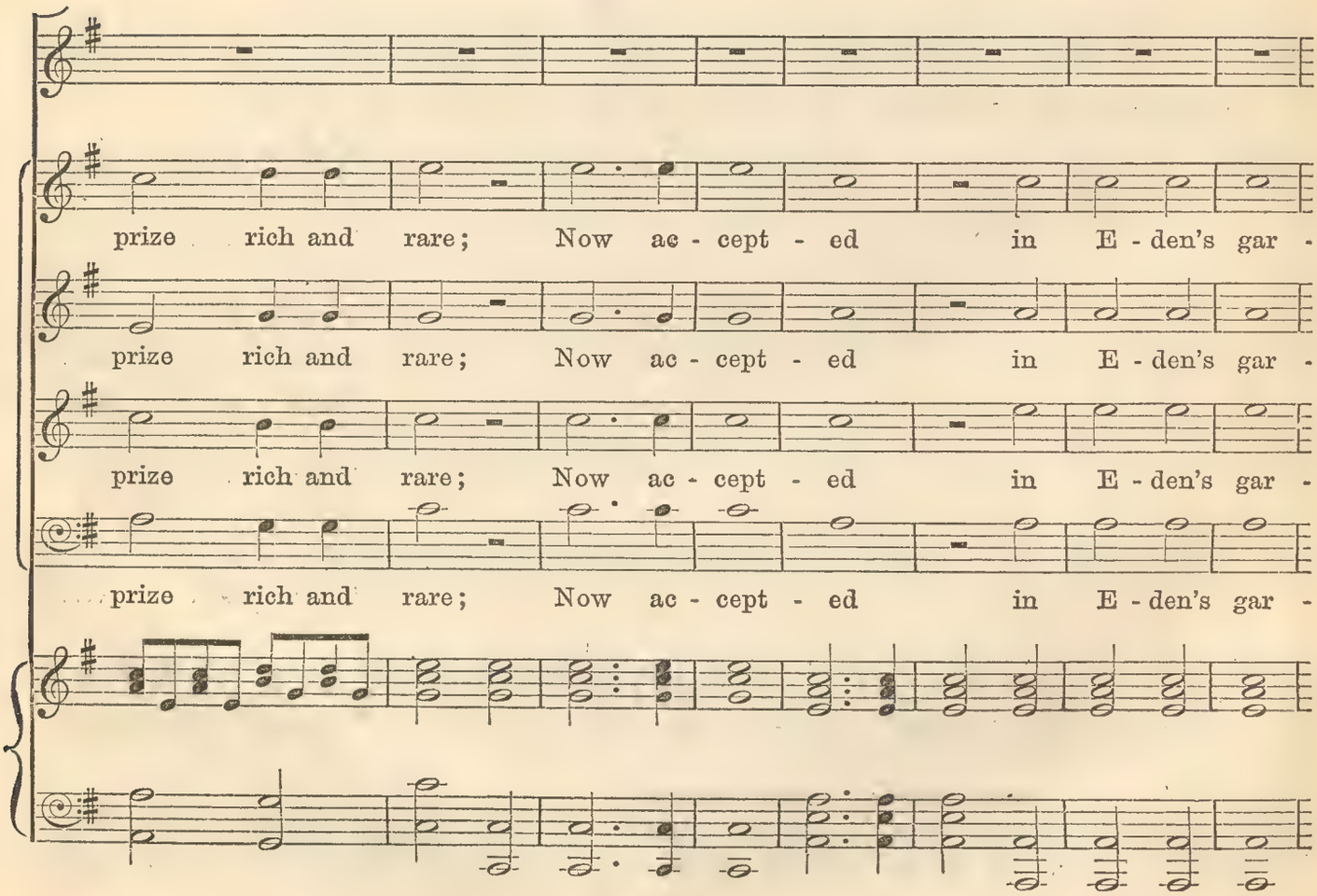

poco
hap - - - py? I am,
o - - pen'd Hea - - ven's por - -
o - - - - pen'd Hea - -
o - - - - pen'd Hea - -
Hea - ven's por - - tals for thee,
a

poco.
cres.
I am, yes, I am, . . .
- tals for thee, that o - - pen'd
- ven's por - - tals for thee, o - - pen'd
- ven's por - - tals for thee, o - - pen'd

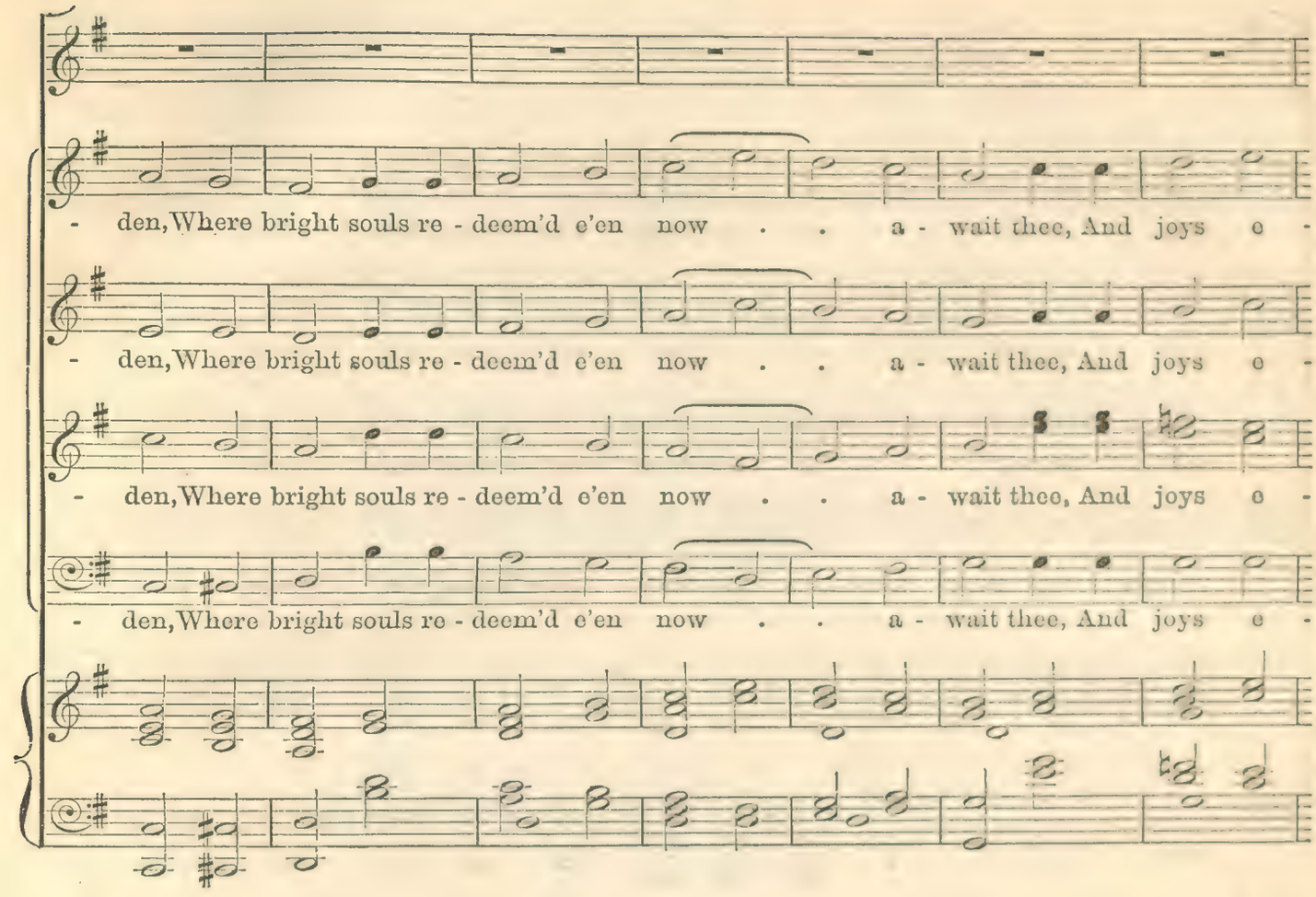

sf
Oh . am . . . I . . . .
Hea - - - - - - - - - - ven's por - - -
Hea - - - - - - - - - - ven's por - - - -
1st & 2nd.
Hea - - - - - - - - - - ven's por - - - -
. . o - pen'd Hea - - ven's por - - - -
f

not hap - - - py?
- tals for thee. . . . . .
- tals for thee. . . . . .
- tals for thee. . . . . .
- tals for thee. . . . . .
sf
ff
Oh! joy, joy for
s)
ff

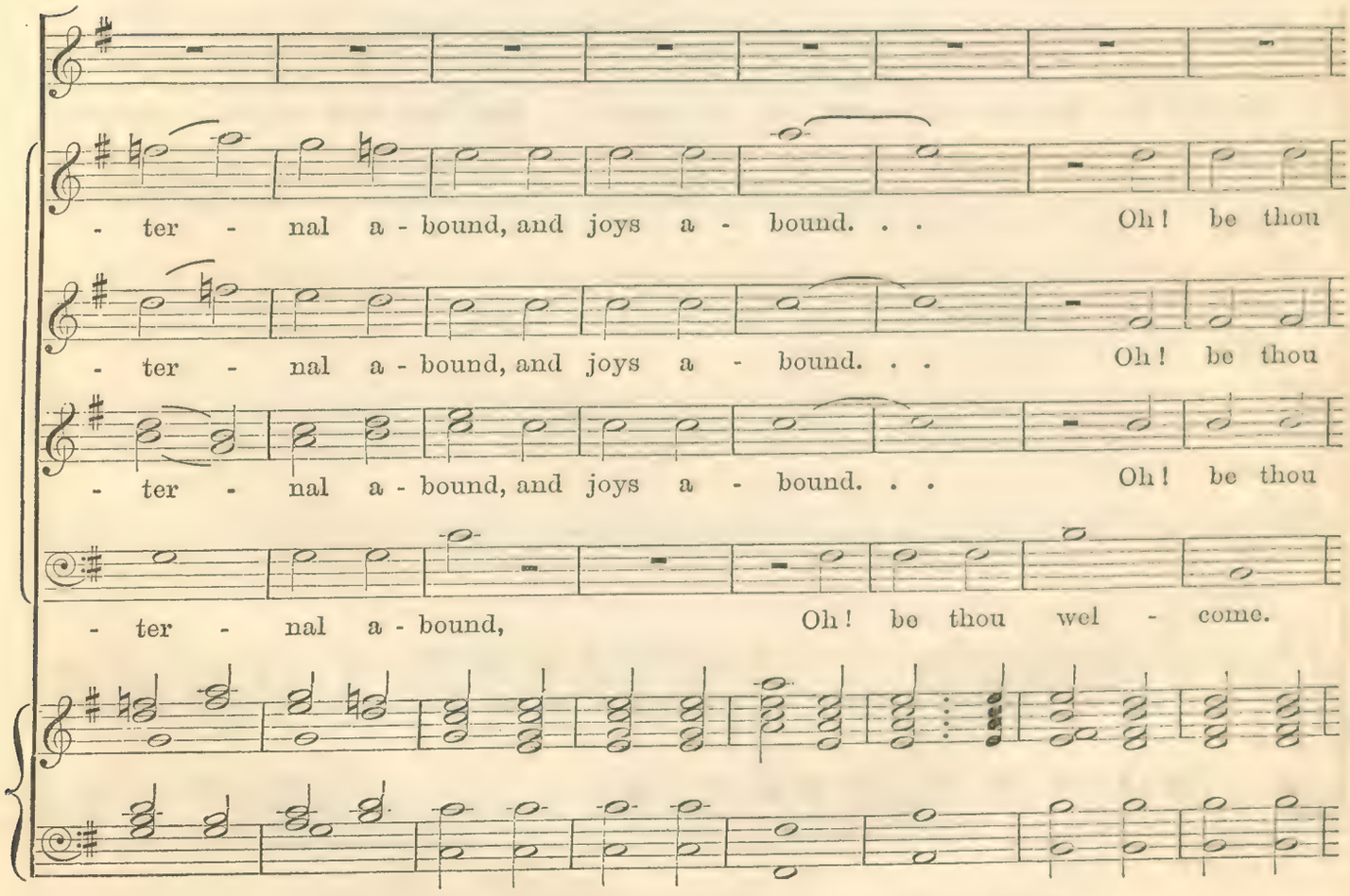

e - ver—my work it is done, oh! joy, joy for e - ver—my work it is
mf

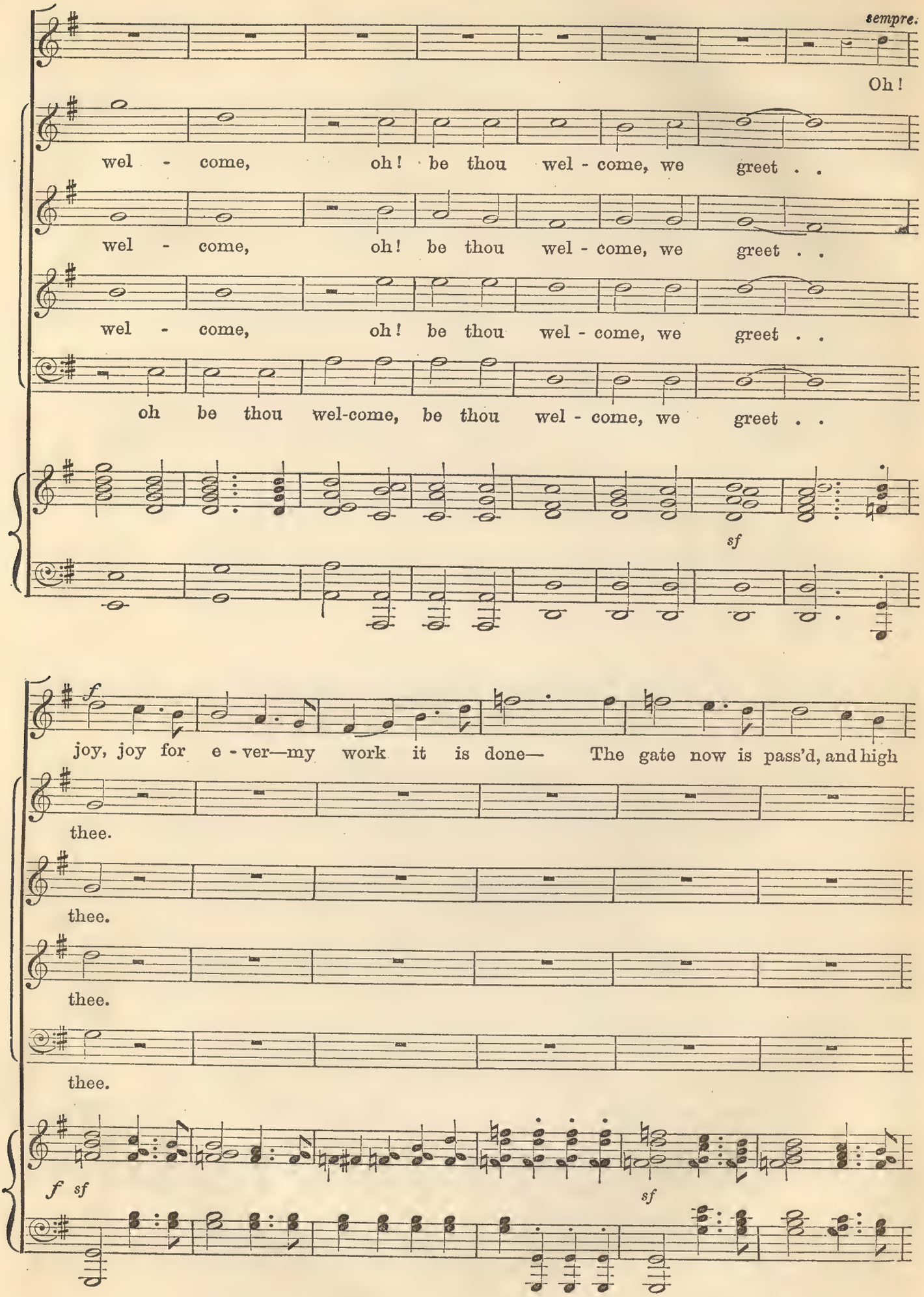

done, How hap - py am I, how hap - py am I.
f
Thou stro - vest
f
Thou stro - vest
f
Thou stro - vest
f
Thou stro - vest
f
sf

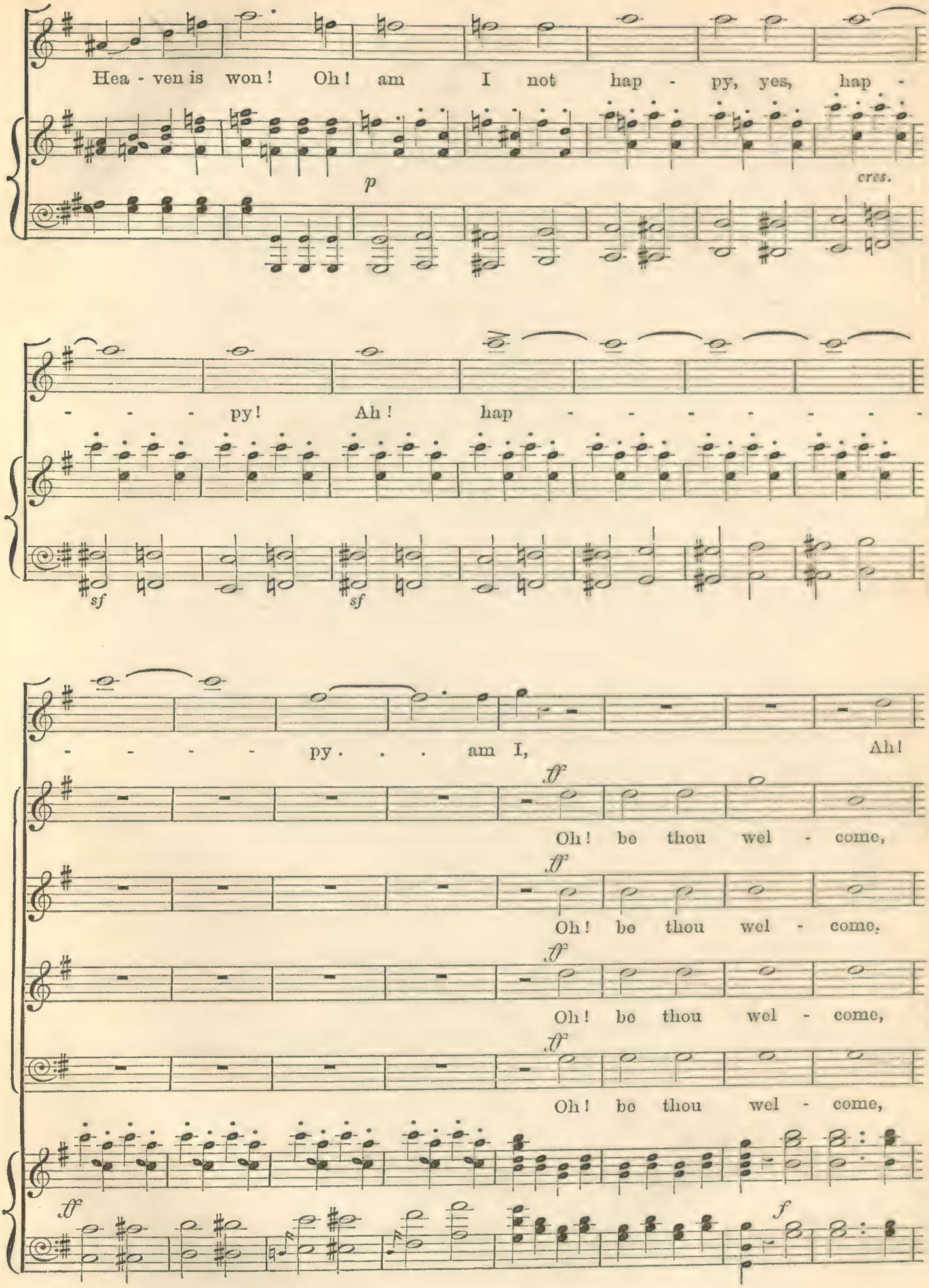

brave - ly, and res - tedst ne'er, Now, now hast thou won it, the
brave - ly, and res - tedst ne'er, Now, now hast thou won it, the
brave - ly, and res - tedst ne'er, Now, now hast thou won it, the
brave - ly, and res - tedst ne'er, Now, now hast thou won it, the


prize rich and rare; Now ac - cept - ed in E - den's gar -
prize rich and rare; Now ac - cept - ed in E - den's gar -
prize rich and rare; Now ac - cept - ed in E - den's gar -
prize rich and rare; Now ac - cept - ed in E - den's gar -


- den, Where bright souls re - deem'd e'en now . . a - wait thee, And joys e -
- den, Where bright souls re - deem'd e'en now . . a - wait thee, And joys e -
- den, Where bright souls re - deem'd e'en now . . a - wait thee, And joys e -
- den, Where bright souls re - deem'd e'en now . . a - wait thee, And joys e -


- ter - nal a - bound, and joys a - bound. . . Oh! be thou
- ter - nal a - bound, and joys a - bound. . . Oh! be thou
- ter - nal a - bound, and joys a - bound. . . Oh! be thou
- ter - nal a - bound, Oh! be thou wel - come.


sempre.
Oh!
wel - come, oh! be thou wel - come, we greet . .
wel - come, oh! be thou wel - come, we greet . .
wel - come, oh! be thou wel - come, we greet . .
oh be thou wel-come, be thou wel - come, we greet . .
sf
f
joy, joy for e - ver—my work it is done— The gate now is pass'd, and high
thee.
thee.
thee.
thee.
f sf
sf


Hea - ven is won! Oh! am I not hap - py, yes, hap -
p
cres.
- - - py! Ah! hap - - - - - - - -
sf
sf
- - - - py . . . am I, Ah!
ff
Oh! be thou wel - come,
ff
Oh! be thou wel - come,
ff
Oh! be thou wel - come,
ff
Oh! be thou wel - come,
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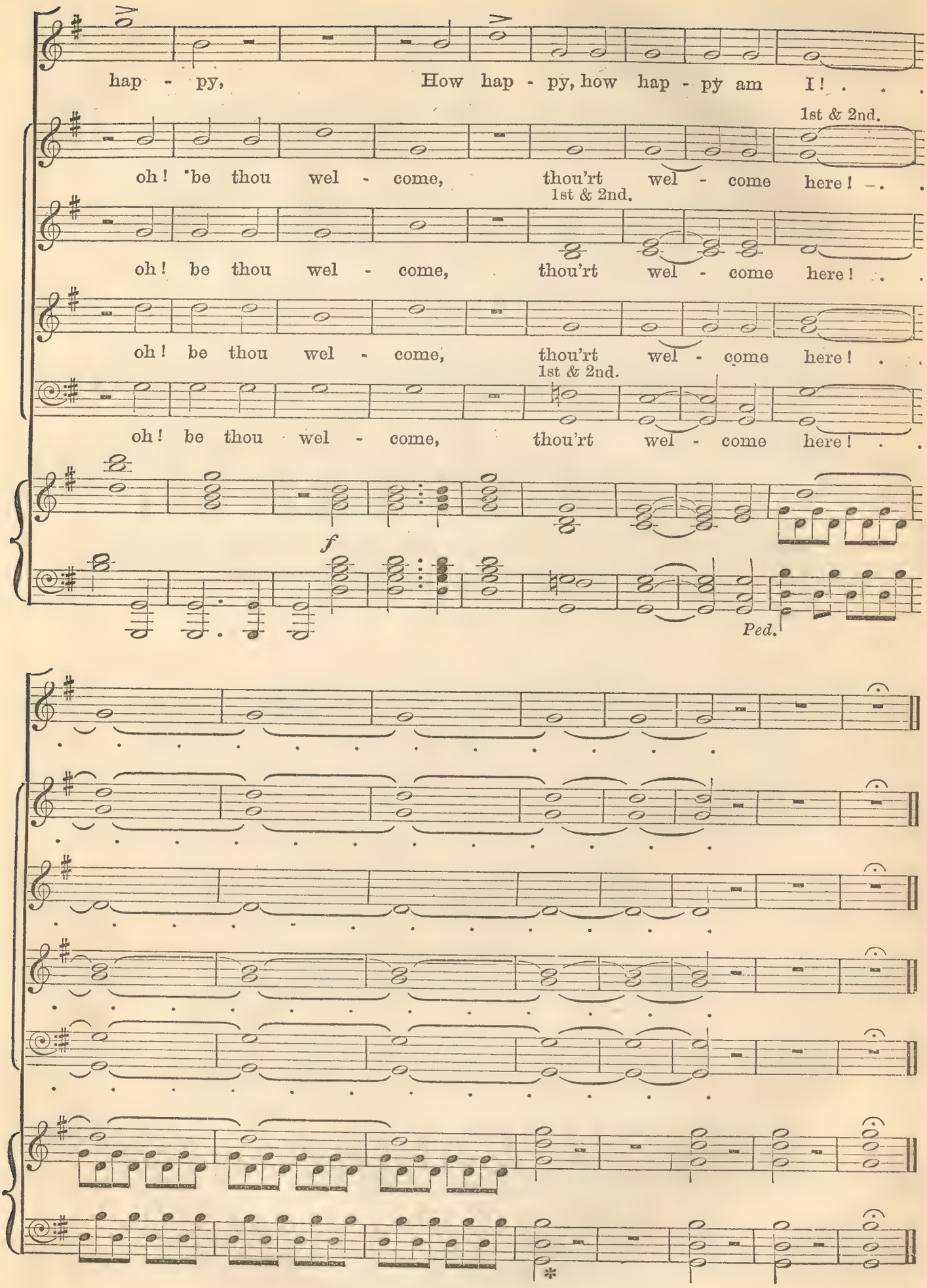
f

hap - py, How hap - py, how hap - py am I!
1st & 2nd.
oh! be thou wel - come, thou'rt wel - come here!
1st & 2nd.
oh! be thou wel - come, thou'rt wel - come here!
oh! be thou wel - come, thou'rt wel - come here!
1st & 2nd.
oh! be thou wel - come, thou'rt wel - come here!
f
Ped.

Novello's Octavo Choruses.

TO CHORAL SOCIETIES.—To remove the heavy taxes upon musical knowledge which had for so long a period prevented the possibility of the dissemination of the works of the great composers amongst the people of this country, Mr. J. Alfred Novello, in the year 1846, commenced the issue of those cheap editions of the standard oratorios and other sacred compositions, which are now too well known by all classes to need a word of recommendation. For some years the choruses in the octavo editions of these works have been published separately, with an organ or pianoforte accompaniment, at an exceedingly cheap rate. Messrs. Novello, Ewer and Co., however, believe that the time has now arrived when they may still further help forward the good work which has already produced such glorious results; and they have resolved, therefore, upon reducing the price of the whole of the octavo choruses *fully fifty per cent.*

HANDEL.

No.		Pence.
1	And the glory of the Lord Messiah	1½
2	And with his stripes ditto	1
27	And he shall purify ... ditto	1½
3	All we, like sheep ... ditto	1½
4	And the children of Israel Israel	2
5	And Israel saw ... ditto And believed the Lord ditto	1
6	He is my God ... ditto And I will exalt him ... ditto The depths have covered ditto	1½
7	And with the blast ... ditto	1½
8	Ah! wretched Israel ... Judas	1
9	All the earth ... ... Dettingen To thee all angels ... ditto	1½
10	Awake the trumpet's ... Samson	1½
11	Almighty ruler of the skies Joshua	1
12	As from the power ... Ode	3
13	At last divine Cecilia Alex.'s Feast	1½
14	All your boast will end... Deborah	1½
15	Bacchus' blessings are a treasure	1
16	Behold the Lamb of God Messiah	1
17	Behold, Darius Alexander's Feast	1
18	Break his bands of sleep ditto	1
19	But as for his people Israel	1½
20	But the waters overwhelmed ditto	1
21	O death, where is thy sting? (Duet) Messiah But thanks be to God ditto	1½
22	Cherub and Seraphim Jephtha	2
326	Come and trip it ... L'Allegro	1
23	Doubtful fear... ... Jephtha	1½
24	Disdainful of danger ... Judas	1½
25	Day by day we magnify Dettingen Make them to be numbered ditto	2
26	Draw the tear ... Solomon	1
28	Despair all around them Deborah Allelujah ... ... ditto	1½
29	Egypt was glad Israel in Egypt	1½
226	Envy! eldest born of hell Saul	1
255	Exceeding glad shall he be	1
30	For unto us a child ... Messiah	2
31	Fallen is the foe ... Judas	1½
32	For Sion lamentation make ditto	1
33	Fixed in his everlasting seat	1½
34	From the censer curling Solomon	4
35	From the east unto the west ditto	1½
37	From harmony ... Ode	1½
38	For all these mercies ... Joshua	1
39	Father of mercy ... ditto	1
40	Forbear thy doubts ... Deborah	1
41	For ever to the voice ... ditto	1
42	Galatea, dry thy tears... Acis	1½
30	Gird on thy sword ... Saul	2
43	Great Dagon has subdued Samson	1½
45	Glorious hero! ... ditto	1½
46	Glory to God ... Messiah	1
47	Glory to God ... Joshua	2
48	Happy we ... ... Acis	1
49	Happy pair ... Alexander's Feast	1½
50	His yoke is easy ... Messiah	1
51	He trusted in God ... ditto	1½
52	How dark, O Lord ... Jephtha	2
53	Hear, Jacob's God ... Samson	1½
54	Hallelujah ... ... Messiah	2
55	Hear us, our God ... Samson	1
56	He spake the word ... Israel	1½
57	He gave them hailstones ditto	1½
58	He sent a thick darkness Israel He smote all the first-born ditto	1½
59	He rebuked the Red Sea ditto He led them through the deep ditto	1½
60	Hear us, O Lord ... Judas	1½
320	He saw the lovely youth Theodora	1½
61	Hail! Judea ... ... Judas	1
62	Hallelujah. Amen ... ditto	1

HANDEL.

No.		Pence.
64	Hail, mighty Joshua ... Joshua	2
63	How soon our tow'ring hopes ditto	1
279	How are the mighty fall'n Funeral Anthem She delivered the poor ditto	2
280	How are the mighty fallen ditto The righteous shall be had ditto	1½
222	How excellent thy name Saul	1½
223	The youth inspired ... ditto Our fainting courage ... ditto How excellent & Hallelujah ditto	2
65	Moses and the children Israel I will sing unto the Lord ditto	2
66	In glory high... ... Jephtha	1½
67	Immortal Lord ... Deborah	4
258	King's daughters were among	1
260	Kings shall be thy nursing fathers	1½
68	Let their celestial concerts Samson	1½
69	Lift up your heads ... Messiah	1½
71	Let all the angels of God ditto	1
73	Let us break their bonds ditto	1½
74	Let old Timotheus yield	1½
75	Lead on, lead on ... Judas	1
76	Let thy deeds be glorious Deborah	1½
77	Let our glad songs ... ditto Allelujah ... ... ditto	3
261	Let thy hand be strengthened	1½
262	Let justice and judgment	1
78	Mourn, ye afflicted ... Judas	1½
79	Mourn, all ye Muses ... Acis	1
228	Dead March ... ... Saul Mourn, Israel, mourn ... ditto	1
80	Must I my Acis still bemoan? Acis	1½
81	May no rash intruder Solomon	1½
82	Music spread thy voice ditto	1½
83	May all the host ... Joshua	1
257	My heart is inditing (1st movement)	1½
84	No more to Ammon's God Jephtha	1½
321	Now love, that everlasting boy Semele	1½
85	Doleful tidings ... Deborah Now the proud insulting foe ditto	1½
86	O God behold... ... Jephtha	1½
87	O first-created beam ... Samson	1½
89	O thou that tellest (Solo & Chorus)	1½
90	O father, whose Almighty Judas	1½
91	Vouchsafe, O Lord Dettingen O Lord, in thee ... ditto	2
92	O thou bright orb ... Joshua	1½
93	O the pleasure of the plains Acis	1½
94	O blast with thy tremendous brow ... ... Deborah O hear thy lowly servants' prayer ditto	1½
95	O Baal, monarch of the skies ditto	1½
227	O fatal consequence of rage Saul	1½
229	Eagles were not so swift ditto In sweetest harmony (Air) ditto O fatal day ... ... ditto	1½
327	Or let the merry bells L'Allegro	1½
328	Populous cities ... ditto	1½
96	Praise the Lord ... Solomon	3
97	Lord of Eternity ... Deborah Plead thy just cause ... ditto	1½
225	Preserve him for the glory Saul Is there a man? ... ditto	1½
275	Sing, O ye heavens Belshazzar	3
277	She put on righteousness	1
98	Surely he hath borne ... Messiah	1
99	Since by man came death ditto	1
100	The Lord shall reign ... Israel Sing ye to the Lord ... ditto	4
36	See the conqu'ring hero Judas	1
101	Sing unto God ... Judas	1½
102	Swell the full chorus ... Solomon	1½

HANDEL.

No.		Pence.
103	Now a different measure ditto Shake the dome ... ditto	1½
104	See the proud chief ... Deborah	2
105	The Lord gave the word Messiah	1
106	Their sound is gone out ditto	1
107	They loathed to drink... Israel	1
108	The trumpet's loud clangour Ode	1
109	Thy right hand, O Lord Israel And in the greatness ... ditto	1
110	Thou sendest forth thy wrath ditto	1½
111	Who is like unto thee? ditto The earth swallowed them ditto	1
112	The people shall hear ... ditto	3
113	To our great God ... Judas	1
114	To thee Cherubin ... Dettingen	1½
115	The glorious company... ditto Thine honourable, true ditto	1
116	Thou art the King ... ditto	1
117	Then shall they know ... Samson	1½
118	Then round about the starry throne	1½
119	To dust his glory ... Samson	1
120	To man God's universal law ditto	1½
121	Theme sublime ... Jephtha	1½
122	To song and dance ... Samson To fame immortal go ... ditto	1½
123	The princes applaud Alex.'s Feast	1
124	Tune your harps ... Judas	1½
125	Throughout the land ... Solomon	1½
126	Thus rolling surges rise ditto	1
127	The name of the wicked ditto	2
128	To long posterity ... Joshua	1½
129	The Lord commands ... ditto	1½
130	The Great Jehovah ... ditto	1
131	The listening crowd Alex.'s Feast	1½
132	The many rend the skies ditto	2
276	The ways of Zion do mourn	1½
281	Their bodies are buried But their name liveth... ditto	1½
282	The people will tell ... ditto And the congregation... ditto	1
283	They shall receive ... ditto	1½
284	The merciful goodness ditto	1
344	The mighty power ... Atalia	3
133	The great king of kings Deborah Doleful tidings ... ditto	1½
254	The king shall rejoice... ...	1
329	These delights if thou can'st give L'Allegro	1½
330	These pleasures, Melancholy, give ditto	1½
255	Thou hast prevented him ...	1½
302	Tyrants now no more ... Hercules	1½
259	Upon thy right hand	1½
134	Worthy is the Lamb ... Messiah Amen ... ... ditto	2
224	Welcome, mighty King Saul David his ten thousand slew ditto	1
135	We come, in bright array Judas	1
136	We hear ... ... ditto	1
137	We never will bow down ditto	1½
138	We praise thee, O God Detttingen	2
139	When thou hadst overcome ditto We therefore pray thee ditto	1½
140	When his loud voice ... Jephtha	3
141	With thunder arm'd ... Samson	1
324	Weep, Israel, weep ... ditto	1
142	With pious heart ... Solomon	3
143	We with redoubled rage Joshua	1
144	Wretched lovers ... Acis	1½
278	When the ear heard her ...	1
145	Your harps and cymbals Solomon	3
146	Your voices tune Alex.'s Feast	1½
147	Ye sons of Israel ... Joshua	2
148	Ye house of Gilead ... Jephtha	1½
149	Zadock the Priest	2

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NOVELLO'S OCTAVO CHORUSES,

In Vocal Score.

HAYDN'S FIRST MASS.

No.		Pence.
290	Kyrie—Hear us, Lord ...	3
291	Gloria—Sing to the Lord ...	1½
292	Gratias—Lord, we adore ...	2
293	Quoniam—Praise the Lord ...	2
294	Credo—O be joyful ...	1½
295	Et incarnatus—O Lord, give ear...	1½
296	Et resurrexit—Thou hast maintained	1½
297	Et vitam—Lord, thine be the power	1½
298	Sanctus—Holy, holy	1
299	Benedictus—He is blessed ...	2
800	Agnus Dei—God our Father ...	1½
801	Dona nobis—Sing the praises	1½

HAYDN'S THIRD MASS.

160	Kyrie—Hear our prayer ...	2
161	Gloria—Glorious is the King	1½
162	Qui tollis—Lord, why hast thou forsaken...	1
163	Quoniam—Sing with joy ...	1½
164	Credo—Lord, thou hast made ...	1½
165	Et incarnatus—O Lord, rebuke me not	1
166	Et resurrexit—Thou hast maintained	1½
167	Sanctus—Holy, holy ... / Benedictus—He is blessed ...	2
168	Agnus Dei—Lord, we pray thee / Dona nobis—Hallelujah, Amen ...	2

HAYDN'S "SEASONS."

231	Come, gentle Spring ...	1½
238	Be propitious, bounteous Heaven (Trio and Chorus)	2
239	Spring, her lovely charms (Duet and Chorus)	1½
240	God of light, God of life ...	2
241	Behold, on high he mounts (Trio and Chorus)	2
242	Hark! the deep, tremendous voice	2
243	Now cease the conflicts (Trio & Chos.)	1½
244	Thus nature, ever kind ditto	2
245	Hark! the mountains resound ...	2
246	Joyful the liquor flows ...	3
247	Let the wheel move gaily ...	1½
248	A wealthy lord (S. Solo and Chos.)	1½
249	Then comes the dawn (Trio & Chos.)	2

HAYDN'S "CREATION."

150	Awake the harp	1½
151	And the Spirit of God... ...	1½
152	Achieved is the glorious work (1st Chorus)	1
153	Ditto (2nd Chorus)	1½
154	By thee with bliss (Duet & Chos.)	4½
155	Despairing, cursing rage ...	1½
156	Sing the Lord	2
157	The marv'lous work	1½
158	The heavens are telling ...	2
159	The Lord is great	1½

MOZART'S 12TH MASS.

197	Kyrie—I will call upon the Lord	3
198	Gloria—Glorious is thy name ...	1½
199	Qui tollis—Remember thy tender	1
200	Quoniam—Praise the Lord ...	2
201	Cum sancto—Thou, Lord, art God	2
202	Credo—Nations shall do him service	1
203	Et incarnatus—Bow down and hear me ... ... / Et resurrexit—God is gone up ...	3
204	Sanctus—Holy, holy ...	1
205	Benedictus—He is blessed ...	4
206	Agnus Dei—Lord have mercy	1½
207	Dona nobis—Praise the Lord ...	3

MOZART'S FIRST MASS.

285	Kyrie—Merciful and gracious Lord	1½
286	Gloria—Glorious in thy power ...	3
287	Credo—Nations shall do him service	4
288	Sanctus—Holy, holy, holy ... / Benedictus—He is blessed ...	3
289	Agnus Dei—Lord, we pray thee ... / Dona nobis—Turn thee unto us	1½

GOUNOD'S MESSE SOLENNELLE.

323	Sanctus and Benedictus ...	2
342	Credo	4
325	Sanctus ... Communion Service / Benedictus ... Communion Service	2

WEBER'S MASS IN E FLAT.

No.		Pence.
322	Sanctus—Holy, holy, holy ... / Benedictus—He is blessed ...	4

MOZART'S LITANY IN B FLAT

309	Viaticum—O Lord, hear our cry / Pignus futuræ—Sing to Jehovah	4

MOZART'S LITANY IN E FLAT

310	Pignus futuræ—Lord God, to thee be glory	4

MOZART'S REQUIEM MASS.

213	Requiem æternam—Give unto the meek ... ... / Christe Eleison—Shew thy mercy	2
214	Dies Iræ—Day of vengeance ...	1
215	Tuba mirum—Hark, the angel	1
216	Rex, tremendæ—King, tremendous / Recordare Jesu—Kindly Jesu	2
217	Confutatis maledictus—When the cursed ... ... / Lachrymosa—Day of mourning	1½
218	Domine Jesu Christe—Lord Jesus Christ	1½
219	Hostias et Preces—Offering of prayer	1½
220	Sanctus—Holy, holy, holy ... / Benedictus—He is blessed ... / Agnus Dei — Thou that takest upon thee	2
221	Lux Æterna—Shew thy favour / Cum Sanctus—O shew thy mercy	1½
208	O God, when thou appearest First Motett	3
209	Splendente Te, Deus ... ditto	3
212	Glory, honour, praise Third Motett	3

BACH'S PASSION.

334	My Saviour Jesus ... ... / Have lightnings and thunders ...	3
336	Now doth the Lord	1
337	In tears of grief	1½

ROSSINI'S "STABAT MATER."

[TRIBULATION.]

232	Stabat Mater dolorosa... ... / Lord most holy	2
233	Eia Mater (B. Solo and Chorus) ... / Thou hast tried our hearts ...	1½
234	Sancta Mater (Quartett) ... / I have longed for thy salvation	2
235	Inflammatus (S. Solo and Chorus) / When thou comest ...	2
236	Quando corpus ... ... / Hear us, O Lord (Quartett)...	1½
237	In sempiterna sæcula. Amen ... / To Him be glory	2

SPOHR.

267	Praise the Lord our God ...	1½
268	Holy, holy, holy (Solo and Chos.) / O Lord, thou art God alone (ditto)	1
269	Blessing, Power, Honour, Glory (T. Solo and Chorus)	1½
270	Hail, Lord Almighty	1
271	Seek the Lord	1
272	Destruction is fallen on Babylon	2
273	Blessed for ever are they that die	1
274	Great and wonderful art thou ...	2
263	God thou art Great (1st movement)	1
264	Thou earth, waft sweet incense	1
265	Walk ye, hundred thousands ...	1½
266	God, thou art great (final chorus)	1½
339	What threat'ning tempest ...	4
340	Haughty Babylon	3

HUMMEL.

303	Quod in orbe—I will exalt thee	4

CHERUBINI'S REQUIEM MASS IN C MINOR.

331	Requiem æternam—Give unto the pure in heart	2
332	Dies Iræ—Day of vengeance ...	6
333	Pie Jesu—God of mercy ...	1

MENDELSSOHN.

No.		Pence.
72	All men, all things Lobgesang / Praise thou the Lord ditto	4
170	As the Hart pants 42nd Psalm	1
169	All ye that cried ... ditto / I waited for the Lord (Duet s.s. and Chorus) ditto	3
169A	I waited for the Lord (singly) ditto	1½
312	Baal, we cry to thee ... Elijah	4
319	Behold, God, the Lord, ... Elijah	4
314	Be not afraid ... ditto	4
311	Blessed are the men ... ditto	4
171	But our God abideth St. Paul	1½
341	Cast thy burden ... Elijah	2
251	Come, let us sing 95th Psalm	3
252	For his is the sea ... ditto	1½
211	For I had gone forth 42nd Psalm	1½
335	Hearts feel that love Thee Athalie	3
253	Henceforth, when ye hear (T. Solo & Chos.) 95th Psalm	1½
315	He watching over Israel Elijah	4
318	He that shall endure ...ditto	2
316	Holy, holy is God ... ditto	4
172	Happy and blest are they St. Paul	1½
173	How lovely are the messengers do. / Thus saith the Lord ... ditto	1½
174	I praise thee, O Lord (B. Solo & Chos.) ditto	1½
175	Is this he ? ... ... ditto / O thou, the true and only... ditto	1½
176	Lord, thou alone ... ditto	2
177	Let all men praise Lobgesang	1
178	Now this man ... St. Paul	1½
179	Not only unto him ... ditto	2
180	O great is the depth ... ditto	2
181	O be gracious ... ... ditto	1
250	O come, let us worship (T. Solo & Chos.) 95th Psalm	1½
343	Promised Joys ... ... Athalie / Hearts feel that love Thee ditto	6
182	Rise up, arise... ...St. Paul	3
70	Sleepers, wake ... ditto / To God on high ... ... ditto / To thee, O Lord ... ditto	1
183	Stone him to death ... ditto	1½
44	See what love ... ditto	1
210	The nations are now ... ditto	3
184	The gods themselves ... ditto	1
185	This is Jehovah's Temple ...ditto / Far be it from thy path ditto	1½
186	The night is departing Lobgesang	3
313	Thanks be to God Elijah	4
317	And then shall your light ...ditto	4
187	Why, my soul 42nd Psalm	1
188	Why, my soul (last Chorus) ditto	3
189	Ye nations, offer Lobge sang	3
338	Yet doth the Lord ... Elijah	4

BEETHOVEN'S "ENGEDI."

[MOUNT OF OLIVES.]

195	O praise him, all ye nations	3
196	Hallelujah	2

BEETHOVEN'S MASS IN C

190	Kyrie—When I call upon thee	1½
191	Gloria—Praise the Lord ... / Qui tollis—Give ear to my supplication ... ... / Quoniam—Thou alone art holy	4
192	Credo—Glory and great worship / Et incarnatus—O Lord, give ear / Et resurrexit—Be thou exalted ... / Et vitam—O praise ye the Lord	4
193	Sanctus—Holy, holy ... ... / Benedictus—He is blessed ...	4
194	Agnus Dei—Hear my crying ... / Dona nobis—Blessed be the Lord	2

WEBER'S MASS IN G.

304	Kyrie Eleison ... ... / I will call upon the Lord ...	1½
305	Gloria in excelsis ... ... / Praise the Lord	3
306	Credo ... ... / Nations shall do him service	3
307	Sanctus and Benedictus ... / Holy, holy, holy ... ... / He is blessed	2
308	Agnus Dei and dona nobis ... / Shew thy favor unto thy people ... / Look with favor on thy people	1½

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Piano-voval score. English]
Paradise and the Peri

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